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THE MOURNING BRIDE.

A

TRAGEDY:

By Mr. CONGREVE.

----- Neque enim lex æquior ulla,
Quàm necis artifices arte perire ſua.
Ovid. de Arte Am.

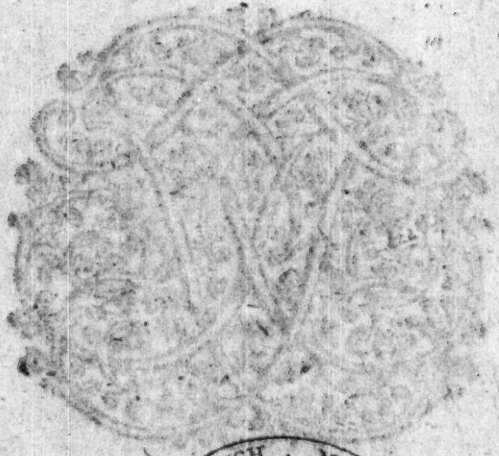


LONDON
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THE MOURNING BRIDE.

A TRAGEDY:

AS IT IS ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.



BRITISH MUSEUM

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS.

MADAM,

That high station, which by your birth You hold above the People, exacts from every one, as a duty, whatever honours they are capable of paying to your Royal Highness: But that more exalted place, to which your Virtues have rais'd you, above the rest of Princes, makes the tribute of our admiration and praise, rather a choice more immediately preventing that duty.

The public gratitude is ever founded on a publick benefit; and what is universally bless'd, is always an universal blessing. Thus from your self we derive the offerings which we bring; and that incense which arises to your name, only returns to its original, and but naturally requires the parent of its being.

From hence it is that this Poem, constituted on a moral, whose end is to recommend & to encourage virtue, of consequence has recourse to Your Royal Highness's patronage; aspiring to cast it self beneath

your Feet, and declining approbation, 'till you ſhall condeſcend to ſhine upon it as on a creature of your influence.

'Tis from the example of Princes that Virtue becomes a faſhion in the People; for even they who are averſe to inſtruction, will yet be fond of imitation.

But there are multitudes, who never can have means nor opportunities of ſo near an acceſs, as to partake of the benefit of ſuch examples. And to theſe, Tragedy, which diſtinguiſhes itſelf from the vulgar Poetry by the dignity of its characters, may be of uſe and information. For they who are at that diſtance from original greatneſs as to be depriv'd of the happineſs of contemplating the perfections and real excellencies of your Royal Highneſs's perſon in your Court, may yet behold ſome ſmall sketches & imagings of the Virtues of your mind, abſtracted, and repreſented on the Theatre.

Thus Poets are inſtructed, and inſtruct; not alone by precepts which perſuade, but alſo by examples which illuſtrate. Thus is delight interwoven with inſtruction, when not only Virtue is preſcrib'd but alſo repreſented.

But if we are delighted with the livelineſs of a feign'd repreſentation of great and good Perſons and their actions, how muſt we be charm'd with beholding the Perſons themſelves? If one or two excelling qualities, barely touch'd in the ſingle action and ſmall compaſs of a Play, can warm an Audience, with a concern and regard even for the ſeeming ſucceſs and proſperity of the Actor; with what zeal muſt the Hearts of all be fill'd, for the continued and encreaſing happineſs of thoſe, who are the true and living inſtances of elevated and perſiſting

ſiſting Virtue? Even the Vicious themſelves muſt have a ſecret veneration for thoſe peculiar graces and endowments, which are daily ſo eminently conſpicuous in Your Royal Highneſs; and though repining, feel a pleaſure, which in ſpite of Envy they per-force approve.

If in this Piece, humbly offer'd to Your Royal Highneſs, there ſhall appear the reſemblance of any of thoſe many excellencies which you ſo promiſcuouſly poſſeſs, to be drawn ſo as to merit Your leaſt approbation, it has the end and accompliſhment of its deſign. And however imperfect it may be in the whole, through the inexperience or incapacity of the Author, yet if there is ſo much as to convince Your Royal Highneſs, that a Play may be with induſtry ſo diſpos'd (in ſpight of the licentious practice of the modern Theatre) as to become ſometimes an innocent, and not unprofitable entertainment, it will abundantly gratifie the Ambition, and recompence the endeavours of,

Your Royal Highneſs's

Moſt obedient, and

Moſt humbly devoted Servant,

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton*.

THE time has been when Plays were not so plenty,
And a less number new would well content ye.
New Plays did then like Almanacs appear;
And one was thought sufficient for a year:
Tho' they are more like Almanacs of late;
For in one Year, I think, they're out of date.
Nor were they without reason join'd together;
For just as one prognosticates the weather,
How plentiful the crop, or scarce the grain,
What peals of Thunder, and what show'rs of Rain;
So t'other can foretel, by certain rules,
What crops of Coxcombs, or what floods of Fools.
In such like prophecies were Poets skill'd,
Which now they find in their own Tribe fulfill'd:
The dearth of Wit they did so long presage,
Is fall'n on us, and almost starves the Stage.
Were you not griev'd, as often as you saw
Poor Actors thresh such empty sheafs of straw?
Toiling and lab'ring, at their lungs expence,
To start a jest, or force a little sense?
Hard Fate for us! still harder in th'event;
Our Authors sin, but we alone repent.
Still they prot'ed, and at our charge, write worse;
'T were some amends if they could reimburse:
But there's the Devil; tho' their Cause is lost,
There's no recovering damages or cost.
Good Wits, forgive this liberty we take,
Since custom gives the Losers leave to speak.

But

But if provok'd, your dreadful wrath remains;
Take your revenge upon the coming Scenes:
For that damn'd Poet's ſpar'd who damns a Brother,
As one Thief 'ſcapes that executes another.
Thus far alone does the Wit relate;
But from the reſt we hope a better Fate.
To pleaſe and move has been our Poets Theme;
Art may direct, but Nature is his aim.
And Nature miſs'd, in vain he boaſts his Art;
For only Nature can affect the heart.
Then freely judge the Scenes that ſhall enſue;
But as with freedom, judge with candour too.
He wou'd not loſe thro' prejudice his Cauſe;
Nor wou'd obtain precariouſly applauſe.
Impartial cenſure he requeſts from all,
Prepar'd, by juſt decrees to ſtand or fall.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

	Players.
MANUEL, the King of *Granada*.	Mr. *Verbruggen*.
GONSALEZ, his Favourite.	Mr. *Sanford*.
GARCIA, Son to *Gonsalez*.	Mr. *Scudamour*.
PEREZ Captain of the Guards.	Mr. *Freeman*.
ALONZO, an Officer, Creature to *Gonsalez*.	Mr. *Arnold*.
OSMYN, a Noble Prisoner.	Mr. *Betterton*.
HELI, a Prisoner, his Friend.	Mr. *Bowman*.
SELIM, an Eunuch.	Mr. *Baily*,

WOMEN.

ALMERIA, the Princess of *Granada*.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
ZARA, a Captive Queen.	Mrs. *Barry*.
LEONORA, chief Attendant on the Princess.	Mrs. *Bowman*.

Women, Eunuchs, and Mutes attending Zara. *Guards*, &c.

The SCENE *GRANADA.*

THE MOURNING BRIDE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Room of State.*

The Curtain rising ſlowly to ſoft Muſick, diſcovers Almeria *in mourning*, Leonora *waiting in mourning.*

After the Muſick Almeria *riſes from her chair, and comes forward.*

ALMERIA.

MUSICK has charms to ſooth a ſavage breaſt,
To ſoften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read, that things inanimate have mov'd,
And, as with living Souls, have been inform'd,
By magick numbers and perſuaſive ſound.
What then am I? Am I more ſenſeleſs grown

Than trees, or flint? O force of constant woe!
'Tis not in Harmony to calm my griefs.
Anselmo sleeps, and is at peace, last night
The silent tomb receiv'd the good old King:
He and his sorrows now are safely lodg'd
Within its cold, but hospitable bosom.
Why am not I at peace?

Leo. Dear Madam, cease,
Or moderate your griefs; there is no cause—

Alm. No cause! Peace, peace, there is eternal cause,
And misery eternal will succeed.
Thou canst not tell — thou hast indeed no cause.

Leo. Believe me, Madam, I lament *Anselmo*,
And always did compassionate his fortune;
Have often wept, to see how cruelly
Your Father kept in chains his fellow King:
And oft at night, when all have been retir'd,
Have stoln from bed, and to his prison crept;
Where, while his Goaler slept, I thro' the grate
Have softly whisper'd, and enquir'd his health;
Sent in my sighs and pray'rs for his deliv'rance,
For sighs and pray'rs were all that I cou'd offer.

Alm. Indeed thou hast a soft and gentle nature;
That thus cou'dst melt to see a Strangers wrongs.
O *Leonora*, hadst thou known *Anselmo*,
How wou'd thy heart have bled to see his suff'rings.
Thou hadst no cause, but general compassion.

Leo. Love of my Royal Mistress gave me cause.
My love of you begot my grief for him;
For I had heard, that when the chance of War
Had bless'd *Anselmos* Arms with victory,
And the rich spoil of all the Field, and you,
The glory of the whole, were made the prey
Of his Success; that then, in spite of hate,
Revenge, and that hereditary feud
Between *Valentias* and *Granadas* Kings,

He

He did endear himself to your affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent ways
His most industrious goodness cou'd invent;
Proposing by a match between *Alphonso*
His Son, the brave *Valentia* Prince, and you,
To end the long dissention, and unite
The jarring Crowns.

Alm. *Alphonso! O Alphonso!*
Thou too art quiet — long hast been at peace —
Both, both — Father and Son are now no more.
Then why am I? O when shall I have rest?
Why do I live to say you are no more?
Why are all these things thus — Is it of force?
Is there necessity, I must be miserable?
Is it of moment to the peace of Heav'n
That I shou'd be afflicted thus? — If not,
Why is it thus contriv'd? Why are things laid
By some unseen hand, so as of sure consequence
They must to me bring curses, grief of heart,
The last distress of life, and sure despair?

Leo. Alas, you search too far, & think too deeply.

Alm. Why was I carry'd to *Anselmo's* Court?
Or there, why was I us'd so tenderly?
Why not ill treated, like an Enemy?
For so my Father wou'd have us'd his child.
O Alphonso, Alphonso! —
Devouring Seas have wash'd thee from my sight,
No time shall raise thee from my memory,
No, I will live to be thy Monument;
The cruel Ocean is no more thy Tomb;
But in my heart thou art interr'd; there, there,
Thy dear resemblance is for ever fix'd;
My Love, my Lord, my Husband still, tho' lost.

Leo. Husband! O Heav'ns!

Alm. Alas! What have I said?
My Grief has hurry'd me beyond all thought.
I wou'd have kept that secret; though I know

Thy

Thy love and faith to me deſerve all confidence;
But 't is the Wretches comfort ſtill to have
Some ſmall reſerve of near and inward woe,
Some unſuſpected hoard of darling grief,
Which they unſeen may wail, & weep, & mourn,
And glutton-like alone devour.

Leo. Indeed
I knew not this.

Alm. O no, thou know'ſt not half,
Know'ſt nothing of my ſorrows — if thou didſt —
If I ſhou'd tell thee, wou'dſt thou pity me?
Tell me: I know thou wou'dſt, thou art compaſſionate.

Leo. Witneſs theſe tears —

Alm. I thank thee — *Leonora*;
Indeed I do, for pitying thy ſad Miſtreſs:
For 'tis, alas, the poor prerogative
Of Greatneſs, to be wretched and unpitied —
But I did promiſe I wou'd tell thee — What?
My miſeries? Thou doſt already know 'em:
And when I told thee thou didſt nothing know,
'Twas becauſe thou didſt not know *Alphonſo*:
For to have known my loſs, thou muſt have known
His worth, his truth, and tenderneſs of love.

Leo. The memory of that brave Prince ſtands fair
In all report —
And I have heard imperfectly his loſs;
But fearful to renew your troubles paſt,
I never did preſume to ask the ſtory.

Alm. If for my ſwelling heart I can, I'll tell thee.
I was a welcome Captive in *Valencia*,
Ev'n on the day when *Manuel*, my Father,
Led on his conqu'ring Troops, high as the Gates
Of King *Anſelmo*'s Palace; which in rage,
And heat of War, and dire revenge, he fir'd.
The good King flying to avoid the flames,
Started amidſt his Foes, and made Captivity
His fatal refuge — Wou'd that I had fall'n

Amidſt

Amidſt thoſe flames — But 't was not ſo decreed.
Alphonſo, who foreſaw my Fathers cruelty,
Had born the Queen and me on board a Ship
Ready to ſail: and when this news was brought
We put to Sea; but being betray'd by ſome
Who knew our flight, we cloſely were purſu'd,
And almoſt taken; when a ſudden Storm
Drove us, and thoſe that follow'd, on the coaſt
Of *Africk*: There our Veſſel ſtruck the ſhoar,
And bulging 'gainſt a rock was daſh'd in pieces.
But Heav'n ſpared me for yet much more affliction!
Conducting them who follow'd us, to ſhun
The ſhoal, and ſave me floating on the waves;
While the good Queen and my *Alphonſo* periſh'd.

Leo. Alas! were you then wedded to *Alphonſo*?

Alm. That day that fatal day, our hands were join'd;
For when my Lord beheld the Ship purſuing,
And ſaw her rate ſo far exceeding ours,
He came to me, and begg'd me by my love,
I wou'd conſent the Prieſt ſhou'd make us one;
That whether Death, or Victory enſu'd,
I might be his, beyond the power of future Fate:
The Queen too did aſſiſt his ſuit — I granted,
And in one day, was wedded, and a Widow.

Leo. Indeed 't was mournful —

Alm. 'T was — as I have told thee —
For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
Nor will I change theſe black and diſmal robes,
Or ever dry theſe ſwoln and watry eyes;
Or ever taſte content, or peace of heart,
While I have life, and thought of my *Alphonſo*.

Leo. Look down, good Heav'n, with pity on her ſorrows,
And grant that time may bring her ſome relief.

Alm. O no! Time gives encreaſe to my afflictions.
The circling Hours, that gather all the woes,
Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving year,
Come, heavy-laden with th' oppreſſing weight,

To me; with me ſucceſſively, they leave
The ſighs, the tears, the groans, the reſtleſs cares,
And all the damps of grief that did retard their flight;
They ſhake their downy wings, and ſcatter all
The dire collected dews on my poor head;
Then fly with joy and ſwiftneſs from me.

Leo. Hark! [*Shouts at a diſtance.*
The diſtant ſhouts proclaim your Fathers Triumph;
O ceaſe, for Heavens ſake, aſſwage a little
This torrent of your grief; for, much I fear
'T will urge his wrath, to ſee you drown'd in tears,
When joy appears in every other face.

Alin. And joy he brings to every other heart,
But double, double weight of woe to mine;
For with him *Gracia* comes — *Gracia*, to whom
I muſt be ſacrific'd, and all the vows
I gave my dear *Alphonſo* baſely broken.
No, it ſhall never be; for I will die;
Firſt die ten thouſand deaths — Look down, look down,
[*Kneels.*
Alphonſo, hear the ſacred vow I make;
One moment, ceaſe to gaze on perfect bliſs,
And bend thy glorious eyes to earth and me;
And thou *Anſelmo*, if yet thou 'rt arriv'd
Thro' all impediments of purging fire,
To that bright Heav'n, where my *Alphonſo* reigns,
Behold thou alſo, and attend my vow.
If ever I do yield, or give conſent,
By any action, word or thought, to wed
Another Lord; may then juſt Heav'n ſhow'r down
Unheard of curſes on me, greater far
(If ſuch there be in angry Heavens vengeance)
Than any I have yet endur'd — And now [*Riſing.*
My heart has ſome relief, having ſo well
Diſcharg'd this debt, incumbent on my love.
Yet, one thing more I wou'd engage from thee.

Leo.

Leo, My heart, my life and will, are only yours.
Alm. I thank thee. 'Tis but this, anon, when all
Are wrap'd and buſied in the general joy,
Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me,
Steal forth, to viſit good *Anſelmos* Tomb.
Leo. Alas! I fear ſome fatal reſolution.
Alm. No, on my life, my faith, I mean no ill,
Nor violence. — I feel my ſelf more light,
And more at large, ſince I have made this Vow.
Perhaps I would repeat it there more ſolemnly.
'Tis that, or ſome ſuch melancholy thought;
Upon my word no more.
Leo. I will attend you.

SCENE II.

Almeria, Leonora, Alonzo.

Alonzo.

THE Lord *Gonſalez* comes to tell your Highneſs,
The King is juſt arriv'd.
Alm. Conduct him in. [*Exit Alon.*
That's his Pretence, his errand is, I know,
To fill my ears with *Garcias* valiant deeds;
And gild and magnifie his Sons exploits.
But I am arm'd with ice around my heart,
Not to be warm'd with words, or idle eloquence,

SCE.

SCENE III.

Gonsalez, *Almeria*, *Leonora*.

Gonsalez.

BE every day of your long life like this.
The Sun, bright conqueſt, and your brighter eyes,
Have all conſpir'd to blaze promiſcuous light
And bleſs this day with moſt unequal'd luſtre.
Your Royal Father, my victorious Lord,
Loaden with ſpoils, and ever living Laurel,
Is entring now in martial pomp the Palace:
Five hundred Mules precede his ſolemn march,
Which groan beneath the weight of *Mooriſh* wealth.
Chariots of War, adorn'd with glittering Gems,
Succeed; and next, a hundred neighing Steeds,
White as the fleecy rain on *Alpine* hils;
That bound, and foam, and champ the Golden bit,
As they diſdain'd the Victory they grace.
Priſoners of War in ſhining fetters follow;
And Captains of the nobleſt blood of *Africk*
Sweat by his Chariot wheel, and lick and grind
With gnaſhing teeth, the duſt his Triumphs raiſe.
The ſwarming Populace ſpread every wall,
And cling, as if with claws they did enforce
Their hold, thro' clifted ſtones, ſtretching and ſtaring,
As if they were all eyes, and every limb
Would feed its faculty of admiration.
While you alone retire, and ſhun this ſight;
This ſight, which is indeed not ſeen (tho' twice
The multitude ſhould gaze) in abſence of your eyes.

Alm. My Lord, my eyes ungratefully behold

The

The gilded Trophies of exterior honours.
Nor will my ears be charm'd with ſounding words,
Or pompous phraſe the pageantry of ſouls:
But that my Father is return'd in ſafety,
I bend to Heav'n with thanks.

Gonſ. Excellent Princeſs!

But 'tis a task unfit for my weak age,
With dying words, to offer at your praiſe.
Garcia, my Son, your beautys loweſt Slave,
Has better done, in proving with his ſword
The force and influence of your matchleſs charms.

Alm. I doubt not of the worth of *Garcias* deeds,
Which had been brave, tho' I had ne'er been born.

Leo. Madam, the King. [*Flouriſh.*

Alm. My Women. I wou'd meet him.

[*Attendants to* Almeria *enter in mourning.*

SCENE IV.

Symphony of warlike Muſick. Enter the King, attented by Garcia *and ſeveral Officers. Files of Priſoners in chains, and Guards, who are ranged in order round the Stage.* Almeria *meets the King, and kneels; afterwards* Gonſalez *kneels and kiſſes the Kings hand, while* Garcia *does the ſame to the Princeſs.*

KING.

Almeria, riſe—My beſt *Gonſalez* riſe.
What, tears! my good old Friend.—

Gonſ. But tears of joy;

Believe me, Sir, to ſee you thus has fill'd
My eyes with more delight than they can hold.

King. By Heav'n thou lov'ſt me, and I'm pleas'd thou doſt:
Take it for thanks, old Man, that I rejoice
To ſee thee weep on this occaſion —— Some
Here are, who ſeem to mourn at our ſucceſs!
Why is 't *Almeria*, that you meet our eyes,
Upon this ſolemn day, in theſe ſad weeds?
In oppoſition to my brightneſs, you
And yours are all like daughters of affliction.

Alm. Forgive me, Sir, if I in this offend.
The year, which I have vow'd to pay to Heav'n,
In mourning & ſtrict life, for my delivrance
From wreck & death, wants yet to be expired.

King. Your zeal to Heav'n is great; ſo is your debt:
Yet ſomething too is due to me, who gave
That life which Heav'n preſerv'd. A day beſtow'd
In filial duty had aton'd and giv'n
A diſpenſation to your Vow — No more:
'Twas weak and wilful — and a Woman's error.
Yet — upon thought, it doubly wounds my ſight,
To ſee that ſable worn upon the day
Succeeding that, in which our deadlieſt Foe
Hated *Anſelmo*, was interr'd — By Heav'n,
It looks as thou didſt mourn for him: Juſt ſo,
Thy ſenſeleſs Vow appear'd to bear its date,
Not from that hour wherein thou wert preſerv'd,
But that wherein the curs'd *Alphonſo* periſh'd.
Ha! What? thou doſt not weep to think of that?

Conſ. Have patience, Royal Sir, the Princeſs weeps
To have offended you. If Fate decreed,
One pointed hour ſhould be *Alphonſos* loſs,
And her deliverance, is ſhe to blame?

King. I tell thee ſhe's to blame, not to have feaſted
When my firſt Foe was laid in earth; ſuch enmity,
Such deteſtation bears my blood to his;
My Daughter ſhould have revell'd at his death:

She ſhould have made theſe Palace-walls to ſhake,
And all this high and ample roof to ring
With her rejoicings. What! to mourn, & weep;
Then, then to weep, & pray, & grieve! By Heav'n,
There's not a Slave, a ſhakled Slave of mine,
But ſhould have ſmil'd that hour, through all his care,
And ſhook his chains in tranſport & rude harmony.

Gonſ. What ſhe has done, was in exceſs of goodneſs,
Betray'd by too much piety, to ſeem
As if ſhe had offended—Sure, no more.

King. To ſeem is to commit, at this conjuncture.
I wonot have a ſeeming ſorrow ſeen
To-day—Retire, diveſt your ſelf with ſpeed
Of that offenſive black; on me be all
The violation of your Vow: For you,
It ſhall be your excuſe, that I command it.

Gar. kneeling. Your pardon, Sir, if I preſume ſo far,
As to remind you of your gracious promiſe.

King. Riſe, *Garcia*——I forgot. Yet ſtay, *Almeria.*

Alm. My boding Heart!——What is your pleaſure, Sir?

King. Draw near, & give your hand; and *Garcia*, yours;
Receive this Lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy to be your Husband, and my Son.

Gar. Thus let me kneel to take—O not to take—
But to devote, and yield my ſelf for ever
The Slave and Creature of my Royal Miſtreſs.

Gonſ. O let me proſtrate pay my worthleſs thanks—

King. No more; my promiſe long ſince paſs'd, thy ſervices,
And *Garcias* well try'd valour, all oblige me:
This day we triumph; but to-morrows Sun,
Garcia, ſhall ſhine to grace thy Nuptials—

Alm. Oh!— [*Faints*

Gar. She faints! help to ſupport her.

Gonſ. She recovers.

King. A fit of bridal fear; How is 't, *Almeria*?

Alm. A ſudden chilneſs ſeizes on my Spirits.
Your leave, Sir, to retire.

King. Garcia, conduct her.

[Garcia *leads* Almeria *to the door, and returns.*

This idle Vow hangs on her Womans fears.
I'll have a Prieſt ſhall preach her from her Faith,
Which I'd have broken. Now, what would *Alonzo*?

SCENE II.

King, Gonſalez, Garcia, Alonzo, Attendants.

Alonzo.

YOUR beauteous Captive *Zara* is arriv'd,
And with a train as if ſhe ſtill were Wife
To *Albucacim*, and the *Moor* had conquer'd.

King. It is our will ſhe ſhould be ſo attended.
Bear hence theſe Priſoners. *Garcia*, which is he,
Of whoſe mute valour you relate ſuch wonders?

[*Priſoners led off.*

Gar. Oſmyn, who led the *Mooriſh* Horſe; but he,
Great Sir, at her requeſt, attends on *Zara*.

King. He is your Priſoner, as you pleaſe diſpoſe him.

Gar. I would oblige him, but he ſhuns my kindneſs,
And with a haughty mien, and ſtern civility,
Dumbly declines all offers: If he ſpeak
'Tis ſcarce above a word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did diſdain to talk;
At leaſt, to talk where he muſt not command.

King.

King. Such ſullenes, and in a man ſo brave,
Muſt have ſome other cauſe than his captivity.
Did *Zara* then, requeſt he might attend her?

Gar. My Lord, ſhe did.

King. That, join'd with his behaviour,
Begets a doubt. I'd have 'em watch'd; perhaps
Her chains hang heavier on him than his own.

SCENE VI.

King, Gonſalez, Garcia, Alonzo, Zara *and* Oſmyn *bound, conducted by* Perez *& a Guard, and attended by* Selim *and ſeveral Mutes and Eunuchs in a Train.*

KING.

WHAT welcome, and what Honours beauteous *Zara*,
A King and Conqueror can give, are yours.
A Conqueror indeed, where you are won;
Who with ſuch luſtre ſtrike admiring eyes,
That had our Pomp been with your preſence grac'd,
Th'expecting Crowd had been deceiv'd, and ſeen
Their Monarch enter not triumphant, but
In pleaſing Triumph led, your beauty's Slave.

Zara. If I on any terms could condeſcend
To like Captivity, or think thoſe Honours,
Which Conquerors in courteſie beſtow,
Of equal value with unborrow'd rule,
And native right to arbitrary ſway,
I might be pleas'd, when I behold this train
With uſual homage wait: But when I feel

These bonds, I look with loathing on my self;
And scorn vile Slavery, tho' doubly hid
Beneath mock-praises, and dissembled State.
King. Those bonds! 'twas my command you should be free.
How durst you, *Perez*, disobey?
Per. Great Sir,
Your Order was, she should not wait your Triumph;
But at some distance follow, thus attended.
King. 'Tis false; 'twas more; I bid she should be free:
If not in words, I bid it by my eyes.
Her Eyes did more than bid —— Free her and hers
With speed —— yet stay — my hands alone can make
Fit restitution here —— Thus I release you,
And by releasing you enslave my self.
Zara. Such favours so conferr'd, tho' when unsought,
Deserve acknowledgement from noble minds.
Such thanks as one hating to be oblig'd —
Yet hating more ingratitude, can pay,
I offer.
King. Born to excel, and to command!
As by transcendent beauty to attract
All eyes, so by preheminence of Soul
To rule all hearts.
[*Beholding* Osmyn, *as they unbind him.*
Garcia, what's he, who with contracted brow,
And sullen port, glooms downward with his eyes;
As one regardless of his chains, or liberty?
Gar. That, Sir, is he of whom I spoke, that's *Osmyn*.
King. He answers well the character you gave him.
Whence comes it, valiant *Osmyn*, that a Man
So great in Arms as thou art said to be,
So hardly can endure captivity,

The

The common chance of War?

Osm. Because captivity
Has robb'd me of a dear and just Revenge.

King. I understand not that.

Osm. I would not have you.

Zara. That gallant *Moor* in battel lost a Friend,
Whom more than life he lov'd; and the regret,
Of not revenging on his Foes that loss,
Has caus'd this melancholy and despair.

King. She does excuse him; 'tis as I suspected.
[*To* Gonz.

Gonz. That Friend may be her self; seem not to heed
His arrogant reply: She looks concern'd.

King. I'll have enquiry made; perhaps his Friend
Yet lives, and is a prisoner. His name?

Zara. Heli.

King. Garcia, that search shall be your care:
It shall be mine to pay devotion here;
At this fair Shrine to lay my Laurels down,
And raise Loves Altar on the spoils of War.
Conquest and Triumph, now are mine no more;
Nor will I Victory in Camps adore:
For, ling'ring there, in long suspence she stands,
Shifting the prize in unresolving hands:
Unus'd to wait, I broke through her delay,
Fix'd her by force, and snatch'd the doubtful Day.
Now, late I find that War is but her sport;
In Love the Goddess keeps her awful Court:
Fickle in field, unsteadily she flies,
But rules with settled sway in *Zaras* eyes.

End of the First Act.

ACT. II.

SCENE I.

Repreſenting the Iſle of a Temple.

Garcia, Heli, Perez.

GARCIA.

THIS way, we're told, *Oſmyn* was ſeen to walk;
Chuſing this lonely manſion of the dead,
To mourn, brave *Heli*, thy miſtaken Fate.

Heli. Let Heav'n with Thunder to the center ſtrike me,
If to ariſe in very deed from death,
And to reviſit with my long clos'd eyes
This living light, cou'd to my ſoul, or ſenſe,
Afford a thought, or ſhew a glimpſe of joy,
In leaſt proportion to the vaſt delight
I feel, to hear of *Oſmyns* name; to hear
That *Oſmyn* lives, and I again ſhall ſee him.

Gar. I've heard, with admiration, of your Friendſhip.

Per. Yonder, my Lord, behold the noble *Moor*.

Heli. Where? where?

Gar. I ſaw him not nor any like him —

Per. I ſaw him when I ſpoke, thwarting my view,
And ſtriding with diſtemper'd haſte; his eyes

Seem-

Seem'd flame, and flaſh'd upon me with a glance;
Then forward ſhot their fires, which he purſu'd,
As to ſome object frightful, yet not fear'd.
Gar. Let's haſte to follow him, and know the cauſe.
Heli. My Lord, let me entreat you to forbear:
Leave me alone, to find and cure the cauſe.
I know his melancholy, and ſuch ſtarts
Are uſual to his temper. It might raiſe him
To act ſome violence upon himſelf,
So to be caught in an unguarded hour,
And when his Soul gives all her paſſions way,
Secure and looſe in friendly ſolitude.
I know his noble heart would burſt with ſhame,
To be ſurpriz'd by ſtrangers in its frailty.
Gar. Go, gen'rous *Heli*, & relieve your Friend.
Far be 't from me, officiouſly to pry
Or preſs upon the privacies of others.

SCENE II.

Garcia, Perez.

GARCIA.

Perez, the King expects from our return
To have his jealouſie confirmed, or clear'd,
Of that appearing love which *Zara* bears
To *Oſmyn*; but ſome other opportunity
Muſt make that plain.
Per. To me 'twas long ſince plain,
And ev'ry look from him and her confirm it.
Gar. If ſo, unhappineſs attends their love,
And I could pity 'em. I hear ſome coming,
The Friends perhaps are met; let us avoid 'em

SCENE III.

Almeria, Leonora.

ALMERIA.

IT was a fancy'd noiſe, for all is huſh'd!
Leo. It bore the accent of a human voice.
Alm. It was thy fear, or elſe ſome tranſient wind
Whiſtling thro' hollows of this vaulted Iſle.
We'll liſten —
Leo. Hark!
Alm. No, all is huſh'd, and ſtill as Death — 'Tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall Pile,
Whoſe ancient Pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made ſtedfaſt and immoveable,
Looking tranquility. It ſtrikes an awe
And terror on my aking ſight; the Tombs
And monumental caves of Death look cold,
And ſhoot a chilneſs to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly ſpeak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice — my own affrights me with its echos.
Leo. Let us return; the horror of this place
And ſilence, will encreaſe your melancholy.
Alm. It may my fears, but connot add to that.
No, I will on; ſhew me *Anſelmos* Tomb,
Lead me o'er bones and ſkulls and mould'ring earth

Of

Of human bodies; for I'll mix with them:
Or wind me in the ſhroud of ſome pale coarſe
Yet green in earth; rather than be the Bride
Of *Garcias* more deteſted bed. That thought
Exerts my ſpirits; and my preſent fears
Are loſt in dread of greater ill. Then ſhew me,
Lead me, for I am bolder grown: Lead on
Where I may kneel and pay my Vows again
To him; to Heav'n, and my *Alphonſos* Soul.

Leo. I go but Heav'n can tell with what regret.

SCENE IV.

The Scene opening diſcovers a Place of Tombs. One Monument fronting the view greater than the reſt.

HELI.

I Wander thro' this maze of Monuments.
Yet cannot find him —— Hark! ſure 'tis the voice
Of one complaining —— There it ſounds —— I'll follow it.

SCENE V.

Almeria, Leonora.

LEONORA.

BEhold the ſacred Vault, within whoſe womb
The poor remains of good *Anſelmo* reſt;

Yet

Yet fleſh and unconſum'd by Time or Worms.
What do I ſee? O Heav'n! either my eyes
Are falſe, or ſtill the marble door remains
Unclos'd; the iron gates that lead to Death
Beneath, are ſtill wide ſtretch'd upon their hinge,
And ſtaring on us with unfolded leaves.

Alm. Sure 'tis the friendly yawn of Death for me;
And that dumb mouth, ſignificant in ſhow,
Invites me to the bed, where I alone
Shall reſt; ſhews me the grave, where Nature weary,
And long oppreſs'd with woes and bending cares,
May lay the burden down, and ſink in ſlumbers
Of Peace eternal. Death, grim Death, will fold
Me in his leaden arms, and preſs me cloſe
To his cold clayie breaſt: My Father then
Will ceaſe his Tyranny; and *Garcia* too
Will fly my pale deformity with loathing.
My Soul, enlarg'd from its vile bonds, will mount,
And range the ſtarry Orbs, and milky ways
Of that refulgent World, where I ſhall ſwim
In liquid light, and float on Seas of bliſs
To my *Alphonſos* Soul. O Joy too great!
O extaſie of thought! Help me, *Anſelmo*;
Help me, *Alphonſo*; take me, reach thy hand;
To thee, to thee I call, to thee, *Alphonſo*!
O *Alphonſo*!

SCENE VI.

Almeria, Leonora, Oſmyn *aſcending from the Tomb.*

Oſmyn.

WHO calls that wretched thing that was *Alphonſo*?

Alm. Angels, and all the Hoſt of Heav'n, ſupport me!

Oſm.

Oſm. Whence is that voice, whoſe ſhrilneſs from the grave,
And growing to his Fathers ſhrowd, roots up
Alphonſo?

Alm. Mercy Providence! O ſpeak,
Speak to it quickly, quickly; ſpeak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me;
Leonora, in thy boſom, from the light,
And from my eyes.

Oſm. Amazement and illuſion!
Rivet me, nail me where I ſtand, ye Pow'rs;
[*Coming forward*
That motionleſs I may be ſtill deceiv'd.
Let me not ſtir, nor breath, leſt I diſſolve
That tender, lovely form of painted air,
So like *Almeria*. Ha! it ſinks, it falls;
I'll catch it ere it goes; and graſp her Shade.
'Tis life 't tis warm! 'tis ſhe! tis ſhe her ſelf!
Nor dead, nor Shade, but breathing and alive!
It is *Almeria*, 'tis, it is my wife!

SCENE VII.

Almeria, Leonora, Oſmyn, Heli.

Leonora.

ALAS, ſhe ſtirs not yet, nor lifts her eyes;
He too is fainting — Help me, help me Stranger,
Who-e'er thou art, and lend thy hand to raiſe
Theſe bodies.

Heli. Ha! 'tis he! and with — *Almeria!*
O miracle of happineſs! O joy
Unhop'd for! does *Almeria* live!

Oſm. Where is ſhe?
Let me behold and touch her, and be ſure

'Tis

'Tis ſhe; ſhew me her face, and let me feel
Her lips with mine — 'Tis ſhe, I'm not deceiv'd;
I taſte her breath, I warm'd her and am warm'd.
Look up, *Almeria*, bleſs me with thy eyes;
Look on thy love, thy lover and thy husband.

Alm. I've ſworn I'll not wed *Garcia*; why d'ye force me?
Is this a Father?

Oſm. Look on thy *Alphonſo*.
Thy Father is not here, my Love, nor *Garcia*:
Nor am I what I ſeem, but thy *Alphonſo*.
Wilt thou not know me? Haſt thou then forgot me?
Haſt thou thy eyes, yet can'ſt not ſee *Alphonſo*?
Am I ſo alter'd, or art thou ſo chang'd,
That ſeeing my diſguiſe, thou ſeeſt not me?

Alm. It is, it is *Alphonſo*. 'Tis his face,
His voice, I know him now, I know him all.
O take me to thy arms, and bear me hence,
Back to the bottom of the boundleſs deep,
To Seas beneath, where thou ſo long haſt dwelt.
O how haſt thou return'd! How haſt thou charm'd
The wildneſs of the waves and rocks to this,
That thus relenting, they have giv'n thee back
To earth, to light and life, to love and me;

Oſm. O I'll not ask, nor anſwer how, or why,
We both have backward trod the paths of Fate,
To meet again in life; to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any circumſtance
Or means by which I have thee —
To fold thee thus, to preſs thy balmy lips,
And gaze upon thy eyes, is ſo much joy,
I have not leiſure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle time in thinking.

Alm. Stay a while —
Let me look on thee, yet a little more.

Oſm. What would'ſt thou? thou doſt put me from thee.

Alm. Yes.

Oſm.

Oſm. And why? What doſt thou mean? why doſt thou gaze ſo?

Alm. I know not, 'tis to ſee thy face, I think—
It is too much! too much to bear and live!
To ſee him thus again is ſuch profuſion
Of joy, of bliſs — I cannot bear — I muſt
Be mad — I cannot be tranſported thus.

Oſm. Thou Excellence, thou joy, thou Heav'n of love!

Alm. Where haſt thou been? and how art thou alive?
How is all this? All-powerful Heav'n, what are we!
O my ſtrain'd heart — let me again behold thee,
For I weep to ſee thee — Art thou not paler?
Much, much; how thou art chang'd!

Oſm. Not in my love.

Alm. No, no, thy griefs, I know, have done this to thee.
Thou haſt wept much, *Alphonſo*, and, I fear,
Too much too tenderly lamented me.

Oſm. Wrong not my love, to ſay too tenderly.
No more, my life; talk not of tears or grief;
Affliction is no more, now thou art found.
Why doſt thou weep, and hold thee from my arms,
My arms which ake to fold thee faſt, and grow
To thee with twining? Come, come to my heart.

Alm. I will, for I ſhould never look enough.
They would have marry'd me; but I had ſworn
To Heav'n & thee, and ſooner wou'd have dy'd—

Oſm. Perfection of all faithfulneſs and love!

Alm. Indeed I wou'd — Nay, I wou'd tell thee all,
If I cou'd ſpeak; how I have mourn'd and pray'd;
For I have pray'd to thee as to a Saint:
And thou haſt heard my prayer; for thou art come
To my diſtreſs, to my deſpair, which Heav'n
Could only by reſtoring thee have cur'd.

Oſm. Grant me but life, good Heav'n, but length of days,
To pay ſome part, ſome little of this debt,
This countleſs ſum of tenderneſs and love,

For

For which I ſtand engag'd to this all excellence:
Then bear me in a whirlwind to my Fate,
Snatch me from life, and cut me ſhort unwarn'd;
Then, then 'twill be enough — I ſhall be old,
I ſhall have liv'd beyond all *Æras* then
Of yet unmeaſur'd time; when I have made
This exquiſite, this moſt amazing goodneſs,
Some recompence of love and matchleſs truth

Alm. 'Tis more than recompence, to ſee thy face:
If Heav'n is greater joy it is no happineſs,
For 'tis not be born — What ſhall I ſay?
I have a thouſand things to know, and ask,
And ſpeak — That thou art here, beyond all hope,
All thought: that all at once thou art before me;
And with ſuch ſuddenneſs haſt hit my ſight,
Is ſuch ſurprize, ſuch myſtery, ſuch extaſie!
It hurries all my ſoul, and ſtuns my ſenſe.
Sure from thy Fathers Tomb thou didſt ariſe!

Oſm. I did, and thou my Love didſt call me thence.

Alm. True; but how cam'ſt thou thee? Wert thou alone?

Oſm. I was, and lying on my Fathers lead,
When broken ecchos of a diſtant voice
Diſturb'd the ſacred ſilence of the vault,
In murmurs round my head. I roſe and liſtned,
And thought I heard thy Spirit call *Alphonſo*;
I thought I ſaw thee too; but O, I thought not
That I indeed ſhould be ſo bleſt to ſee thee —

Alm. But ſtill, how cam'ſt thou hither? how thus? Ha!
What's he, who like thy ſelf is ſtarted here
Ere ſeen?

Oſm. Where? ha! what do I ſee? *Antonio!*
I'm fortunate indeed.. my Friend too, ſafe!

Heli. Moſt happily, in finding you thus bleſs'd.

Alm. More miracles! *Antonio* too eſcap'd!

Oſm. And twice eſcap'd, both from the rage of Seas
And War: For in the Fight I ſaw him fall.

Heli

Heli. But fell unhurt, a priſoner as your ſelf,
And as your ſelf made free, hither I came
Impatiently to ſeek you, where I knew
Your grief would lead you to lament *Anſelmo.*
Oſm. There are no wonders, or elſe all is wonder.
Heli. I ſaw you on the ground, and rais'd you up:
When with aſtoniſhment, I ſaw *Almeria.*
Oſm. I ſaw her too, and therefore ſaw not thee.
Alm. Nor I, nor could I, for my eyes were yours.
Oſm. What means the bounty of all-gracious Heav'n,
That perſevering ſtill, with open hand,
It ſcarters good, as in a waſte of mercy!
Where will this end! but Heav'n is infinite
In all, and can continue to beſtow,
When ſcanty number ſhall be ſpent in telling.
Leo. Or I'm deceiv'd, or I beheld the glimpſe
Of two in ſhining habits croſs the Iſle;
Who by their pointing ſeem to mark this place.
Alm. Sure I have dreamt, if we muſt part ſo ſoon.
Oſm. I wiſh at leaſt, our parting were a dream
Or we could ſleep 'till we again were met.
Heli. Zara with *Selim*, Sir I ſaw and knew 'em:
You muſt be quick, for Love will lend her wings.
Alm. What Love? Who is ſhe? Why are you alarm'd?
Oſm. She's the reverſe of thee; ſhe's my unhappineſs.
Harbour no thought that may diſturb thy peace;
But gently take thy ſelf away, leſt ſhe
Should come and ſee the ſtraining of my eyes
To follow thee. I'll think how we may meet
To part no more; my Friend will tell thee all;
How I eſcap'd, how I am here, and thus;
How I'm not call'd *Alphonſo* now, but *Oſmyn*;
And he *Heli.* All, all he will unfold,
Ere next we meet...
Alm. Sure we ſhall meet again...
Oſm. We ſhall; we part not but to meet again.

Gladneſs and warmth of ever-kindling Love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy heart in abſence.

SCENE VIII.

OSMYN, *alone.*

YET I behold her ... yet ... And now no more.
Turn your lights inward, eyes, & view my thought,
So ſhall you ſtill behold her ... 'twill not be,
O impotence of ſight! mechanick ſenſe,
Which to exterior objects ow'ſt thy faculty,
Not ſeeing of election, but neceſſity.
Thus do our eyes, as do all common mirrours,
Succeſſively reflect ſucceeding images;
Not what they would, but muſt; a ſtar, or toad;
Juſt as the hand of chance adminiſters.
Not ſo the Mind, whoſe undetermin'd view
Revolves, and to the preſent adds the paſt;
Eſſaying further to futurity;
But that in vain. I have *Almeria* here
At once, as I before have ſeen her often ...

SCENE IX.

Zara, Selim, Oſmyn.

ZARA.

SEE where he ſtands, folded and fix'd to earth,
Stiff'ning in thought; a Statue among Statues.
Why, cruel *Oſmyn*, doſt thou fly me thus?

Is

Is it well done? Is this then the return
For fame, for honour, and for empire loſt?
But what is loſs of honour, fame and empire?
Is this the recompence reſerv'd for love?
Why doſt thou leave my eyes, and fly my arms,
To find this place of horror and obſcurity?
Am I more loathſome to thee than the grave,
That thou doſt ſeek to ſhield thee there, and ſhun
My love? But to the grave I'll follow thee ...
He looks not, minds not, hears not; barbarous Man!
Am I neglected thus? Am I deſpis'd?
Not heard! ungrateful *Oſmyn*.

Oſm. Ha, 'tis *Zara!*

Zara. Yes, Traitor, *Zara*, loſt abandon'd *Zara*,
Is a regardleſs ſuppliant, now, to *Oſmyn*.
The Slave, the wretch that ſhe redeem'd from death
Diſdains to liſten now, or look on *Zara*.

Oſm. Far be the guilt of ſuch reproaches from me;
Loſt in my ſelf, and blinded by my thoughts,
I ſaw you not, 'till now.

Zara. Now then you ſee me...
But with ſuch dumb and thankleſs eyes you look,
Better I was unſeen, than ſeen thus coldly.

Oſm. What would you from a wretch who came to mourn;
And only for his ſorrows choſe this ſolitude?
Look round; joy is not here, nor chearfulneſs.
You have purſu'd misfortune to its dwelling,
Yet look for gaiety and gladneſs there.

Zara. Inhuman! Why, why doſt thou rack me thus?
And with perverſeneſs, from the purpoſe, anſwer?
What is't to me, this houſe of miſery?
What joy do I require? If thou doſt mourn,
I come to mourn with thee; to ſhare thy griefs,
And give thee, for 'em, in exchange, my love.

Oſm. O that's the greateſt grief... I am ſo poor,
I have not wherewithal to give again.

Zara. Thou haſt a heart, though 'tis a ſavage one;

There, there's the dreadful ſound, the King's thy Rival!

Selim. Madam, the King is here, and entring now.

Zara. As I could wiſh; by Heav'n I'll be reveng'd.

SCENE X.

Zara, Oſmyn, Selim, *the* King, Perez, *and Attendants.*

KING.

WHY does the faireſt of her kind withdraw
Her ſhining from the day, to gild this ſcene
Of death and night? Ha! what diſorder's this?
Somewhat I heard of King and Rival mention'd:
What's he that dares be Rival to the King!
Or lift his eyes to like, where I adore?

Zara. There, he, your Priſoner, and that was my Slave.

King. How! better than my hopes! does ſhe accuſe him? [*Aſide.*

Zara. Am I become ſo low by my captivity,
And do your Arms ſo leſſen what they conquer,
That *Zara* muſt be made the ſport of Slaves?
And ſhall the wretch, whom yeſter Sun beheld
Waiting my nod, the creature of my pow'r,
Preſume to-day to plead audacious love,
And build bold hopes on my dejected fate?

King. Better for him to tempt the rage of Heav'n,
And wrench the bolt red-hiſſing from the hand
Of him that thunders, than but think that inſolence,
'Tis daring for a God. Hence, to the wheel
With that *Ixion*, who aſpires to hold
Divinity embrac'd: to whips and priſons
Drag him with ſpeed, and rid me of his face.

[*Guards ſeize* Oſmyn.

Zara.

Zara. Compaſſion led me to bemoan his ſtate.
Whoſe former faith had merited much more:
And through my hopes in you, I undertook
He ſhould be ſet at large: thence ſprung his inſolence,
And what was charity, he conſtru'd love.

King. Enough; his puniſhment be what you pleaſe.
But let me lead you from this place of ſorrow,
To one, where young delights attend; and joys
Yet new, unborn, and blooming in the bud,
Which wait to be full blown at your approach,
And ſpread like Roſes to the morning Sun:
Where ev'ry hour ſhall roll in circling joys,
And Love ſhall wing the tedious waſting day.
Life without love is load; and time ſtands ſtill:
What we refuſe to him, to death we give;
And then, then only, when we love, we live.

Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A PRISON.

Oſmyn *alone with a paper in his hand.*

Oſmyn.

BUT now, and I was clos'd within the tomb
That holds my Fathers aſhes; and but now,
Where he was pris'ner I am too impriſon'd.
Sure 'tis the hand of Heav'n that leads me thus;

And for ſome purpoſe points out theſe remembrances.
In a dark corner of my cell I found
This paper, what it is this light will ſhow.
If my Alphonſo ... Ha! [Reading.

If my Alphonſo *live, reſtore him, Heav'n;*
Give me more weight, cruſh my declining years
With bolts, with chains, impriſonment and want;
But bleſs my Son, viſit not him for me.

It is his hand; this was his pray'r ... yet more

Let ev'ry hair, which Sorrow by the roots [Reading.
Tears from my hoary and devoted head,
Be doubled in thy mercies to my Son:
Not for my ſelf, but him, hear me, All-gracious ...

'Tis wanting what ſhou'd follow ... *Heav'n* ſhou'd follow,
But 'tis torn off ... Why ſhou'd that word alone
Be torn from his petition? 'Twas to Heav'n,
But Heav'n was deaf, Heav'n heard him not; but thus,
Thus as the name of Heav'n from this is torn,
So did it tear the ears of mercy from
His voice, ſhutting the gates of pray'r againſt him.
If piety be thus debarr'd acceſs
On high, and of good Men the very beſt
Is ſingled out to bleed, and bear the ſcourge,
What is reward; or what is puniſhment?
But who ſhall dare to tax eternal Juſtice!
Yet I may think ... I may, I muſt; for thought
Precedes the will to think, and Error lives
Ere reaſon can be born. Reaſon, the power
To gueſs at right and wrong; the twinkling lamp
Of wand'ring life, that winks and wakes by turns,
Fooling the follower, betwixt ſhade and ſhining
What noiſe! Who's there? my Friend! How cam'ſt thou
hither?

Sce-

SCENE II.

Oſmyn, Heli.

Heli.

THe time's too precious to be ſpent in telling;
The Captain, influenc'd by *Almerias* power,
Gave order to the Guards for my admittance.

Oſm. How does *Almeria*? But I know, ſhe is
As I am. Tell me, may I hope to ſee her?

Heli. You may; anon, at midnight, when the King
Is gone to reſt, and *Garcia* is retir'd,
(Who takes the privilege to viſit late,
Preſuming on a Bridegrooms right) ſhe'll come.

Oſm. She'll come; 'tis what I wiſh, yet what I fear.
She'll come, but whither, and to whom? O Heav'n!
To a vile priſon, and a captiv'd wretch;
To one, whom had ſhe never known, ſhe had
Been happy: Why, why was that heav'nly creature
Abandon'd o'er to love what Heav'n forſakes?
Why does ſhe follow, with unwearied ſteps,
One, who has tir'd misfortune with purſuing?
One driv'n about the world like blaſted leaves
And chaff, the ſport of adverſe winds; 'till late
At length, impriſon'd in ſome cleft of rock,
Or earth, it reſts, and rots to ſilent duſt.

Heli. Have hopes, and hear the voice of better Fate.
I've learn'd there are diſorders ripe for mutiny
Among the Troops, who thought to ſhare the plunder,
Which *Manuel* to his own uſe and avarice
Converts. This News has reach'd *Valentias* frontiers;
Where many of your Subjects, long oppreſs'd

With Tyranny and grievous impoſitions,
Are riſen in Arms, and call for chiefs to head
And lead 'em, to regain their rights & liberty.

Oſm. By Heav'n thou'ſt rouz'd me from my lethargy.
The Spirit which was deaf to my own wrongs,
And the loud cries of my dead fathers blood;
Deaf to revenge ... nay, which refus'd to hear
The piercing ſighs and murmurs of my love
Yet unenjoy'd; what not *Almeria* could
Revive, or raiſe, my Peoples voice has waken'd.
O my *Antonio*, I am all on fire,
My Soul is up in Arms, ready to charge
And bear amidſt the Foe, with conq'ring troops:
I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to Liberty,
To Victory; their ſhouts and clamours rend
My ears, and reach the Heav'ns. Where is the King?
Where is *Alphonſo*? ha! where? where indeed?
O I could tear and burſt the ſtrings of life,
To break theſe chains. Off, off, ye ſtains of Royalty.
Off Slavery. O curſe! that I alone
Can beat and flutter in my cage when I
Would ſoar and ſtoop at victory beneath.

Heli. Our poſture of affairs, and ſcanty time,
My Lord, require you ſhould compoſe your ſelf,
And think on what we may reduce to practice.
Zara, the cauſe of your reſtraint, may be
The means of liberty reſtor'd. That gain'd,
Occaſion will not fail to point out ways
For your eſcape. Mean time, I've thought already
With ſpeed and ſafety, to convey my ſelf
Where not far off ſome Mal-contents hold council
Nightly; hating this Tyrant: Some, who love
Anſelmos memory, and will, for certain,
When thy ſhall know you live, aſſiſt your cauſe.

Oſm. My friend and counſellor, as thou think'ſt fit;
So do. I will with patience wait my fortune.

Heli. When *Zara* comes, abate of your averſion.

Oſm.

Oſm. I hate her not, nor can diſſemble love:
But as I may, I'll do. I have a paper
Which I would ſhew thee, Friend, but that the ſight
Would hold thee here, and clog thy expedition.
Within I found it, by my Fathers hand
'Twas writ; a pray'r for me, wherein appears
Paternal love prevailing o'er his ſorrows;
Such ſanctity, ſuch tenderneſs, ſo mix'd
With grief, as wou'd draw tears from inhumanity
Heli. The care of Providence ſure left it there,
To arm your mind with hope. Such piety
'Was never heard in vain: Heav'n has in ſtore
For you, thoſe bleſſings it with-held from him.
In that aſſurance live; which time, I hope,
And our next meeting will confirm.
Oſm. Farewel.
My Friend, the good thou doſt deſerve attend thee.

SCENE III.

Oſmyn *alone.*

I'VE been to blame, and queſtion'd with impiety
The care of Heav'n. Not ſo my Father bore
More anxious grief. This ſhou'd have better taught me;
This leſſon, in ſome hour of inſpiration,
By him ſet down, when his pure thoughts were born,
Like fumes of ſacred incenſe, o'er the clouds,
And wafted thence, on Angels wings, thro' ways
Of light to the bright ſource of all. For there
He in the book of preſcience ſaw this day;
And waking to the world and mortal ſenſe,
Left this example of his reſignation,
This his laſt legacy to me, which here
I'll treaſure, as more worth than diadems,
Or all extended rule of Regal pow'r.

Scene

SCENE IV.

Osmyn, Zara *veil'd.*

Osmyn.

WHAT brightness breaks upon me thus thro' shades,
And promises a day to this dark dwelling!
Is it my Love? ...

Zara. O that thy heart had taught [*Lifting her veil.*
Thy tongue that saying.

Osm. Zara! I am betray'd
By my surprize.

Zara. What, does my face displease thee?
That having seen it, thou dost turn thy eyes
Away, as from deformity and horror.
If so, this sable curtain shall again
Be drawn, and I will stand before thee seeing,
And unseen. Is it my Love? ask again
That question, speak again in that soft voice,
And look again with wishes in thy eyes.
O no, thou can'st not, for thou seest me now,
As she, whose savage breast has been the cause
Of these thy wrongs; as she, whose barbarous rage
Has loaden thee with chains and galling irons:
Well dost thou scorn me, and upbraid my falseness;
Could one who lov'd, thus torrure whom she lov'd?
No, no, it must be hatred, dire revenge
And detestation, that cou'd use thee thus.
So thou dost think; then do but tell me so;
Tell me, and thou shalt see how I'll revenge
Thee on this false one, how I'll stab and tear
This heart of flint 'till it shall bleed; and thou
Shalt weep for mine, forgetting thy own miseries.

Osm.

Osm. You wrong me, beautous *Zara*, to believe
I bear my fortunes with so low a mind,
As still to mediate revenge on all
Whom Chance, or Fate working by secret causes,
Has made perforce subservient to that end
The Heav'nly Pow'rs allot me. No, not you,
But Destiny and inauspicious Stars
Have cast me down to this low being: Or,
Granting you had, from you I have deserv'd it.

Zara. Canst thou forgive me then? wilt thou believe
So kindly of my fault, to call it madness?
O, give that madness yet a milder name,
And call it passion; then, be still more kind,
And call that passion Love.

Osm. Give it a name,
Or being as you please, such I will think it.

Zara. O thou dost wound me more with this thy goodness
Than e'er thou coud'st with bittereſt reproaches.
Thy anger cou'd not pierce thus to my heart.

Osm. Yet I cou'd wish ...

Zara. Haste me to know it, what?

Osm. That at this time I had not been this thing

Zara. What thing?

Osm. This Slave.

Zara. O Heav'n! my fears interpret
This thy silence; somewhat of high concern,
Long fashioning within thy labouring mind,
And now just ripe for birth, my rage has ruin'd.
Have I done this? Tell me, am I so curs'd?

Osm. Time may have still one fated hour to come,
Which wing'd with Liberty, might overtake
Occasion past.

Zara. Swift as occasion, I
My self will fly; and earlier than the morn
Wake thee to freedom. Now 'tis late; and yet
Some news few minutes past arriv'd, which seem'd

To

To ſhake the temper of the King... Who knows
What racking cares diſeaſe a Monarchs bed?
Or Love, that late at night ſtill lights his lamp,
And ſtrikes his rays thro' dusk, and folded lids,
Forbidding reſt, may ſtretch his eyes awake,
And force their balls abroad at this dead hour.
I'll try.

Oſm. I have not merited this grace;
Nor, ſhou'd my ſecret purpoſe take effect,
Can I repay, as you require, ſuch benefits.

Zara. Thou canſt not owe me more, nor have I more
To give, than I've already loſt. But now,
So does the form of our engagements reſt,
Thou haſt the wrong, 'till I redeem thee hence;
That done, I leave thy juſtice to return
My love. Adieu.

SCENE V.

Oſmyn *alone.*

THIS Woman has a ſoul
Of God-like mould, intrepid and commanding;
And challenges, in ſpight of me, my beſt
Eſteem: to this ſhe's fair, few more can boaſt
Of perſonal charms, or with leſs vanity
Might hope to captivate the hearts of Kings.
But ſhe has paſſions which out-ſtrip the wind,
And tear her Virtues up, as tempeſts root
The Sea. I fear when ſhe ſhall know the truth,
Some ſwift and dire event of her blind rage
Will make all fatal. But behold, ſhe comes
For whom I fear, to ſhield me from my fears.
The cauſe and comfort of my boding heart,

SCENE VI.

Almeria, Oſmyn.

Oſmyn.

MY Life, my health, my liberty, my all,
How ſhall I welcome thee to this ſad place?
How ſpeak to thee the words of joy and tranſport?
How run into thy arms, with-held by fetters;
Or take the into mine, while I'm thus manacled
And pinion'd like a thief or murderer?
Shall I not hurt or bruiſe thy tender body,
And ſtain thy boſom with the ruſt of theſe
Rude irons? Muſt I meet thee thus, *Almeria?*

Alm. Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet again.
Thou told'ſt me thou would'ſt think how we might meet
To part no more... Now we will part no more,
For theſe thy chains, or death, ſhall join us ever.

Oſm. Hard means to ratifie that word! ... O cruelty!
That ever I ſhould think beholding thee
A torture! .. yet, ſuch is the bleeding anguiſh
Of my heart, to ſee thy ſufferings... O Heav'n!
That I cou'd almoſt turn my eyes away,
Or wiſh thee from my ſight.

Alm. O ſay not ſo;
Tho' 'tis becauſe thou lov'ſt me: Do not ſay.
On any terms, that thou doſt wiſh me from thee.
No, no, 'tis better thus, that we together
Feed on each others heart, devour our woes
With mutual appetite; and mingling in
One cup the common ſtream of both our eyes:
Drink bitter draughts, with never ſlacking thirſt.
Thus better, than for any cauſe to part.

What

What doſt thou think? Look not ſo tenderly
Upon me... ſpeak, and take me in thy arms...
Thou canſt not! thy poor arms are bound, and ſtrive
In vain with the remorſeleſs chains, which gnaw
And eat into thy fleſh, feſtring thy limbs
With rankling ruſt.

Oſm. Oh! O...

Alm. Give me that ſigh.
Why doſt thou heave, and ſtifle in thy griefs!
Thy heart will burſt, thy eyes look red and ſtart;
Give thy ſoul way, and tell me thy dark thought.

Oſm. For this worlds rule, I wou'd not wound thy breaſt
With ſuch a dagger as then ſtuck my heart

Alm. Why? why? To know it, cannot wound me more;
Than knowing thou haſt felt it. Tell it me.
... Thou giv'ſt me pain with too much tenderneſs!

Oſm. And thy exceſſive love diſtracts my ſenſe!
O wou'dſt thou be leſs killing, ſoft or kind,
Grief cou'd not double thus his darts againſt me.

Alm. Thou doſt me wrong, & grief too robs my heart,
If there he ſhoot not ev'ry other ſhaft;
Thy ſecond ſelf ſhou'd feel each other wound,
And woe ſhou'd be in equal portions dealt.
I am thy wife...

Oſm. O thou haſt ſearch'd too deep:
There, there I bleed; there pull the cruel cords
That ſtrain my cracking nerves: Engines and wheels,
That piece-meal grind, are beds of down and balm
To that ſoul-racking thought.

Alm. Then I am curs'd
Indeed, if that be ſo; if I'm thy torment
Kill me, kill me then, daſh me with thy chains,
Tread on me: What, am I the boſom-ſnake,
That ſucks thy warm life-blood, and gnaws thy heart?
O that thy words had force to break thoſe bonds,
As they have ſtrength to tear this heart in ſunder;
So ſhou'dſt thou be at large from all oppreſſion.

Am

Am I, am I of all thy woes the worſt?
Oſm. My all of bliſs, my everlaſting life,
Soul of my ſoul, and end of all my wiſhes,
Why doſt thou thus unman me with thy words,
And melt me down to mingle with thy weepings?
Why doſt thou aſk? Why doſt thou talk thus piercingly?
Thy ſorrows have diſturb'd thy peace of mind,
And thou doſt ſpeak of miſerys impoſſible.
Alm. Didſt thou not ſay, that racks and wheels were balm,
And beds of eaſe, to thinking me thy Wife?
Oſm. No, no; nor ſhou'd the ſubtleſt pains that Hell
Or hell-born malice can invent, extort
A wiſh or thought from me, to have thee other.
But thou wilt know what harrows up my heart:
Thou art my Wife... nay, thou art yet my Bride!
The ſacred union of connubial love
Yet unaccompliſh'd, his miſterious rites
Delay'd; nor has our Hymeneal torch
Yet lighted up his laſt moſt grateful ſacrifice;
But daſh'd with rain from eyes, and ſwail'd with ſighs
Burns dim, and glimmers with expiring light.
Is this dark cell a Temple for that God?
Or this vile earth an Altar for ſuch offrings?
This den for Slaves, this Dungeon damp'd with woes;
Is this our Marriage-bed! Are theſe our joys!
Is this to call thee mine? O hold my heart!
To call thee mine? Yes, thus, ev'n thus, to call
Thee mine, were comfort, joy, extreameſt extaſie:
But O thou art not mine, not ev'n in miſery,
And 'tis deny'd to me to be ſo bleſs'd,
As to be wretched with thee.
Alm. No; not that
Th'extreameſt malice of our Fate can hinder:
That ſtill is left us, and on that we'll feed,
As on the leavings of calamity.
There we will feaſt; and ſmile on paſt diſtreſs,

And hug, in ſcorn of it, our mutual ruin.

Oſm. O thou doſt talk, my love, as one reſolv'd,
Becauſe not knowing danger. But look forward;
Think on to-morrow, when thou ſhalt be torn
From theſe weak, ſtruggling, unextended arms;
Think how my heart will heave, and eyes will ſtrain,
To graſp and reach what is deny'd my hands:
Think how the blood will ſtart, and tears will guſh
To follow thee, my ſeparating ſoul.
Think how I am, when thou ſhalt wed with *Garcia*!
Then will I ſmear theſe walls with blood, diſfigure
And daſh my face, and rive my clotted hair,
Break on the flinty floor my throbbing breaſt,
And grovel with gaſh'd hands to ſcratch a grave,
Stripping my nails, to tear this pavement up,
And bury me alive.

Alm. Heart-breaking horror!

Oſm. Then *Garcia* ſhall lye panting on thy boſom,
Luxurious, revelling amidſt thy charms;
And thou perforce muſt yield, and aid his tranſport.
Hell! Hell! have I not cauſe to rage and rave!
What are all racks, and wheels, and whips to this?
Are they not ſoothing ſoftneſs, ſinking eaſe,
And wafting air to this? O my *Almeria*,
What do the damn'd endure, but to deſpair,
But knowing Heav'n, to know it loſt for ever?

Alm. O, I am ſtruck; thy words are bolts of ice
Which ſhot into my breaſt, now melt and chill me.
I chatter, ſhake, and faint with thrilling fears.
No, hold me not... O, let us not ſupport,
But ſink each other deeper yet, down, down,
Where levell'd low, no more we'll lift our eyes,
But prone, and dumb, rot the firm face of earth
With rivers of inceſſant ſcalding rain.

SCENE

SCENE. VII.

Zara, Perez, Selim, Oſmyn, Almeria.

Zara.

Somewhat of weight to me requires his freedom.
Dare you diſpute the Kings command? Behold
The Royal Signet.

Per. I obey; yet beg
Your Majeſty one moment to defer
Your entring, 'till the Princeſs is return'd
From viſiting the noble Priſoner.

Zara. Ha!
What ſay'ſt thou?

Oſm. We are loſt! undone! diſcover'd!
Retire, my life, with ſpeed... Alas, we're ſeen;
Speak of compaſſion, let her hear you ſpeak
Of interceding for me with the King;
Say ſomewhat quickly to conceal our loves;
If poſſible...

Alm. I cannot ſpeak.

Oſm. Let me
Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her;
But 'till ſhe's gone; then bleſs me thus again.

Zara. Trembling and weeping as he leads her forth!
Confuſion in his face, and grief in hers!
'Tis plain, I've been abus'd... Death and deſtruction!
How ſhall I ſearch into this myſtery?
The blueſt blaſt of peſtilentialair
Strike, damp, deaden her charms, and kill his eyes:
Perdition catch 'em both, and ruin part 'em.

Oſmyn [*Aloud to* Almeria *as ſhe goes out.*
This charity to one unknown, and thus
Diſtreſs'd, Heav'n will repay; all thanks are poor,

SCENE VIII.

Zara, Selim, Oſmyn.

ZARA.

Damn'd, damn'd diſſembler! Yet I will be calm,
Choak in my rage, and know the utmoſt depth
Of this deceiver ... You ſeem much ſurpriz'd.
Oſm. At your return ſo ſoon and unexpected.
Zara. And ſo unwiſh'd, unwanted too it ſeems.
Confuſion! yet I will contain my ſelf.
You're grown a Favourite ſince laſt we parted;
Perhaps I'm ſawcy and intruding ...
Oſm. ... Madam!
Zara. I did not know the Princeſs Favourite.
Your pardon, Sir ... miſtake me not; you think
I'm angry; you're deceiv'd. I came to ſet
You free: But ſhall return much better pleas'd,
To find you have an intereſt ſuperior.
Oſm. You do not come to mock my miſeries?
Zara. I do.
Oſm. I could at this time ſpare your mirth.
Zara. I know thou cou'dſt, but I'm not often pleas'd,
And will indulge it now. What miſeries?
Who wou'd not be thus happily confin'd,
To be the care of weeping majeſty?
To have contending Queens, at dead of night
Forſake their down, to wake with watry eyes,
And watch like tapers o'er your hours of reſt?
O curſe! I cannot hold ....
Oſm. Come, 'tis too much.
Zara. Villain!
Oſm. How, Madam!

Zara.

Zara. Thou ſhalt die.

Oſm. I thank you.

Zara. Thou ly'ſt; for now I know for whom thou'dſt live.

Oſm. Then you may know for whom I'd die.

Zara. Hell! Hell!

Yet I'll be calm ... Dark and unknown betrayer!
But now the dawn begins, and the ſlow hand
Of Fate is ſtretch'd to draw the veil, and leave
Thee bare, the naked mark of publick view.

Oſm. You may be ſtill deceiv'd, 'tis in my pow'r.

Zara. Who waits there? As you'll anſwer it, look, this Slave [*To the Guard.*
Attempt no means to make himſelf away.
I've been deceiv'd: the publick ſafety now
Requires he ſhou'd be more confin'd, and none,
No, not the Princeſs ſuffer'd or to ſee,
Or ſpeak with him. I'll quit you to the King.
Vile and ingrate! too late thou ſhalt repent
The baſe injuſtice thou haſt done my love.
Yes, thou ſhalt know, ſpite of thy paſt diſtreſs,
And all thoſe ills which thou ſo long haſt mourn'd;
Heav'n has no rage like love to hatred turn'd.
Nor Hell a Fury, like a Woman ſcorn'd.

ACT. IV.

SCENE I.

A Room of State.

Zara, Selim.

ZARA.

THOU haſt already rack'd me with thy ſtay;
Therefore require me not to ask thee twice:
Reply at once to all. What is concluded?

Selim. Your accuſation highly has incens'd
The King, and were alone enough to urge
The fate of *Oſmyn*; but to that, freſh news
Is ſince arriv'd, of more revolted Troops.
'Tis certain *Heli* too is fled, and with him
(Which breeds amazement and diſtraction) ſome
Who bore high Offices of weight and truſt,
Both in the State and Army. This confirms
The King, in full belief of all you told him,
Concerning *Oſmyn*, and his correſpondence
With them who firſt began the mutiny.
Wherefore a Warrant for his death is ſign'd;
And order given for publick execution.

Zara. Ha! haſte thee! fly, prevent his fate and mine;
Find out the King, tell him I have of weight
More than his Crown t'impart ere *Oſmyn* die.

Selim. It needs not, for the King will ſtraight be here
And as to your revenge, not his own int'reſt,
Pretend to ſacrifice the life of *Oſmyn*.

Zara.

Zara. What ſhall I ſay; Invent, contrive, adviſe
Somewhat to blind the King, and ſave his life,
In whom I live. Spite of my rage and pride,
I am a Woman, and a Lover ſtill.
O! 'tis more grief but to ſuppoſe his death,
Than ſtill to meet the rigour of his ſcorn.
From my deſpair my anger had its ſource;
When he is dead I muſt deſpair for ever.
For ever! that's deſpair ... it was diſtruſt
Before; diſtruſt will ever be in love,
And anger in diſtruſt, both ſhort-liv'd pains;
But in deſpair, and ever-during death,
No term, no bound, but infinite of woe.
O torment, but to think! what then to bear?
Not to be born ... Deviſe the means to ſhun it,
Quick, or, by Heav'n, this dagger drinks thy blood.

Selim. My life is yours, nor wiſh I to preſerve it,
But to ſerve you. I have already thought.

Zara. Forgive my rage; I know thy love and truth.
But ſay, what's to be done? or when, or how
Shall I prevent, or ſtop th' approaching danger?

Selim. You muſt ſtill ſeem moſt reſolute and fix'd
On *Oſmyns* death, too quick a change of mercy
Might breed ſuſpicion of the cauſe. Adviſe,
That execution may be done in private.

Zara. On what pretence?

Selim. Your own requeſt's enough.
However, for a colour, tell him, you
Have cauſe to fear his Guards may be corrupted,
And ſome of them bought off to *Oſmyns* int'reſt,
Who, at the place of execution, will
Attempt to force his way for an eſcape.
The ſtate of things will countenance all ſuſpicions.
Then offer to the King to have him ſtrangl'd
In ſecret, by your Mutes; and get an order,
That none but Mutes may have admittance to him.
I can no more, the King is here. Obtain
This grant ... and I'll acquaint you with the reſt.

SCENE II.

King, Gonſalez, Perez, Zara, Selim.

KING.

BEAR to the dungeon thoſe rebellious ſlaves,
Th'ignoble curs, that yelp to fill the cry,
And ſpend their mouths in barking Tyranny.
But for their Leaders, *Sancho* and *Ramirez*,
Let 'em be led away to preſent death.
Perez, ſee it perform'd.
Gonſ. Might I preſume,
Their execution better were deferr'd,
'Till *Oſmyn* die. Mean time we may learn more
Of this conſpiracy.
King. Then be it ſo.
Stay, Soldier; they ſhall ſuffer with the *Moor*.
Are none return'd of thoſe who follow'd *Hell*?
Gonſ. None, Sir. Some papers have been ſince diſcover'd
In *Roderigos* houſe, who fled with him,
Which ſeem to intimate, as if *Alphonſo*
Were ſtill alive, and arming in *Valentia*:
Which wears indeed this coulour of a truth,
They who are fled have that way bent their courſe.
Of the ſame nature divers notes have been
Diſpers'd, t'amuſe the People; whereupon
Some ready of belief have rais'd this rumour:
That being ſav'd upon the coaſt of *Africk*,
He there diſclos'd himſelf too *Albucacim*,
And by a ſecret compact made with him,
Open'd and urg'd the way to this invaſion;

While

While he himſelf, returning to *Valentia*
In private, undertook to raiſe this tumult.
Zara. Ha! hear'ſt thou that? Is *Oſmyn* then *Alphonſo!*
O Heav'n! a thouſand things occur at once
To my remembrance now, that make it plain.
O certain death for him, as ſure deſpair
For me if it be known ... If not, what hope
Have I? Yet 'twere the loweſt baſeneſs, now
To yield him up ... No, I will ſtill conceal him,
And try the force of yet more obligations.
Gonſ. 'Tis not impoſſible. Yet, it may be
That ſome Impoſtor has uſurp'd his name.
Your beauteous Captive *Zara* can inform,
If ſuch a one, ſo 'ſcaping was receiv'd,
At any time, in *Albucacims* Court.
King. Pardon, fair excellence, this long neglect:
An unforeſeen, unwelcom hour of buſineſs
Has thruſt between us and our while of love;
But wearing now apace with ebbing ſand,
Will quickly waſte, and give again the day.
Zara. You're too ſecure; the danger is more imminent
Than your high courage ſuffers you to ſee;
While *Oſmyn* lives, you are not ſafe.
King. His doom
Is paſs'd; if you revoke it not, he dies.
Zara. 'Tis well. By what I heard upon your entrance,
I find I can unfold what yet concerns
You more. One who did call himſelf *Alphonſo*
Was caſt upon my coaſts, as is reported,
And oft had private conference with the King;
To what effect I knew not then: But he,
Alphonſo ſecretly departed, juſt
About the time our Arms embark'd for *Spain*.
What I know more is, that a tripple League
Of ſtricteſt Friendſhip, was profeſs'd between
Alphonſo, *Heli*, and the Traitor *Oſmyn*.
King. Publick report is ratify'd in this.

Zara. And *Oſmyns* death requir'd of ſtrong neceſſity.
King. Give order ſtraight that all the Priſ'ners die.
Zara. Forbear a moment; ſomewhat more I have
Worthy your private ear: and this your Miniſter.
King. Let all except *Gonſalez* leave the room.

SCENE III.

King, Gonſalez, Zara, Selim.

ZARA.

I Am your Captive, and you've us'd me nobly;
And in return of that, tho' otherwiſe
Your Enemy, I have diſcover'd *Oſmyn*
His private practiſe and conſpiracy
Againſt your State: And fully to diſcharge
My ſelf of what I've undertaken, now
I think it fit to tell you, that your Guards
Are tainted; ſome among 'em have reſolv'd
To reſcue *Oſmyn* at the place of death.
King. Is treaſon then ſo near us as our Guards!
Zara. Moſt certain; tho' my knowlege is not yet
So ripe, to point at the particular men.
King. What's to be done?
Zara. That to I will adviſe.
I have remaining in my train ſome Mutes,
A preſent once from the *Sultana* Queen,
In the *Grand Signiors* Court. Theſe, from their infancy,
Are practis'd in the trade of death; and ſhall
(As there the cuſtom is) in private ſtrangle
Oſmyn.
Gonſ. My Lord, the Queen adviſes well.
King. What offring, or what recompence remains
In me, that can be worthy ſo great ſervices?

To

To caſt beneath your feet the Crown you've ſav'd,
Tho' on the head that wears it, were too little.

Zara. Of that hereafter; but mean time, 'tis fit
You give ſtrict charge, that none may be admitted
To ſee the Pris'ner, but ſuch Mutes as I
Shall ſend.

King. Who waits there?

SCENE IV.

King, Gonſalez, Selim, Perez.

KING.

ON your life take heed,
That only *Zaras* Mutes, or ſuch who bring
Her warrant; have admittance to the *Moor*.

Zara. They and no other; not the Princeſs ſelf.

Per. Your Majeſty ſhall be obey'd.

King. Retire,

SENE V.

King, Gonſalez, Zara, Selim.

GONSALEZ.

THAT interdiction ſo particular,
Pronounc'd with vehemence againſt the Princeſs,
Shou'd have more meaning than appears bareſac'd.
The King is blinded by his love, and heeds
It not. Your Majeſty ſure might have ſpar'd

That

That laſt reſtraint. You hardly can ſuſpect
The Princeſs is confederate with the *Moor*.
Zara. I've hear'd, her charity did once extend
So far, to viſit him, at his requeſt.
Gonſ. Ha!
King. How! She viſit *Oſmyn*! What my Daughter!
Selim. Madam, take heed, or you have ruin'd all.
Zara. And after did ſollicite you on his
Behalf...
King. Never. You have been mis-inform'd.
Zara. Indeed? then 'twas a whiſper ſpread by ſome,
Who wiſh'd it ſo; a common art in Courts.
I will retire, and inſtantly prepare
Inſtructions for my Miniſters of death.

SCENE VI.

King, Gonſalez.

GONSALEZ

THere's ſomewhat yet of myſtery in this;
Her words and actions are obſcure and double,
Sometimes concur, and ſometimes diſagree.
I like it not.
King. What doſt thou think *Gonſalez*?
Are we not much indebted to this Fair-one?
Gonſ. I am a little ſlow of credit, Sir,
In the ſincerity of Womens actions.
Methinks this Ladys hatred to the *Moor*,
Diſquiets her too much; which makes it ſeem
As if ſhe'd rather that ſhe did not hate him.
I wiſh her Mutes are meant to be employ'd
As ſhe pretends... I doubt it now... Your Guards

Cor-

Corrupted; how? by whom? who told her ſo?
I'th' evening *Oſmyn* was to die; at midnight
She begg'd the Royal Signet to releaſe him;
I'th' morning he muſt die again; ere noon
Her Mutes alone muſt ſtrangle him, or he'll
Eſcape. This put together ſuits not well.

King. Yet, that there's truth in what ſhe has diſcover'd
Is manifeſt from every circumſtance.
This tumult, and the Lords who fled with *Heli*,
Are confirmation ...that *Alphonſo* lives,
Agrees expreſly too with her report.

Gonſ. I grant it, Sir, and doubt not, but in rage
Of jealouſie, ſhe has diſcover'd what
She now repents. It may be I'm deceiv'd:
But why that needleſs caution of the Princeſs?
What if ſhe had ſeen *Oſmyn*? tho' 'twere ſtrange.
But if ſhe had, what was't to her! unleſs —
She fear'd her ſtronger charms might cauſe the *Moors*
Affection to revolt.

King. I thank thee, Friend.
There's reaſon in thy doubt, and I am warn'd.
But think'ſt thou that my Daughter ſaw this *Moor*?

Gonſ. If *Oſmyn* be, as *Zara* has related,
Alphonſos friend; 'tis not impoſſible,
But ſhe might wiſh on his account to ſee him.

King. Say'ſt thou? By Heav'n thou haſt arouz'd a thought,
That like a ſudden Earthquake ſhakes my frame.
Confuſion! then my Daughter's an accomplice,
And plots in private with this helliſh *Moor*.

Gonſ. That were too hard a thought ... but ſee ſhe comes
'Twere not amiſs to queſtion her a little,
And try howe'er, if I've divin'd aright.
If what I fear be true, ſhe'll be concern'd
For *Oſmyns* death, as he's *Alphonſos* friend.
Urge that, to try if ſhe'll ſollicite for him.

SCE-

SCENE VII.

King, Gonſalez, Almeria, Leonora.

KING.

YOur coming has prevented me, *Almeria*;
I had determin'd to have ſent for you.
Let your attendant be diſmis'd: I have [Leonora *retires.*
To talk with you. Come near, why doſt thou ſhake?
What mean thoſe ſwoll'n and red fleck'd eyes, that look
As they had wept in blood, and worn the night
In waking anguiſh; Why this, on the day
Which was deſign'd to celebrate thy nuptials;
But that the beams of light are to be ſtain'd
With reeking gore, from Traitors on the rack?
Wherefore I have deferr'd the marriage-rites.
Nor ſhall the guilty horrors of this day
Prophane that Jubilee.

Alm. All days to me
Henceforth are equal; this the day of death,
To-morrow, and the next, and each that follows,
Will undiſtinguiſh'd roll, and but prolong
One hated line of more extended woe.

King. Whence is thy grief? Give me to know the cauſe?
And look thou anſwer me with truth; for know,
I am not unaquainted with thy falſehood.
Why art thou mute? baſe and degenerate maid!

Gonſ. Dear Madam, ſpeak, or you'll incenſe the King.

Alm. What is't to ſpeak; or wherefore ſhou'd I ſpeak?
What mean theſe tears, but grief unutterable?

King. They are the dumb confeſſions of thy mind;
They mean thy guilt, and ſay thou wert confed'rate
With damn'd Conſpirators to take my life.

O impious parricide! now canſt thou ſpeak?
Alm. O Earth, behold I kneel upon thy boſom,
And bend my flowing eyes, to ſtream upon
Thy face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield;
Open thy bowels of compaſſion, take
Into thy womb the laſt and moſt forlorn
Of all thy Race. Hear me, thou common Parent;
...I have no Parent elſe...be thou a Mother,
And ſtep between me and the curſe of him,
Who was... who was, but is no more a Father:
But brands my innocence with horrid crimes,
And for the tender names of Child and Daughter,
Now calls me murderer and parricide.
King. Riſe, I command thee riſe ...and if thou wou'dſt
Acquit thy ſelf of thoſe deteſted names,
Swear thou haſt never ſeen that foreign dog,
Now doom'd to die, that moſt accurſed *Oſmyn*.
Alm. Never, but as with innocence I might,
And free of all bad purpoſes. So Heav'n's
My witneſs.
King. Vile equivocating Wretch!
With innocence? O patience! hear, ...ſhe owns it!
Confeſſes it! By Heav'n I'll have him rack'd,
Torn, mangl'd, flay'd, impal'd... all pains and tortures
That wit of Man and dire revenge can think,
Shall be accumulated under-bear.
Alm. Oh, I am loſt ...there Fate begins to wound.
King. Hear me, then if thou canſt reply, know, Traitreſs,
I'm not to learn that curs'd *Alphonſo* lives;
Nor am I ignorant what *Oſmyn* is. ...
Alm. Then all is ended, and we both muſt die,
Since thou'rt reveal'd, alone thou ſhalt not die.
And yet alone wou'd I have dy'd, Heav'n knows,
Repeated deaths, rather than have reveal'd thee.
Yes, all my Fathers wounding wrath, tho' each
Reproach cuts deeper than the keeneſt ſword,
And cleaves my heart; I wou'd have born it all,

Nay

Nay, all the pains that are prepar'd for thee:
To the remorseles rack I wou'd have giv'n
This weak and tender flesh, to have been bruis'd
And torn, rather than have reveal'd thy being.

King. Hell, Hell! do I hear this, and yet endure!
What, dar'st thou to my face avow thy guilt?
Hence, ere I curse... flie my just rage with speed;
Lest I forget us both, and spurn thee from me.

Alm. And yet a Father! think I am your child.
Turn not your eyes away... look on me kneeling;
Now curse me if you can, now spurn me off.
Did ever Father curse his kneeling Child?
Never: For always blessings, crown that posture.
Nature inclines, and halfway meets that duty,
Stooping to raise from Earth the filial reverence;
For bended knees returning folding arms,
With pray'rs, and blessings, and paternal love.
O hear me then, thus crawling on the earth...

King. Be thou advis'd, and let me go, while yet
The light impression thou hast made remains.

Alm. No, never will I rise, nor lose this hold,
'Till you are mov'd, and grant that he may live.

King. Ha! who may live? take heed, no more of that;
For on my soul he dies, tho' thou and I,
And all shou'd follow to partake his doom.
Away, off, let me go... Call her attendants.

Leonora *and Women return.*

Alm. Drag me, harrow the earth with my bare bosom,
I'll not let go 'till you have spar'd my Husband.

King. Ha! what say'st thou? Husband! Husband! damnation
What Husband? which? who?

Alm. He, he is my Husband.

King. Poison and daggers! who?

Alm. O... [*Faints.*

Gonf. Help, support her.

Alm. Let me go, let me fall, sink deep... I'll dig
I'll dig a grave, and tear up death; I will,

I'll

I'll ſcrape 'till I collect his rotten bones,
And cloath their nakedneſs with my own fleſh;
Yes, I will ſtrip off life, and we will change.
I will be Death; then tho' you kill my Husband
He ſhall be mine, ſtill and for ever mine.

King. What husband? who? whom doſt thou mean?

Gonſ. She raves!

Alm. O that I did. *Oſmyn*, he is my Husband.

King. Oſmyn!

Alm. Not *Oſmyn*, *Alphonſo* is my dear
And wedded Husband... Heav'n, and Air, and Seas,
Ye winds and waves, I call ye all to witneſs.

King. Wilder than winds or waves thy ſelf doſt rave.
Shou'd I hear more, I too ſhou'd catch thy madneſs.
Yet ſomewhat ſhe muſt mean of dire import,
Which I'll not hear, 'till I am more at peace.
Watch her returning ſenſe, and bring me word:
And look that ſhe attempt not on her life.

SCENE VIII.

Almeria, Gonſalez, Leonora, *Attendants.*

ALMERIA.

O Stay! yet ſtay; hear me, I am not mad.
I wou'd to Heav'n I were... He's gone.

Gonſ. Have comfort.

Alm. Curs'd be that tongue, that bids me be of comfort
Curs'd my own tongue, that cou'd not move his pity;
Curs'd theſe weak hands that cou'd not hold him here;
For he is gone to doom *Alphonſos* death.

Gonſ. Your too exceſſive grief works on your fancy
And deludes your ſenſe. *Alphonſo*, if living,
Is far from hence, beyond your Fathers power.

Alm. Hence, thou deteſted, ill-tim'd Flatterer;
Source of my woes: Thou and thy Race be curs'd;
But doubly thou, who cou'dſt alone have policy
And fraud, to find the fatal ſecret out,
And know that *Oſmyn* was *Alphonſo*.

Gonſ. Ha!

Alm. Why doſt thou ſtart? what doſt thou ſee or hear?
Was it the doleful bell, tolling for death?
Or dying groans from my *Alphonſos* breaſt?
See, ſee, look yonder! where a grizzled, pale,
And ghaſtly head glares by all ſmear'd with blood.
Gaſping as it wou'd ſpeak, and after ſee!
Behold a damp, dead hand has dropp'd a dagger:
I'll catch it... Hark! a voice cries murder! ah!
My Fathers voice! hollow it ſounds, and calls
Me from the tomb... I'll follow it; for there
I ſhall again behold my dear *Alphonſo*.

SCENE IX.

Gonſalez *alone*.

SHe's greatly griev'd; nor am I leſs ſurpriz'd.
Oſmyn Alphonſo! no; ſhe over-rates
My policy! I ne'er ſuſpected it:
Nor now had known it, but from her miſtake.
Her Husband too! Ha! Where is *Garcia* then?
And where the Crown that ſhou'd deſcend on him,
To grace the Line of my poſterity?
Hold, let me think... if I ſhou'd tell the King...
Things come to this extremity; his Daughter
Wedded already..., what if he ſhou'd yield?
Knowing no remedy for what is paſt;
And urg'd by Nature pleading for his Child,
With which he ſeems to be already ſhaken.

And

And tho' I know he hates beyond the grave
Anſelmos race, yet if... that if concludes me.
To doubt, when I may be aſſur'd, is folly.
But how prevent the Captive Queen; who means
To ſet him free? Ay, now 'tis plain; O well
Invented tale! He was *Alphonſos* friend.
This ſubtle Woman will amuſe the King,
If I delay... 'twill do... or better ſo.
One to my wiſh; *Alonzo*, thou art welcom.

SCENE X.

Gonſalez, Alonzo.

ALONZO

THE King expects your Lordſhip.

Gonſ. 'Tis no matter.
I'm not i'th way at preſent, good *Alonzo*.

Alon. If't pleaſe your Lordſhip, I'll return and ſay,
I have not ſeen you.

Gonſ. Do, my beſt *Alonzo*.
Yet ſtay, I wou'd... but go; anon will ſerve...
Yet I have that requires thy ſpeedy help.
I think thou wou'dſt not ſtop to do me ſervice.

Alon. I am your creature.

Gonſ. Say thou art my Friend.
I've ſeen thy ſword do noble execution.

Alon. All that it can your Lordſhip ſhall command.

Gonſ. Thanks; & I take thee at thy word. Thou'ſt ſeen
Among the followers of the Captive Queen,
Dumb Men, who make their meaning known by ſigns.

Alon. I have, my Lord.

Gonſ. Cou'dſt thou procure, with ſpeed
And privacy, the wearing garb of one

Of thoſe, tho' purchas'd by his death, I'd give
Thee ſuch reward, as ſhou'd exceed thy wiſh.

Alon. Conclude it done. Where ſhall I wait your Lordſhip?

Gonſ. At my apartement. Uſe thy utmoſt diligence;
And ſay I've not been ſeen ... haſte, good *Alonzo*.
So, this can hardly fail. *Alphonſo* ſlain,
The greateſt obſtacle is then remov'd.
Almeria widow'd, yet again may wed;
And I yet fix the Crown on *Garcias* head.

ACT. V.

SCENE I.

A Room of State.

King, Perez Alonzo.

KING.

NOT to be found? In an ill hour he's abſent.
None, ſay you, none? what not the fav'rite Eunuch?
Nor ſhe her ſelf, nor any of her Mutes,
Have yet requir'd admittance?

Per. None, my Lord.

King. Is *Oſmyn* ſo diſpos'd as I commanded?

Per. Faſt bound in double chains, and at full length
He lyes ſupine on earth; with as much eaſe
She might remove the centre of this Earth,
As looſe the rivets of his bonds.

King. 'Tis well.

[*A Mute appears, & ſeeing the King retires.*
Ha! ſtop and ſeize that Mute; *Alonzo*; follow him.

En-

Ent'ring he met my eyes, and ſtarted back
Frighted, and fumbling one hand in his boſom,
As to conceal th'importance of his errand.
[Alonzo *follows him, and returns with a paper.*
Alon. O bloody proof of obſtinate fidelity!
King. What doſt thou mean?
Alon. Soon as I ſeiz'd the Man,
He ſnatch'd from out his boſom this... and ſtrove
With raſh and greedy haſte, at once to cram
The morſel down his throat. I catch'd his arm,
And hardly wrench'd his hand to wring it from him;
Which done, he drew a ponyard from his ſide,
And on the inſtant plung'd it in his breaſt.
King. Remove the body thence ere *Zara* ſee it.
Alon. I'll be ſo bold to borrow his attire;
'Twill quit me of my promiſe to *Gonſalez*.

SCENE II.

King, Perez.

PEREZ.

WHate'er it is, the Kings complexion turns.
King. How's this? My mortal Foe beneath my roof! [*Having read the Letter*
O, give me patience, all ye Powers! no rather
Give me new rage, implacable revenge,
And trebled fury... Ha! who's there?
Per. My Lord.
King. Hence, Slave, how dar'ſt thou 'bide to watch & pry
Into how poor a thing a King deſcends;
How like thy ſelf, when paſſion treads him down?
Ha! ſtir not, on thy life: For thou wert fix'd,
And planted here to ſee me gorge this bait,

And lash against the hook ... By Heav'n you're all
Rank Traitors; thou art with the rest combin'd;
Thou knew'st that *Osmyn* was *Alphonso*, knew'st
My Daughter privately with him conferr'd;
And wert the spy and pander to their meeting.
Per. By all that's holy, I'm amaz'd ...
King. Thou ly'st.
Thou art accomplice too with *Zara*; here
Where she sets down ... *Still will I set thee free* ...
[*Reading.*
That somewhere is repeated ... *I have power*
O'er them that are thy Guards ... Mark that, thou Traitor.
Per. It was your Majestys command, I should
Obey her order ...
King. Reading ... *And still will I set*
Thee free, Alphonso .... Hell! curs'd, curs'd *Alphonso*!
False and perfidious *Zara*! Strumpet Daughter!
Away, be gone, thou feeble Boy, fond Love,
All nature, softness, pity and compassion,
This hour I throw ye off, and entertain
Fell hate, within my breast, revenge and gall.
By Heav'n I'll meet, and counterwork this treachery.
Hark thee, Villain, Traitor ... answer me, Slave.
Per. My Service has not merited those titles.
King. Dar'st thou reply? Take that ... thy Service! thine!
[*Strikes him*
What's thy whole life, thy soul, thy all, to my
One moments ease? Hear my command; and look
That thou obey, or horror on thy head.
Drench me thy dagger in *Alphonsos* heart.
Why dost thou start? Resolve, or ...
Per. ... Sir, I will.
King. 'Tis well ... that when she comes to set him free,
His teeth may grin, and mock at her remorse.
[Perez *going.*
... Stay thee ... I've farther thought ... I'll add to this,
And give her eyes yet greater disappointment.

When

When thou haſt ended him, bring me his robe;
And let the cell where ſhe'll expect to ſee him
Be darken'd, ſo as to amuſe the ſight,
I'll be conducted thither ... mark me well ...
There with his turbant, and his robe array'd
And laid along as he now lies ſupine
I ſhall convict her to her face of falſehood.
When for *Alphonſos* ſhe ſhall take my hand,
And breath her ſighs upon my lips for his,
Sudden I'll ſtart, and daſh her with her guilt.
But ſee ſhe comes; I'll ſhun th' encounter; thou,
Follow me, and give heed to my direction.

SCENE III.

Zara, Selim.

ZARA.

THE Mute not yet return'd! Ha, 'twas the King!
The King that parted hence! frowning he went;
His eyes like meteors roll'd; then darted down
Their red and angry beams; as if his ſight
Would, like the raging Dog-ſtar, ſcorch the earth,
And kindle ruin in its courſe. Doſt think
He ſaw me?

Selim. Yes: But then, as if he thought
His eyes had err'd, he haſtily recall'd
Th'imperfect look, and ſternly turn'd away.

Zara. Shun me when ſeen! I fear thou haſt undone me
Thy ſhallow artifice begets ſuſpicion,
And, like a cobweb-veil, but thinnly ſhades
The face of thy deſign; alone diſguiſing
What ſhould have ne'er been ſeen; imperfect miſchief!
Thou like the adder, venomous and deaf,

Haſt ſtung the Traveller, and after, hear'ſt
Not his purſuing voice; ev'n where thou think'ſt
To hide, the ruſtling leaves and bended graſs
Confeſs, and point the path which thou haſt crept.
O fate of Fools! officious in contriving;
In executing puzzled, lame and loſt.

Selim. Avert it, Heav'n, that you ſhould ever ſuffer
For my defect: or that the means which I
Devis'd to ſerve ſhould ruin your deſign!
Preſcience is Heav'ns alone, not giv'n to Man.
If I have fail'd in what, as being Man,
I needs muſt fail, impute not as a crime
My natures want, but puniſh nature in me:
I plead not for a pardon and to live,
But to be puniſh'd and forgiven. Here, ſtrike;
I bare my breaſt to meet your juſt revenge.

Zara. I have not leiſure now to take ſo poor
A forfeit as thy life: Somewhat of high
And more important Fate requires my thought.
When I've concluded on my ſelf, if I
Think fit, I'll leave thee my command to die.
Regard me well; and dare not to reply
To what I give in charge; for I'm reſolv'd.
Give order, that the two remaining Mutes
Attend me inſtantly, with each a bowl
Of ſuch ingredients mix'd, as will with ſpeed
Benumn the living faculties, and give
Moſt eaſie and inevitable death.
Yes, *Oſmyn*, yes; be *Oſmyn* or *Alphonſo*;
I'll give thee freedom, if thou dar'ſt be free:
Such liberty as I embrace my ſelf,
Thou ſhalt partake. Since Fates no more afford,
I can but die with thee to keep my word.

SCENE IV.

Scene opening shews the Priſon.

Gonſalez *alone, diſguis'd like a Mute, with a dagger.*

GONSALEZ.

NOR Centinel, nor Guard! the doors unbarr'd!
And all as ſtill, as at the noon of night!
Sure Death already has been buſie here.
There lies my way, that door is too unlock'd. [*Looks in.*
Ha! ſure he ſleeps ... all's dark within, ſave what
A lamp, that feebly lifts a ſickly flame,
By fits reveals ... his face ſeems turn'd, to favour
Th'attempt: I'll ſteal, and do it unperceiv'd.
What noiſe! ſome body coming? 'ſt, *Alonzo*?
No body? Sure he'll wait without ... I would
'Twere done ... I'll crawl, and ſting him to the heart;
Then caſt my skin, and leave it there to anſwer it.
[*Goes in*

SCENE V.

Garcia, Alonzo.

GARCIA.

WHere? where, *Alonzo*? where's my Father? where
The King? Confuſion! all is on the rout!
All's

All's loſt, all ruin'd by ſurprize and treachery.
Where, where is he? Why doſt thou thus miſlead me?
Alon. My Lord, he enter'd but a moment ſince,
And cou'd not paſs me unperceiv'd ... What hoa!
My Lord, my Lord, what hoa! My Lord *Gonſalez.*

SCENE VI.

Garcia, Alonzo, Gonſalez *bloody.*

CONSALEZ.

PErdition choak your clamours...whence this rudeneſs?
Garcia!
Gar. Perdition, Slavery, & Death,
Are entring now our doors. Where is the King?
What means this blood? and why this face of horror?
Gonſ. No matter ... give me firſt to know the cauſe
Of theſe your raſh and ill-tim'd exclamations.
Gar. The eaſtern gate is to the Foe betray'd,
Who, but for heaps of ſlain that choak the paſſage,
Had enter'd long ere now, and born down all
Before 'em, to the Palace walls. Unleſs
The King in perſon animate our Men
Granada's loſt; and to confirm this fear,
The Traitor *Perez*, and the Captive *Moor*,
Are thro' a poſtern fled, and join the Foe.
Gonſ. Wou'd all were falſe as that; for whom you call
The *Moor* is dead. That *Oſmyn* was *Alphonſo*:
In whoſe hearts blood this ponyard yet is warm.
Gar. Impoſſible; for *Oſmyn* was, while flying,
Pronounc'd aloud by *Perez* for *Alphonſo*.
Gonſ. Enter that chamber, and convince your eyes,
How much report has wrong'd your eaſie faith.
[Garcia *Goes in*
Alon. My Lord, for certain truth *Perez* is fled;
And

And has declared the cauſe of his revolt.
Was to revenge a blow the King had giv'n him
Gar. returning. Ruin and horror! O heartwounding
ſight! [horror?
Gonſ. What ſays my Son? what ruin? ha? what
Gar. Blaſted my eyes, and ſpeechleſs be my tongue,
Rather than or to ſee, or to relate
This deed ... O dire miſtake! O fatal blow!
The King ...
Gonſ. } The King!
Alon. }
Gar. Dead, welt'ring, drown'd in blood.
See, ſee, ſee atir'd like *Oſmyn*, where he lies.
O whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
But what imports the manner, or the cauſe? [*They look in*
Nothing remains to do, or to require,
But that we all ſhould turn our ſwords againſt
Our ſelves, & expiate with our own his blood.
Gonſ. O Wretch! O curs'd, and raſh, deluded Fool!
On me, on me, turn your avenging ſword.
I, who have ſpilt my Royal Maſters blood,
Shou'd make atonement by a death as horrid?
And fall beneath the hand of my own Son.
Gar. Ha! what? atone this murder with a greater!
The horror of that thought has damp'd my rage,
The Earth already groans to bear this deed;
Oppreſs her not, nor think to ſtain her face
With more unnatural blood. Murder my Father!
Better with this to rip up my own bowels,
And bathe it to the hilt, in far leſs damnable
Self-Murder.
Gonſ. O my Son, from the blind dotage
Of a Fathers fondneſs theſe ills aroſe.
For thee I've been ambitious, baſe, and bloody:
For thee I've plung'd into this ſea of ſin;
Stemming the tide with only one weak hand,
While t'other bore the Crown, (to wreath thy brow)
Whoſe weight has ſunk me ere I reach'd the ſhoar.

Gar.

Gar. Fatal ambition! Hark! the Foe is enter'd:
[*Shout.*
The ſhrilneſs of that ſhout ſpeaks 'em at hand.
We have no time to ſearch into the cauſe
Of this ſurprizing and moſt fatal error.
What's to be done? the Kings death known, will ſtrike
The few remaining Soldiers with deſpair,
And make 'em yield to mercy of the Conqueror.
Alon. My Lord, I've thought how to conceal the body;
Require me not to tell the means, 'till done,
Leſt you forbid what then you may approve.
[*Goes in, ſhout.*
Gonſ. They ſhout again! Whate'er he means to do,
'Twere fit the Soldiers were amus'd with hopes;
And in the mean time fed with expectation
To ſee the King in perſon at their head.
Gar. Were it a truth, I fear 'tis now too late.
But I'll omit no care, nor haſte, and try
Or to repel their force, or bravely die.

SCENE VII.

Gonſalez, Alonzo.

CONSALES.

WHat haſt thou done, *Alonzo*?
Alon. Such a deed
As but an hour ago I'd not have done,
Tho' for the crown of univerſal Empire.
But what are Kings reduc'd to common clay?
Or who can wound the dead? ... I've from the body
Sever'd the head, and in an obſcure corner
Diſpos'd it, muffled in the Mutes attire,

Leaving

Leaving to view of them that enter next,
Alone the undiſtinguiſhable trunk;
Which may be ſtill miſtaken by the Guards
For *Oſmyn*, if in ſeeking for the King
They chance to find it.

Gonſ. 'Twas an act of horror;
And of a piece with this days dire miſdeeds.
But 'tis no time to ponder or repent.
Haſte thee, *Alonzo*, haſte thee hence with ſpeed;
To aid my Son. I'll follow with the laſt
Reſerve, to re-inforce his Arms: At leaſt,
I ſhall make good, and ſhelter his retreat.

SCENE VIII.

Zara, followed by Selim, *and two Mutes bearing the Bowls.*

ZARA.

Silence and ſolitude are ev'ry where!
Thro' all the gloomy ways and iron doors
That hither lead, nor human face nor voice
Is ſeen or heard. A dreadful din was wont
To grate the ſenſe, when enter'd here: from groans,
And howls of Slaves condemn'd, from clink of chains,
And craſh of ruſty bars and creeking hinges:
And ever and anon the ſight was daſh'd
With frighfull faces, and the meagre looks
Of grim and ghaſtly Executioners.
Yet more this ſtillneſs terrifies my ſoul,
Than did that ſcene of complicated horrors.
It may be, that the cauſe of this my errand
And purpoſe, being chang'd from life to death,

Has also wrought this chilling change of temper.
Or does my heart bode more? what can it more
Than death? ...
Let 'em set down the bowls, and warn *Alphonso*
That I am here ... so. You return and find
[*Mutes going in,*
The Kings tell him, what he requir'd, I've done,
And wait his coming to approve the deed.

SCENE IX.

Zara *and* Mutes.

ZARA.

WHAT have you seen? Ha! wherefore stare you thus,
[*The Mutes return, and look affrighted.*
With haggar'd eyes? why are your arms a-cross?
Your heavy and desponding heads hung down:
Why is't you more than speak in these sad signs?
Give me more ample knowledge of this mourning.

They go to the Scene, which opening she perceives the Body.

Ha! prostrate! bloody! headless! O ... I'm lost.
O *Osmyn!* O *Alphonso!* Cruel Fate!
Cruel, cruel, O more than killing object!
I came prepared to die, and see thee die ...
Nay, came prepar'd my self to give thee death ...
But cannot bear to find thee thus, my *Osmyn* ...
O this accurs'd, this base, this treacherous King!

SCENE X.

Zara, Selim.

SELIM.

I'VE ſought in vain, for no where can the King
Be found...
Zara. Get thee to Hell, & ſeek him there. [*Stabs him.*
His helliſh rage had wanted means to act,
But for thy fatal and pernicious counſel.
Selim. You thought it better then ... but I'm rewarded.
The mute you ſent, by ſome miſchance was ſeen,
And forc'd to yield your letter with his life:
I found the dead and bloody body ſtripp'd ...
My tongue faulters, and my voice fails ... I ſink ...
Drink not the poiſon ... for *Alphonſo* is ... [*Dies.*
Zara. As thou art now ... And I ſhall quickly be.
'Tis not that he is dead; for 'twas decreed
We both ſhould die: Nor is't that I ſurvive;
I have a certain remedy for that.
But Oh, he dy'd unknowing in my heart.
He knew I lov'd, but knew not to what height:
Nor that I meant to fall before his eyes,
A Martyr and a Victim to my vows:
Inſenſible of this laſt proof he's gone.
Yet Fate alone can rob his mortal part
Of ſenſe: His Soul ſtill ſees, and knows each purpoſe,
And fix'd event of my perſiſting faith.
Then, wherefore do I pauſe? ... give me the bowl.
[*A Mute kneels and gives one of the Bowls.*
Hover a moment yet, thou gentle Spirit,
Soul of my Love, and I will wait thy flight.
This to our mutual bliſs when join'd above. [*Drinks.*

O friendly draught, already in my heart.
Cold, cold; my veins are icicles and froſt.
I'll creep into his boſom, lay me there;
Cover us cloſe ... or I ſhall chill his breaſt,
And fright him from my arms .., See, ſee, he ſlides
Still further from me; look, he hides his face,
I cannot feel it .. quite beyond my reach.
O now he's gone, and all is dark ... [*Dies*

[*The Mutes kneel and mourn over her.*

SCENE XI.

Almeria, Leonora, Mutes, &c.

ALMERIA,

O Let me ſeek him in this horrid cell;
For in the tomb or priſon, I alone
Muſt hope to find him.

Leo. Heav'ns! what diſmal ſcene
Of death is this? The Eunuch *Selim* ſlain!

Alm. Shew me, for I am come in ſearch of death;
But want a guide; for tears have dimm'd my ſight.

Leo. Alas, a little farther, and behold
Zara all pale and dead! two frightful Men,
Who ſeem the Murderers, kneel weeping by:
Feeling remorſe too late for what they've done.
But O forbear ... lift up your eyes no more;
But haſte away, fly from this fatal place,
Where miſeries are multiply'd; return,
Return and look not on; for there's a dagger
Ready to ſtab the ſight, and make your eyes
Rain blood ...

Alm. O I foreknow, foreſee that object.

Is it at laſt then ſo? is he then dead?
What dead at laſt, quite, quite, for ever dead?
There, there I ſee him; there he lies, the blood
Yet bubbling from his wounds... O more than ſavage!
Had they, or hearts, or eyes, that did this deed?
Could eyes endure to guide ſuch cruel hands?
Are not my eyes guilty alike with theirs,
That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to ſtone?
...I do not weep! The ſprings of tears are dry'd;
And of a ſudden I am calm, as if
All things were well; and yet my Husband's murder'd!
Yes, yes, I know to mourn! I'll ſluce this heart,
The ſource of woe, and let the torrent looſe.
...Thoſe Men have left to weep! they look on me!
I hope they murder all on whom they look.
Behold me well; your bloody hands have err'd,
And wrongfully have ſlain thoſe Innocents:
I am the ſacrifice deſig'nd too bleed;
And come prepar'd to yield my throat... they ſhake
Their heads in ſign of grief and innocence!
[*They point at the Bowl on the ground.*
And point! what mean they? Ha! a Cup. O well.
I underſtand what medicine has been here.
O noble thirſt! yet greedy, to drink all..
...O for another draught of death... What mean they?
[*They point at the other cup.*
Ha! point again? 'tis there, and full, I hope.
Thanks to the liberal hand that fill'd thee thus;
I'll drink my glad acknowledgement...

Leo. O hold
For Mercys ſake; upon my knees I beg...

Alm. With thee the kneeling world ſhou'd beg in vain.
Seeſt thou not there? behold who proſtrate lyes,
And pleads againſt thee? who ſhall then prevail?
Yet I will take a cold and parting leave,
From his pale Lips; I'll kiſs him ere I drink,
Leſt the rank juice ſhou'd bliſter on my mouth,

And ſtain the colour of my laſt adieu.
[*Coming nearer the body, ſtarts and lets fall the cup.*
Horror! a headleſs trunk! nor lips nor face;
But ſpouting veins, and mangled fleſh! O, oh, . .

SCENE *the Laſt.*

Almeria, Leonora, Alphonſo, Heli, Perez, *with* Garcia *Priſoner*, *Guards and Attendants.*

ALPHONSO.

AWAY, ſtand off, where is ſhe? let me fly,
Save her from death; and ſnatch her to my heart.
Alm. Oh...
Alph. Forbear; my arms alone ſhall hold her up,
Warm her to life, and wake her into gladneſs.
O let me talk to thy reviving ſenſe,
The words of joy and peace; warm thy cold beauties,
With the new-flushing ardour of my cheek;
Into thy lips, pour the ſoft trickling balm
Of cordial ſighs; and reinſpire thy boſom
With the breath of love. Shine, awake *Almeria*,
Give a new birth to thy long ſhaded eyes,
Then double on the day reflected light.
Alm. Where am I? Heav'n! what does this dream intend?
Alph. O may'ſt thou never dream of leſs delight,
Nor ever wake to leſs ſubſtantial joys.
Alm. Giv'n me again from death! O all ye Pow'rs
Confirm this miracle! Can I believe
My ſight, againſt my ſight? and ſhall I truſt
That ſenſe, which in one inſtant ſhews him dead

And

And living? Yes, I will; I've been abus'd
With apparitions, and affrighting fantoms;
This is my Lord, my Life, my only Husband;
I have him now, and we no more will part.
My Father too ſhall have compaſſion...

Alph. O my hearts comfort; 'tis not giv'n to this
Frail life, to be entirely bleſs'd. Even now,
In this extreameſt joy my ſoul can taſte,
Yet am I daſh'd to think that thou muſt weep.
Thy Father fell, where he deſign'd my death.
Gonſalez and *Alonzo*, both of wounds
Expiring, have with their laſt breath confeſs'd
The juſt decrees of Heav'n, which on themſelves
Has turn'd their own moſt bloody purpoſes.

[*She weeps.*

Nay, I muſt grant, 'tis fit you ſhou'd be thus...
Let 'em remove the body from her ſight.
Ill-fated *Zara*! Ha! a cup, alas!
Thy error then is plain; but I were ſtint
Not to o'erflow in tribute to thy memory.
O *Garcia*! ...
Whoſe Virtue has renounc'd thy Father's crimes,
Seeſt thou, how juſt the hand of Heav'n has been?
Let us who thro' our innocence ſurvive,
Still in the path of Honour perſevere,
And not, from paſt or preſent ills deſpair:
For bleſſings ever wait on virtuous deeds;
And tho' a late, a ſure reward ſucceeds.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

THe Tragedy thus done, I am, you know,
No more a Princeſs, but in ſtatu quo:
And now as unconcern'd this mourning wear,
As if indeed a Widow, or an Heir.
I've leiſure, now, to mark your ſev'ral faces,
And know each Critick by his ſour grimaces.
To poiſon Plays, I ſee ſome where they ſit,
Scatter'd, like Rats bane, up and down the Pit;
While others watch like Pariſh-Searchers, hir'd
To tell of what diſeaſe the Play expir'd.
O with what joy they run, to ſpread the news
Of a damn'd Poet, and departed Muſe!
But if he 'ſcape, with what regret they're ſeiz'd!
And how they're diſappointed when they're pleas'd!
Criticks to Plays for the ſame end reſort,
That Surgeons wait on Trials in a Court;
For innocence condemn'd they've no reſpect,
Provided they've a body to diſſect.
As Suſſex *Men, that dwell upon the ſhoar,*
Look out when ſtorms ariſe, and billows roar,
Devoutly praying, with uplifted hands,
That ſome well-laden ſhip may ſtrike the ſands
To whoſe rich cargo they may make pretence,
And fatten on the ſpoils of Providence:
So Criticks throng to ſee a new Play ſplit,
And thrive and proſper on the wrecks of wit.
Small hope our Poet from theſe proſpects drawi;
And therefore to the Fair commends his cauſe.
Your tender hearts to mercy are inclin'd,
With whom, he hopes, this Play will favour find,
Which was an offring to the Sex deſign'd.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

A TRAGEDY.

By Mr. EDMUND SMITH.



Printed for T. JOHNSON.
In the Year 1711.



BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES
Lord *HALIFAX.*

MY LORD,

AS ſoon as it was known that Your Lordſhip was not diſpleas'd with this Play, my Friends began to value themſelves upon the Intereſt they had taken in its Succeſs; I was touch'd with a Vanity I had not before been acquainted with, and began to dream of nothing leſs than the Immortality of *my* Work.

And I had ſufficiently ſhewn this Vanity in inſcribing this Play to Your Lordſhip, did I only conſider You as one to whom ſo many admirable Pieces, to whom the Praiſes of *Italy*, and the beſt *Latin* Poem ſince the *Æneid*, that on the Peace of

Ryswick, are consecrated. But it had been intolerable Presumption to have address'd it to You, my Lord, who are the nicest Judge of Poetry, were You not also the greatest Encourager of it; to You who excell all the present Age as a Poet, did You not surpass all the preceding Ones as a Patron.

For in the Times when the Muses were most encourag'd, the best Writers were countenanc'd, but never advanc'd; they were admitted to the Acquaintance of the Greatest Men, but that was all they were to expect. The Bounty of the Patron is no where to be read of but in the Works of the Poets, whereas Your Lordships will fill those of the Historians.

For what Transactions can they write of which have not been manag'd by some who were recommended by Your Lordship? 'Tis by Your Lordships Means that the Universities have been real Nurseries for the State; that the Courts Abroad are charm'd by the Wit and Learning, as well as the Sagacity of our Ministers; that *Germany*, *Switzerland*, *Muscovy*, and even *Turkey* it self begins to relish the Politeness of the *English*; that the Poets at Home adorn that Court which they formerly us'd only to divert; that abroad they travel, in a manner very

un-

unlike their Predeceſſor *Homer*, and with an Equipage he could not beſtow, ev'n on the Heroes he deſign'd to Immortalize.

And this, my Lord, ſhews Your Knowledge of Men as well as Writings, and Your Judgment no leſs than Your Generoſity. You have diſtinguiſh'd between thoſe who by their Inclinations or Abilities were qualified for the Pleaſure only, and thoſe that were fit for the Service of your Country; You made the one eaſie, and the other uſeful; You have left the One no Occaſion to wiſh for any Preferment, and You have oblig'd the Publick by the Promotion of the Others.

And now, my Lord, it may ſeem odd that I ſhould dwell on the topick of Your Bounty only, when I might enlarge on ſo many Others; when I ought to take notice of that illuſtrious Family from which You are ſprung, and yet of the great Merit which was neceſſary to ſet You on a Level with it, and to raiſe You to that Houſe of Peers which was already fill'd with Your Relations. When I ought to conſider the Brightneſs of Your Wit in private Converſation, and the Solidity of Your Eloquence in publick Debates; when I ought to admire in You the Politeneſs of a Courtier & the ſincerity of a Friend; the Openneſs of Behaviour which charms all who

addreſs themſelves to You, and yet that hidden Reſerve which is neceſſary for thoſe great Affairs in which You are concern'd.

To paſs over all theſe great Qualities (My Lord) and inſiſt only on Your Generoſity, looks as if I ſolicited it for my ſelf; but to that I quitted all manner of Claim when I took Notice of Your Lordſhips great Judgment in the Choice of thoſe You advance; ſo that all at Preſent my Ambition aſpires to is, that Your Lordſhip would be pleas'd to pardon this Preſumption, and permit me to profeſs my ſelf with the moſt profound Reſpect,

Your Lordships moſt humble,

and moſt obedient Servant,

EDM. SMITH.



THE PROLOGUE.

Writen by Mr. ADDISON.

LOng has a Race of Heroes fill'd the Stage,
That rant by Note, and through the Gamut rage;
In Songs and Airs expreſs their martial Fire,
Combate in Trills, and in a Feugue expire;
While lull'd by Sound, and undiſturb'd by Wit,
Calm and Serene you indolently ſit;
And from the dull Fatigue of Thinking free,
Hear the facetious Fiddles Repartee:
Our Home-ſpun Authors muſt forſake the Field,
And Shakeſpear *to the ſoft* Scarlatti *yield.*
To your new Taſte the Poet of this Day
Was by a Friend advis'd to form his Play.
Had Valentini, *muſically coy,*
Shun'd Phædras *Arms, and ſcorn'd the proffer'd Joy,*
It had not mov'd your Wonder to have ſeen
An Eunuch fly from an enamour'd Queen:
How would it pleaſe, ſhould ſhe in Engliſh *ſpeak,*
And could Hippolitus *reply in* Greek?
But he, a Stranger to your Modiſh Way,
By your old Rules muſt ſtand or fall to Day,
And hopes you will your Foreign Taſte command,
To bear, for once, with what you underſtand.

THE EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

Ladies, to night your Pity I implore
For One who never troubled you before:
An Oxford *Man, extreamly read in Greek,*
Who from Eu...ripides *makes* Phædra *ſpeak;*
And comes to Town to let us Moderns know
How Women lov'd two thouſand Years ago.
If that be all, ſaid I, e'en burn your Play;
I gad we know All That *as well as they:*
Show us the youthful handſome Charioteer,
Firm in his Seat, and running his Carreer;
Our Souls wou'd kindle with as gen'rous Flames,
As e'er inſpir'd the ancient Grecian Dames:
Ev'ry Iſmena *wou'd reſign her Breaſt,*
And ev'ry dear Hippolitus *be bleſt.*
But, as it is, ſix flouncing Flanders *Mares*
Are e'en as good as any two of theirs;
And if Hippolitus *can but contrive*
To buy the guilded Chariot, John *can drive.*
Now of the Buſtle you have ſeen to Day,
And Phædras *Morals in This Scholars Play;*
Something, at leaſt, in Juſtice ſhou'd be ſaid,
But this Hippolitus *ſo fills ones Head...*
Well!

Well! Phædra *liv'd as chaſtly as ſhe cou'd,*
For ſhe was Father Joves *own Fleſh and Blood.*
Her aukward Love, indeed, was odly ſuted,
She and her Poly *were too near related;*
And yet that Scruple had been laid aſide,
If honeſt Theſeus *had but fairly dy'd.*
But when he came, what needed he to know,
But that all Matters ſtood in Statu quo?
There was no harm, you ſee; or grant there were,
She might want Conduct, but He wanted Care.
'Twas in a Husband litle leſs than rude,
Upon his Wifes Retirement to intrude:
He ſhou'd have ſent a Night or two before,
That he wou'd come exact at ſuch an Hour;
Then he had turn'd all Tragedy to Jeſt,
Found ev'ry thing contribute to his Reſt;
The Picquet Friend diſmis'd, the Coaſt all clear,
And Spouſe alone, impatient for her Dear.
But if theſe gay Reflexions come too late
To keep the guilty Phædra *from her Fate;*
If your more ſerious Judgment muſt condemn
The dire Effects of her unhappy Flame:
Yet, ye chaſt Matrons, and ye tender Fair,
Let Love and Innocence engage your Care;
My ſpotleſs Flames to your Protection take,
And ſpare poor Phædra *for* Iſmenas *Sake.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Theſeus King of *Crete.*

Hippolitus his Son, in Love with *Iſmena.*

Lycon Miniſter of State.

Cratander Captain of the Guards.

WOMEN.

Phædra, *Theſeus's* Queen, in Love with *Hippolitus.*

Iſmena, a Captive Princeſs, in Love with *Hippolitus.*

Guards, *Attendants.*

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Cratander *and* Lycon.

Lycon.

IS ſtrange, *Cratander*, that the Royal *Phædra*
Shou'd ſtill continue reſolute in Grief,
And obſtinately wretched:
That one ſo gay, ſo beautiful and young,
Of Godlike Virtue and Imperial Pow'r,
Shou'd fly inviting Joys and court Deſtruction.

Crat. Is there not cauſe, when lately join'd in Marriage,
To have the King her Husband call'd to War?
Then for three tedious Moons to mourn his Abſence,
Not know his Fate? *Lycon*

Lyc. The King may cauſe her Sorrow,
But not by Abſence: Oft I've ſeen him hang
With greedy Eyes, and languiſh o'er her Beauties;
She from his wide, deceiv'd, deſiring Arms
Flew taſtleſs, loathing; whilſt dejected *Theſeus*,
With mournful loving Eyes purſu'd her Flight,
And dropt a ſilent Tear.

Crat. Ha! this is Hatred,
This is Averſion, Horror, Deteſtation.
Why did the Queen who might have cull'd Mankind,
Why did ſhe give her Perſon and her Throne
To one ſhe loath'd?

Lyc. Perhaps ſhe thought it juſt
That he ſhou'd wear the Crown his Valour ſav'd.

Crat. Cou'd ſhe not glut his Hopes with Wealth and Honour,
Reward his Valour, yet reject his Love?
Why, when a happy Mother, Queen, and Widow;
Why did ſhe wed old *Theſeus*? While his Son,
The brave *Hippolitus*, with equal Youth,
And equal Beauty might have fill'd her Arms?

Lyc. *Hippolitus*, (in diſtant *Scythia* born,
The warlike *Amazon*, *Camilla's* Son,)
'Till our Queens Marriage, was unknown to *Crete*;
And ſure the Queen cou'd wiſh him ſtill unknown:
She loaths, deteſts him, flys his hated Preſence,
And ſhrinks and trembles at his very Name.

Crat. Well may ſhe hate the Prince ſhe needs muſt fear;
He may diſpute the Crown with *Phædras* Son.
He's brave, he's fiery, youthful and belov'd;
His Courage charms the Men, his Form the Women;
His very Sports are War.

Lyc. O! he's all Hero, ſcorns th' inglorious eaſe
Of lazy *Crete*; delights to ſhine in Arms,
To wield the Sword, and launch the pointed Spear;
To tame the gen'rous Horſe, that nobly wild

Neighs

Neighs on the Hills, and dares the angry Lion;
To join the ſtruggling Courſers to his Chariot,
To make their ſtubborn Necks the Rein obey,
To turn, to ſtop, or ſtretch along the Plain.
Now the Queen's ſick there's Danger in his Courage,
Be ready with your Guards, I fear *Hipolitus*.

[*Exit.* Crat.

Fear him! for what? poor ſilly virtuous Wretch,
Affecting Glory and contemning Pow'r:
Warm without Pride, without Ambition brave;
A ſenſeleſs Hero, fit to be a Tool
To thoſe whoſe Godlike Souls are turn'd for Empire.
An open honeſt Fool, that loves and hates;
And yet more Fool to own it. He hates Flatterers,
He hates me too; weak Boy, to make a Foe
Where he might have a Slave. I hate him too,
But cringe, and flatter, fawn, adore, yet hate him.
Let the Queen live or dye the Prince muſt fall.

Enter Iſmena.

What! ſtill attending on the Queen, *Iſmena*?
O charming Virgin! O exalted Virtue!
Can ſtill your Goodneſs conquer all your Wrongs?
Are you not robb'd of your *Athenian* Crown?
Was not your Royal Father *Pallas* ſlain,
And all his wretched Race by conqu'ring *Theſeus*?
And do you ſtill watch o'er his Conſort *Phædra*,
And ſtill repay ſuch Cruelty with Love?

Iſm. Let them be cruel that delight in Miſchief,
I'm of a ſofter Mould, poor *Phædras* Sorrows
Pierce thro' my yielding Heart and wound my Soul.

Lyc. Now thrice the riſing Sun has chear'd the World
Since ſhe renew'd her Strength with due Refreſhment;
Thrice has the Night brought eaſe to Man, to Beaſt,

Since

Since wretched *Phædra* clos'd her ſtreaming Eyes:
She flies all Reſt, all neceſſary Food,
Reſolv'd to die, nor capable to live,

Iſm. But now her Grief has wrought her into Frenzy;
The Images her troubl'd Fancy forms
Are incoherent, wild; her Words desjointed:
Sometimes ſhe raves for Muſick, Light and Air;
Nor Air, nor Light, nor Muſick calm her Pains;
Then with extatick ſtrength ſhe ſprings aloft,
And moves and bounds with Vigour not her own.

Lyc. Then Life is on the Wing, then moſt ſhe ſinks
When moſt ſhe ſeems reviv'd. Like boiling Water
That foams and hiſſes o'er the crackling Wood,
And bubbles to the brim; ev'n then moſt waſting
When moſt it ſwells.

Iſm. My Lord, now try your Art,
Her wild Diſorder may diſcloſe the Secret
Her cooler Senſe conceal'd; the *Pythian* Goddeſs
Is dumb and ſullen, till with Fury fill'd
She ſpreads, ſhe riſes, growing to the ſight,
She ſtares, ſhe foams, ſhe raves, the awful Secrets
Burſt from her trembling Lips, and eaſe the tortur'd Maid.
But *Phædra* comes, ye Gods, how pale, how weak!

Enter Phædra *and Attendants.*

Phæd. Stay, Virgins, ſtay I'll reſt my weary Steps;
My Strength forſakes me, and my dazled Eyes
Ake with the flaſhing Light; my looſen'd Knees
Sink under their dull Weight, ſupport me, *Lycon.*
Alas, I faint.

Lyc. Afford her Eaſe, kind Heaven.

Phæd. Why blaze theſe Jewels round my wretched Head?
Why all this labour'd Elegance of Dreſs?

Why

Why flow theſe wanton Curls in artful Rings?
Take, ſnatch 'em hence: alas, you all conſpire
To heap new Sorrows on my tortur'd Soul,
All, all conſpire to make your Queen unhappy.
Iſm. This you requir'd, and to the pleaſing Task
Call'd your officious Maids, and urg'd their Art;
You bid 'em lead you from yon hideous Darkneſs
To the glad chearing Day, yet now avoid it,
And hate the Light you ſought.
Phad. Oh! my *Lycon!*
Oh! how I long to lay my weary Head
On tender flow'ry Beds and ſpringing Graſs,
To ſtretch my Limbs beneath the ſpreading Shades
Of venerable Oaks, to ſlake my Thriſt
With the cool Nectar of refreſhing Springs.
Lyc. I'll ſooth her Frenzy, come, *Phædra*, let's away,
Let's to the Woods, and Lawns, and Limpid Streams,
Phad. Come, let's away, and thou moſt bright *Diana*,
Goddeſs of Woods, immortal, chaſt *Diana*,
Goddeſs preſiding o'er the rapid Race,
Place me, O place me in the duſty Ring,
Where youthful Charioteers contend for Glory;
See how they mount and ſhake the flowing Reins!
See from the Goal the fiery Courſers bound!
Now they ſtrain panting up the ſteepy Hill,
Now ſweep along its top, now neigh along the Vale;
How the Car rattles! how its kindling Wheels
Smoak in the Whirl! The circling Sand aſcends,
And on in the noble Duſt the Chariot's loſt.
Lyc. What, Madam!
Phad. Ah! my *Lycon!* Ah! what ſaid I?
Where was I hurry'd by my roving Fancy!
My languid Eyes are wet with ſudden Tears,
And on my Face unbidden Bluſhes glow.
Lyc. Bluſh then, but bluſh for your deſtructive Silence,

That

That tears your Soul, and weighs you down to Death;
Oh! shou'd you die (ye Pow'rs forbid her Death)
Who then wou'd shield from Wrongs your helpless Orphan?
O! he might wander, *Phædras* Son might wander,
A naked Suppliant thro' the World for Aid;
Then he may cry, invoke his Mothers Name.
He may be doom'd to Chains, to Shame, to Death,
While proud *Hippolitus* shall mount his Throne.

Phad. O Heavens!

Lyc. Ha! *Phædra*, are you touch'd at this?

Phad. Unhappy Wretch! what Name was that you spoke?

Lyc. And does his Name provoke your just Resentments?
Then let it raise your Fear, as well as Rage:
Think how you wrong'd him, to his Father wrong'd him,
Think how you drove him hence a wandring Exile
To distant Climes, then think what certain Vengeance
His Rage may wreak on your unhappy Orphan
For his sake then renew your drooping Spirits,
Feed with new Oil the wasting Lamp of Life,
That winks and trembles, now, just now expiring:
Make haste, preserve your Life.

Phad. Alas! too long,
Too long have I preserv'd that guilty Life.

Lyc. Guilty! what Guilt, has Blood, has horrid Murther
Imbru'd your Hands?

Phad. Alas, my Hands are guiltless.
But Oh my Heart's defil'd,
I've said too much, forbear the rest, my *Lycon*,
And let me die to save the black Confession.

Lyc. Die then, but not alone; old faithful *Lycon*
Shall be a Victim to your cruel Silence.

Will

Will you not tell? Oh lovely, wretched Queen!
By all the Cares of your first infant Years,
By all the Love, and Faith, and Zeal I've shew'd you,
Tell me your Griefs, unfold your hidden Sorrows,
And teach your *Lycon* how to bring you Comfort.

Phæd. What shall I say, malicious cruel Pow'rs?
O where shall I begin! O cruel *Venus*!
How fatal Love has been to all our Race!

Lyc. Forget it, Madam, let it die in Silence.

Phæd. O *Ariadne*! O unhappy Sister!

Lyc. Cease to record your Sisters Grief and Shame.

Phæd. And since the cruel God of Love requires it.
I fall the last, and most undone of all.

Lyc. Do you then love?

Phæd. Alas, I groan beneath
The Pain, the Guilt, the Shame of impious Love.

Lyc. Forbid it Heaven!

Phæd. Do not upbraid me, *Lycon*,
I love, ... alas, I shudder at the Name,
My Blood runs backward, and my fault'ring Tongue
Sticks at the Sound... I love, ... O righteous Heaven,
Why was I born with such a sense of Virtue,
So great Abhorrence of the smallest Crime,
And yet a Slave to such impetuous Guilt?
Rain on me, Gods, your Plagues, your sharpest Tortures,
Afflict my Soul with any thing but Guilt,
And yet that Guilt is mine, ... I'll think no more,
I'll to the Woods among the happier Brutes,
Come let's away, hark, the shrill Horn resounds,
The jolly Huntsmens Cries rend the wide Heavens,
Come, o'er the Hills pursue the bounding Stagg,
Come chase the Lion and the foamy Boar,
Come rouse up all the Monsters of the Wood,
For there, ev'n there *Hippolitus* will guard me.

Lyc. Hippolitus!

Phad. Who's he that names *Hippolitus*?
Ah! I'm betray'd, and all my Guilt diſcover'd,
Oh! give me Poyſon, Swords, I'll not live, not bear it;
I'll ſtop my Breath.

Iſm. I'm loſt, but what's that Loſs!
Hippolitus is loſt, or loſt to me:
Yet ſhou'd her Charms prevail upon his Soul,
Shou'd he be falſe I wou'd not wiſh him ill,
With my laſt parting Breath I'd bleſs my Lord:—
Then in ſome lonely deſart place expire,
Whence my unhappy Death ſhall never reach him,
Leſt it ſhou'd wound his Peace, or damp his Joys.
[*Aſide.*

Lyc. Think ſtill the Secret in your Royal Breaſt,
For by the awful Majeſty of *Jove*,
By the All-ſeeing Sun, by righteous *Minos*,
By all your kindred Gods we ſwear, O *Phædra*,
Safe as our Lives we'll keep the fatal Secret.

Iſm. &c. We ſwear, all ſwear to keep it ever ſecret.

Phad. Keep it! from whom? why it's already known,
The Tale, the Whiſper of the babling Vulgar.
Oh! can you keep it from your ſelves, unknow it?
Or do you think I'm ſo far gone in Guilt,
That I can ſee, can bear the Looks, the Eyes
Of one who knows my black deteſted Crimes;
Of one who knows that *Phædra* loves her Son?

Lyc. Unhappy Queen! Auguſt, unhappy Race!
Oh! why did *Theſeus* touch this fatal Shore?
Why did he ſave us from *Nicanders* Arms,
To bring worſe Ruin on us by his Love?

Phad. His Love indeed, for that unhappy Hour
In which the Prieſts join'd *Theſeus'* Hand to mine,
Shew'd the young *Scythian* to my dazled Eyes.
Gods! how I ſhook! what boiling Heat inflam'd

My

My panting Breaſt! how from the Touch of *Theſeus*
My ſlack Hand dropt, and all the idle Pomp,
Prieſts, Altars, Victims ſwam before my Sight!
The God of Love, ev'n the whole God poſſeſt me.
Lyc. At once at firſt poſſeſt you!
Phad. Yes, at firſt,
That fatal Ev'ning we purſu'd the Chaſe,
When from behind the Wood with ruſtling Sound
A monſtrous Boar ruſht forth; his baleful Eyes
Shot glaring Fire, and his ſtiff pointed Briſtles
Roſe high upon his Back; at me he made,
Whetting his Tusks, and churning hideous Foam;
Then, then *Hippolitus* flew in to aid me;
Collecting all himſelf, and riſing to the Blow,
He launch'd the whiſtling Spear; the well aim'd Jav'lin
Pierc'd his tough Hide, and quiver'd in his Heart;
The Monſter fell, and gnaſhing with huge Tusks
Plow'd up the Crimſon Earth. But then *Hippolitus*,
Gods! how he mov'd and look'd when he approach'd me!
When hot and panting from the ſavage Conqueſt,
Dreadful as *Mars*, and as his *Venus* lovely,
His kindling Cheeks with Purple Beauties glow'd,
His lovely, ſparkling Eyes ſhot martial Fires,
Oh Godlike Form! Oh Extaſie and Tranſport!
My Breath grew ſhort, my beating Heart ſprung upward,
And leap'd and bounded in my heaving Boſom.
Alas, I'm pleas'd, the horrid Story charms me,
No more; that Night with Fear and Love I ſick'n'd,
Oft I receiv'd his fatal charming Viſits;
Then wou'd he talk with ſuch an heav'nly Grace.
Look with ſuch dear Compaſſion on my Pains,
That I cou'd wiſh to be ſo ſick for ever.
My Ears, my greedy Eyes, my thirſty Soul,
Drank gorging in the dear delicious Poiſon,

Till I was loſt, quite loſt in impious Love.
And ſhall I drag an execrable Life?
And ſhall I hoard up Guilt, and treaſure Vengeance?
Lyc. No, labour, ſtrive, ſubdue that Guilt and live.
Phæd. Did I not labour, ſtrive, All-ſeeing Pow'rs,
Did I not weep and pray, implore your Aid?
Burnt Clouds of Incenſe on your loaded Altars?
Oh! I call'd Heaven and Earth to my Aſſiſtance,
All the ambitious Thirſt of Fame and Empire,
And all the honeſt Pride of conſcious Virtue;
I ſtruggl'd, rav'd; the new-born Paſſion reign'd
Almighty in its Birth.
Lyc. Did you e'er try
To gain his Love?
Phæd. Avert ſuch Crimes ye Pow'rs!
No, to avoid his Love I fought his Hatred;
I wrong'd him, ſhunn'd him, baniſh'd him from *Crete*,
I ſent him, drove him from my longing ſight:
In vain I drove him, for his Tyrant Form
Reign'd in my Heart, and dwelt before my Eyes.
If to the Gods I pray'd, the very Vows
I made to Heaven, were by my erring Tongue
Spoke to *Hippolitus*. If I try'd to ſleep,
Straight to my drowzy Eyes my reſtleſs Fancy
Brought back his fatal Form, and curſt my ſlumber.
Lyc. Firſt let me try to melt him into Love.
Phæd. No; did his hapleſs Paſſion equal mine
I wou'd refuſe the Bliſs I moſt deſir'd,
Conſult my Fame and ſacrifice my Life.
Yes, I wou'd die. Heaven knows, this very Moment,
Rather than wrong my Lord, my Husband *Theſeus*.
Lyc. Perhaps that Lord, that Husband is no more;
He went from *Crete* in haſte, his Army thin,
To meet the numerous Troops of fierce *Moloſſians*;
Yet tho' he lives, while ebbing Life decays

Think on your Son.

Phæd. Alas, that ſhocks me,
O let me ſee my young one, let me ſnatch
A haſty farewel, a laſt dying Kiſs.
Yet ſtay, his ſight will melt my juſt Reſolves;
But oh! I beg with my laſt ſallying Breath
Cheriſh my Babe.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Madam, I grieve to tell you
What you muſt know, your Royal Husband's dead.

Phæd. Dead! oh ye Pow'rs!

Lyc. O fortunate Event!
Then Earth-born *Lycon* may aſcend the Throne,
Leave to his happy Son the Crown of *Jove*,
And be ador'd like him. [*Aſide.*] Mourn, mourn, ye *Cretans*,
Since he is dead whoſe Valour ſav'd your Iſle,
Whoſe prudent Care with flowing Plenty crown'd
His peaceful Subjects; as your tow'ring *Ida*,
With ſpreading Oaks, and with deſcending Streams,
Shades and enriches all the Plains below.
Say how he dy'd.

Meſſ. He dy'd as *Theſeus* ought,
In Battel dy'd; *Philotas* now a Priſoner,
That ruſhing on fought next his Royal Perſon;
That ſaw his thund'ring Arm beat Squadrons down,
Saw the great Rival of *Alcides* fall:
Theſe Eyes beheld his well-known Steed, beheld
A proud *Barbarian* glitt'ring in his Arms,
Encumber'd with the Spoil.

Phæd. Is he then dead?
Is my much injur'd Lord, my *Theſeus* dead?
And don't I ſhed one Tear upon his Urn?
What! not a Sigh, a Groan, a ſoft Complaint?
Ah! theſe are Tributes due from pious Brides,

From a chaſt Matron, and a virtuous Wife:
But ſavage Love, the Tyrant of my Heart.
Claims all my Sorrows, and uſurps my Grief.

Lyc. Diſmiſs that Grief and give a looſe to Joy:
He's dead, the Bar of all your Bliſs is dead;
Live then, my Queen, forget the wrinkled *Theſeus*,
And take the youthful Hero to your Arms.

Phæd. I dare not yet admit of ſuch a Thought,
And bleſs'd be Heav'n that ſteel'd my ſtubborn Heart,
That made me ſhun the bridal Bed of *Theſeus*,
And give him Empire, but refuſe him Love.

Lyc. Then may his happier Son be bleſs'd with both;
Then rouze your Soul, and muſter all your Charms,
Sooth his ambitious Mind with Thirſt of Empire,
And all his tender Thoughts with ſoft Allurements.

Phæd. But ſhou'd the Youth refuſe my proffer'd Love!
O ſhou'd he throw me from his loathing Arms!
I fear the Trial; I know *Hippolitus*
Fierce in the Right, and obſtinately Good:
When round beſet, his Virtue like a Flood
Breaks with reſiſtleſs Force th'oppoſing Dams,
And bears the Mounds along; they're hurry'd on,
And ſwell the Torrent they were rais'd to ſtop.
I dare not yet reſolve, I'll try to live,
And to the awful Gods I'll leave the reſt.

Lyc. Madam, your Signet, that your Slave may order
What's moſt expedient for your Royal Service.

Phæd. Take it, and with it take the Fate of *Phædra*;
And thou, O *Venus*, aid a ſuppliant Queen,
That owns thy Triumphs, and adores thy Pow'r;
O ſpare thy Captives, and ſubdue thy Foes.
On this cold *Scythian* let thy Pow'r be known,
And in a Lovers Cauſe aſſert thy own.

Then

Then *Crete* as *Paphos* ſhall adore thy Shrine,
This Nurſe of *Jove* with grateful Fires ſhall ſhine,
And with thy Fathers Flames ſhall worſhip thine.
[*Ex. Phad.* &c.

Lycon ſolus.

If ſhe propoſes Love, why then as ſurely
His haughty Soul refuſes it with Scorn.
Say I confine him, if ſhe dies hes ſafe;
And if ſhe lives I'll work her raging Mind.
A Woman ſcorn'd with eaſe I'll work to Vengeance:
With humble, fawning, wiſe, obſequious Arts
I'll rule the Whirl and Tranſport of her Soul;
Then what her Reaſon hates, her Rage may act.

When Barks glide ſlowly thro' the lazy Main,
The baffl'd Pilots turn the Helms in vain;
When driv'n by Winds they cut the foamy way,
The Rudders govern, and the Ships obey. [Exit.

The End of the firſt Act.

ACT II.

Enter Phædra, Lycon, *&* Iſmena.
Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſenger

MAdam, the Prince *Hippolitus* attends.
Phad. Admit him: Where, where *Phædra's*
now thy Soul?
What... Shall I ſpeak? And ſhall my guilty Tongue

Let this insulting Victor know his Pow'r?
Or shall I still confine within my Breast
My restless Passions and devouring Flames?
But see he comes, the lovely Tyrant comes,
He rushes on me like a Blaze of Light,
I cannot bear the Transport of his Presence,
But sink oppress'd with Woe. [*Swoons.*

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. Immortal Gods!
What have I done to raise such strange Abhorrence?
What have I done to shake her shrinking Nature
With my Approach, and kill her with my sight?
Lyc. Alas, another Grief devours her Soul,
And only your Assistance can relieve her.
Hip. Hah! Make it known, that I may fly and aid her.
Lyc. But promise first, my Lord, to keep it secret.
Hip. Promise! I swear, on this good Sword I swear,
This Sword, which first gain'd youthful *Theseus* Honour;
Which oft has punish'd Perjury and Falshood;
By thund'ring *Jove*, by *Grecian Hercules*,
By the Majestick Form of Godlike Heroes,
That shine around, and consecrate the Steel;
No Racks, no Shame shall ever force it from me.
Phad. Hippolitus!
Hip. Yes, 'tis that Wretch who begs you to dismiss
That hated Object from your Eyes for ever.
Begs leave to march against the Foes of *Theseus*,
And to revenge or share his Fathers Fate.
Phad. Oh, *Hippolitus!*
I own I've wrong'd you, most unjustly wrong'd you,
Drove you from Court, from *Crete*, and from your Father;

The

The Court, all *Crete* deplor'd, their ſuffering Hero,
And I (the ſad Occaſion) moſt of all.
Yet could you know relenting *Phædras* Soul,
Oh could you think with what reluctant Grief
I wrong'd the Hero, whom I wiſh'd to cheriſh!
Oh! you'd confeſs me wretched, not unkind,
And own thoſe Ills did moſt deſerve your Pity,
Which moſt procur'd your Hate.

Hip. My Hate to *Phædra*!
Ha! could I hate the Royal Spouſe of *Theſeus*,
My Queen, my Mother?

Phæd. Why your Queen and Mother?
All humble Titles ſuit my loſt Condition;
Alas! the Iron Hand of Death is on me,
And I have only time t'implore your Pardon:
Ah! would my Lord forget injurious *Phædra*,
And with Compaſſion view her helpleſs Orphan!
Would he receive him to his dear Protection,
Defend his Youth from all encroaching Foes!

Hip. Oh, I'll defend him! with my Life defend him!
Heavens dart your Judgments on this faithleſs Head,
If I don't pay him all a Slaves Obedience,
And all a Fathers Love.

Phæd. A Fathers Love!
Oh doubtful Sounds! oh vain deceitful Hopes!
My Grief's much eas'd by this tranſcending Goodneſs,
And *Theſeus* Death ſits lighter on my Soul:
Death! He's not dead! he lives, he breaths, he ſpeaks,
He lives in you, he's preſent to my Eyes,
I ſee him, ſpeak to him, my Heart! I rave
And all my Folly's known.

Hip. Oh! glorious Folly!
See *Theſeus*, ſee, how much your *Phædra* lov'd you.

Phæd. Love him, indeed! dote, languiſh, dye for him,

Forſake my Food, my Sleep, all Joyes for *Theſeus*,
(But not that Hoary venerable *Theſeus*,)
But *Theſeus*, as he was, when mantling Blood,
Glow'd in his lovely Cheeks; when his bright Eyes
Sparkl'd with youthful Fires; when ev'ry Grace
Shone in the Father, which now crowns the Son;
When *Theſeus* was *Hippolitus*.

Hip. Ha! Amazement ſtrikes me;
Where will this end?

Lyc. Is't difficult to gueſs?
Does not her flying Paleneſs that but now
Sat cold and languid in her fading Cheek,
(Where now ſucceeds a momentary Luſtre,)
Does not her beating Heart, her trembling Limbs,
Her wiſhing Looks, her Speech, her preſent Silence,
All, all proclaim imperial *Phædra* loves you.

Hip. What do I hear! what, does no lightning Flaſh,
No Thunder bellow, when ſuch monſtrous Crimes,
Are own'd, avow'd, confeſt? All-ſeeing Sun,
Hide, hide in ſhameful Night thy beamy Head,
And ceaſe to view the Horrors of thy Race.
Alas! I ſhare th' amazing Guilt; theſe Eyes
That firſt inſpir'd the black inceſtuous Flame,
Theſe Ears that heard the Tale of impious Love,
Are all accurſt, and all deſerve your Thunder.

Phæd. Alas, my Lord! believe me not ſo vile;
No by thy Goddeſs, by the chaſte *Diana*,
None but my firſt, my much lov'd Lord *Arſamues*
Was e're receiv'd in theſe unhappy Arms.
No! for the Love of thee, of thoſe dear Charms,
Which now I ſee are doom'd to be my Ruin,
I ſtill deny'd my Lord, my Husband *Theſeus*,
The chaſte, the modeſt Joys of ſpotleſs Marriage.
That drove him hence to War, to ſtormy Seas,
To Rocks and Waves leſs cruel than his *Phædra*.

Hip. If that drove *Theſeus* hence, then that kill'd *Theſeus*,

And

And cruel *Phædra* kill'd her Husband *Theſeus*,

Phad. Forbear, raſh Youth, nor dare to rouſe my Vengeance;
You need not urge, nor tempt my ſwelling Rage
With black Reproaches, Scorn and Provocation
To do a Deed my Reaſon would abhor.
Long has the Secret ſtruggled in my Breaſt,
Long has it rack'd and rent my tortur'd Boſom,
But now 'tis out; Shame, Rage, Confuſion tear
And drive me on to act unheard-of Crimes,
To murther thee, my ſelf, and all that know it.
As when Convulſions cleave the lab'ring Earth,
Before the diſmal Yawn appears, the Ground
Trembles and heaves, the nodding Houſes craſh;
He's ſafe that from the dreadful Warning flys,
But he that ſees its opening Boſom dyes. [*Exit.*

Hip. Then let me take the Warning and retire:
I'd rather truſt the rough *Jonian* Waves
Than Womans fiercer Rage.

[Iſmena *ſhews her ſelf liſtning.*

Lyc. Alas, my Lord,
You muſt not leave the Queen to her Deſpair.

Hip. Muſt not! from thee! from that vile upſtart *Lycon.*

Lyc. Yes; from that *Lycon* who derives his Greatneſs
From *Phædras* Race, and now would guard her Life:
Then, Sir, forbear and view this Royal Signet,
And in her faithful Slave obey the Queen.

Enter Guards

Guards, watch the Prince, but at that awful Diſtance,
With that Reſpect it may not ſeem Confinement,
But only meant for Honour.

Hip. So, Confinement is
The Honour *Crete* beſtows on *Theſeus'* Son.

Am

Am I confin'd! and is't ſo ſoon forgot
When fierce *Procruſtes* Arm o'erran your Kingdom?
When your Streets Echo'd with the Cries of Orphans,
Your ſhrieking Maids clung round the hallow'd Shrines;
When all your Palaces and lofty Towers
Smoak'd on the Earth, when the red Sky around
Glow'd with your Citys Flames (a dreadful Luſtre):
Then, then my Father flew to your Aſſiſtance;
Then *Theſeus* ſav'd your Lives, Eſtates and Honours.
And do you thus reward the Heros Toil?
And do you now confine the Heros Son?

Lyc. Take not an eaſie ſhort Confinement ill,
Which your own Safety and Queens requires;
But fear not ought from one that joys to ſerve you.

Hip. O, I diſdain thee, Traitor, but not fear thee,
Nor will I hear of Services from *Lycon*.
Thy very Looks are Lies, eternal Falſhood
Smiles in thy Lip and flatters in thy Eyes?
Ev'n in thy humble Face I read my Ruin,
In ev'ry cringing Bow and fawning Smile:
Why elſe d'you whiſper out your dark Suſpicions?
Why with malignant Elogies encreaſe
The Peoples Fears, and praiſe me to my Ruin?
Why through the troubl'd Streets of frighted *Gnoſſus*
Do Bucklers; Helms and poliſh'd Armor blaze?
Why ſounds the dreadful Din of inſtant War?
Whilſt ſtill the Foe's unknown.

Lyc. Then quit thy Arts.
Put off the Sates-man and reſume the Judge. [*Aſide.*
Thou *Proteus* ſhift thy various Forms no more,
But boldly own the God. ... That Foe's too near;
[*To* Hip.
The Queens Diſeaſe, and your aſpiring Mind
Diſturb all *Crete*, and give a Looſe to War.

Hip. Gods! dare he ſpeak thus to a Monarchs Son?
And

And muſt this Earth-born Slave command in *Crete?*
Was it for this my God-like Father fought?
Did *Theſeus* bleed for *Lycon?* O ye *Cretans*,
See there your King, the Succeſſor of *Minos*,
And Heir of *Jove*.

Lyc. You may as well provoke
That *Jove* you worſhip, as this Slave you ſcorn.
Go ſeize *Alcmaon*, *Nicias*, and all
The black Abettors of his impious Treaſon.
Now o'er thy Head th' avenging Thunder roles;
For know on me depends thy inſtant Doom.
Then learn, Proud Prince, to bend thy haughty Soul,
And if thou think'ſt of Life obey the Queen.

Hip. Then free from Fear or Guilt I'll wait my Doom,
What e'er's my Fault no Stain ſhall blot my Glory.
I'll guard my Honour, you diſpoſe my Life;
[*Ex.* Lyc. *and* Crat.
Since he dares brave my Rage the Danger's near.
The timorous Hounds that hunt the generous Lyon
Bay afar off, and tremble in purſuit;
But when he ſtruggles in th' entangling Toils,
Inſult the dying Prey... [*Iſm.* Enters.
'Tis kindly done, *Iſmena*,
With all your Charms to viſit my Diſtreſs;
Soften my Chains, and make Confinement eaſie.
Is it then giv'n me to behold thy Beauties!
Thoſe bluſhing Sweets, thoſe lovely loving Eyes!
To preſs, to ſtrain thee to my beating Heart,
And grow thus to my Love! What's Liberty to this?
What's Fame or Greatneſs? Take 'em, take 'em, *Phædra*,
Freedom and Fame, and in the dear Confinement
Encloſe me thus for ever.

Iſm. O *Hippolitus*!
O I could ever dwell in this Confinement!

Nor

Nor wiſh for ought while I behold my Lord.
But yet that Wiſh, that only Wiſh is vain,
When my hard Fate thus forces me to beg you
Drive from your God-like Soul a wretched Maid,
Take to your Arms (aſſiſt me Heaven to ſpeak it)
Take to your Arms Imperial *Phædra*,
And think of me no more.

Hip. Not think of thee!
What! part, for ever part! unkind *Iſmena*!
Oh! can you think that Death is half ſo dreadful
As it would be to live, and live without thee?
Say, ſhould I quit thee, ſhould I turn to *Phædra*,
Say, could'ſt thou bear it! Could thy tender Soul
Endure the Torment of deſpairing Love,
And ſee me ſettled in a Rivals Arms?

Iſm. Think not of me, perhaps my equal mind
May learn to bear the Fate the Gods allot me.
Yet would you hear me, could your lov'd *Iſmena*
With all her Charms o'erule your ſullen Honour,
You yet might live, nor leave the poor *Iſmena*.

Hip. Speak, if I can, I'm ready to obey.

Iſm. Give the Queen hopes. ...

Hip. No more ... my Soul diſdains it.
No, ſhould I try, my haughty Soul would ſwell;
Sharpen each Word, and threaten in my Eyes.
O! ſhould I ſtoop to cringe, to lye, forſwear,
Deſerve the Ruin which I ſtrive to ſhun?

Iſm. O, I can't bear this cold Contempt of Death!
This rigid Vertue that prefers your Glory
To Liberty or Life. O cruel Man!
By theſe ſad Sighs, by theſe poor ſtreaming Eyes,
By that dear Love that makes us now unhappy,
By the near Danger of that precious Life,
Heav'n knows I value much above my own.
What! not yet mov'd? Are you reſolv'd on Death?
Then, e'er 'tis Night I ſwear by all the Pow'rs
This Steel ſhall end my Fears and Life together.

Hip.

Hip. You shan't be trusted with a Life so precious.
No, to the Court I'll publish your Design,
Ev'n bloody *Lycon* will prevent your Fate;
Lycon shall wrench the Dagger from your Bosom;
And raving *Phædra* will preserve *Ismena*.

Ism. *Phædra!* Come on, I'll lead you on to *Phædra*;
I'll tell her all the Secrets of our Love,
Give to her Rage her close destructive Rival;
Her Rival sure will fall, her Love may save you.
Come see me labour in the Pangs of Death,
My agonizing Limbs, my dying Eyes.
Dying, yet fixt in Death on my *Hippolitus*.

Hip. What's your Design? Ye Powers! What means my Love?

Ism. She means to lead you in the Road of Fate,
She means to dye with one she can't preserve.
Yet when you see me pale upon the Earth,
This once lov'd Form grown horrible in Death,
Sure your relenting Soul would wish you'd sav'd me.

Hip. Oh! I'll do all, do any thing to save you,
Give up my Fame and all my darling Honour,
I'll run, I'll fly, what you'll command I'll say.

Ism. Say what Occasion, Chance, or Heav'n inspires,
Say that you love her, that you lov'd her long,
Say that you'll wed her, say that you'll comply,
Say, to preserve your Life, say any thing.

[*Exit* Hip.

Bless him, ye Powers! and if it be a Crime,
Aim all your Vengeance on *Ismenas* Head;
Punish *Ismena*, but forgive *Hippolitus*.
He's gone, and now my brave Resolves are stagger'd,
Now I repent like some despairing Wretch
That boldly plunges in the frightful Deep,
Then pants, and struggles with the whirling Waves;
And catches every slender Reed to save him.

Cho.

Cho. But ſhould he do what your Commands enjoyn'd him,
Say, ſhould he wed her?

Iſm. Should he wed the Queen!
Oh! I'd remember that 'twas my Requeſt,
And dye well pleas'd I made the Heroe happy.

Cho. Dye! does *Iſmena* then reſolve to dye?

Iſm. Can I then live? Can I, who lov'd ſo well
To part with all my Bliſs to ſave my Lover?
Oh! can I drag a wretched Life without him,
And ſee another revel in his Arms?
Oh 'tis in Death alone I can have Comfort!

Enter Lycon.

Lyc. What a Reverſe is this? perfidious Boy,
Is this thy Truth? Is this thy boaſted Honour?
Then all are Rogues alike; I never thought
But one Man honeſt, and that one decives me. [*Aſide.*
Iſmena here! ...
'Tis all agreed, and now the Prince is ſafe
From the ſure Vengeance of deſpairing Love.
Now *Phædras* Rage is chang'd to ſoft Endearments;
She doats, ſhe dyes; and few, but tedious Days,
With endleſs Joys will crown the happy Pair.

Iſm. Does he then wed the Queen?

Lyc. At leaſt I think ſo.
I, when the Prince approach'd, not far retir'd
Pale with my Doubts; he ſpoke; th' attentive Queen
Dwelt on his Accents, and her gloomy Eyes
Sparkled with gentler Fires: He bluſhing bow'd.
She trembling, loſt in Love, with ſoft Confuſion
Receiv'd his Paſſion and return'd her own:
Then ſmiling turn'd to me, and bid me order
The pompous Rigtes of her enſuing Nuptials,
Which I muſt now purſue. Farewell *Iſmena.* [*Exit.*

Iſm. Then I'll retire, and not diſturb their Joys.

Cho.

Cho. Stay and learn more.

Iſm. Ah! wherefore ſhould I ſtay?
What! ſhall I ſtay to rave, t'upbraid, to hold him,
To ſnatch the ſtruggling Charmer from her Arms?
For could you think that open gen'rous Youth
Could with feign'd Love deceive a jealous Woman?
Could he ſo ſoon grow artful in diſſembling?
Ah! without doubt his Thoughts inſpired his Tongue,
And all his Soul receiv'd a real Love.
Perhaps new Graces darted from her Eyes,
Perhaps ſoft Pity charm'd his yielding Soul,
Perhaps her Love, perhaps her Kingdom charm'd him;
Perhaps alas! how many things might charm him!

Cho. Wait the Succeſs, it is not yet decided.

Iſm. Not yet decided! Did not *Lycon* tell us
How he proteſted, ſigh'd, and look'd, and vow'd;
How the ſoft Paſſion languiſh'd in his Eyes?
Yes, yes, he loves, he doats on *Phædras* Charms.
Now, now he claſps her to his panting Breaſt,
Now he devours her with his eager Eyes,
Now graſps her Hands, and now he looks, and vows
The dear falſe things that charm'd the poor *Iſmena*.
He comes; be ſtill, my Heart, the Tyrant comes,
Charming, tho' falſe, and lovely in his Guilt.

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. Why hangs that cloudy Sorrow on your Brow?
Why do you ſigh? why flow your ſwelling Eyes,
Thoſe Eyes that us'd with Joy to view *Hippolitus*.

Iſm. My Lord, my Soul is charm'd with your Succeſs;
You know, my Lord, my Fears are but for you,
For your dear Life; and ſince my death alone
Can make you ſafe, that ſoon ſhall make you happy.

Yet had you brought less Love to *Phædra's* Arms,
My Soul had parted with a less Regret,
Blest if surviving in your dear Remembrance.

Hip. Your Death! My Love! My Marriage! and to *Phædra*!
Hear me, *Ismena.*

Ism. No I dare not hear you.
But tho' you've been thus cruelly unkind,
Tho' you have left me for the Royal *Phædra*,
Yet still my Soul o'er runs with Fondness t'wards thee,
Yet still I dye with Joy to save *Hippolitus.*

Hip. Dye to save me! Could I outlive *Ismena*?

Ism. Yes, you'd outlive her in your *Phædra's* Arms,
And may you there find ev'ry blooming Pleasure;
Oh, may the Gods show'r Blessings on thy Head!
May the Gods crown thy glorious Arms with Conquest,
And all thy peaceful Days with sure Repose:
May'st thou be blest with lovely *Phædra's* Charms,
And for thy ease forget the lost *Ismena.*
Farewell, *Hippolitus.*

Hip. Ismena stay,
Stay, hear me speak, or by th' infernal Powers
I'll not survive the Minute you depart.

Ism. What would you say? Ah! don't deceive my Weakness.

Hip. Deceive thee! Why, *Ismena*, do you wrong me?
Why doubt my Faith? O lovely, cruel Maid!
Why wound my tender Soul with harsh Suspicion?
Oh! by those charming Eyes, by thy dear Love,
I neither thought nor spoke, design'd nor promis'd
To love, or wed the Queen.

Ism. Speak on, my Lord,
My honest Soul inclines me to believe thee;

And

And much I fear, and much I hope I've wrong'd thee.

Hip. Then thus. I came and ſpake, but ſcarce of Love;
The eaſie Queen receiv'd my faint Addreſs
Whith eager Hope and unſuſpicious Faith.
Lycon with ſeeming Joy diſmiſs'd my Guards,
My gen'rous Soul diſdain'd the mean Deceit,
But ſtill deceiv'd her to obey *Iſmena*.

Iſm. Art thou then true? Thou art. Oh pardon me,
Pardon the Errors of a ſilly Maid,
Wild with her Fears, and mad with Jealouſie;
For ſtill that Fear, that Jealouſie was Love.
Haſte then, my Lord, and ſave your ſelf by Flight;
And when you're abſent, when your God-like Form
Shall ceaſe to chear forlorn *Iſmenas* Eyes,
Then let each Day, each Hour, each Minute bring
Some kind Remembrance of your conſtant Love:
Speak of your Health, your Fortune, and your Friends,
(For ſure thoſe Friends ſhall have my tender'ſt wiſhes)
Speak much of all; but of thy dear, dear Love.
Speak much, ſpeak very much, and ſtill ſpeak on.

Hip. Oh! thy dear Love ſhall ever be my Theme,
Of that alone I'll talk the live long Day;
But thus I'll talk, thus dwelling in thy Eyes,
Taſting the Odours of thy fragrant Boſom.
Come then to crown me with immortal Joys,
Come, be the kind Companion of my Flight,
Come haſte with me to leave this fatal Shore.
The Bark before prepar'd for my Departure
Expects its Freight; a hundred luſty Rowers
Have bar'd their ſinewy Arms, and call'd *Hippolitus*;
The looſen'd Canvas trembles with the Wind,
And the Sea whitens with auſpicious Gales.

Iſm. Fly then, my Lord, and may the Gods protect thee;

Fly, e're insidious *Lycon* work thy Ruin,
Fly, e're my Fondness talk thy Life away;
Fly from the Queen.

Hip. But not from my *Ismena.*
Why do you force me from your heav'nly sight,
With those dear Arms that ought to clasp me to thee?

Ism. Oh I could rave for ever at my Fate!
And with alternate Love and Fear possess'd,
Now force thee from my Arms, now snatch thee to my Breast,
And tremble till you go, but dye till you return.
Nay I could go; ye Gods, if I should go,
What would Fame say? If I should fly alone
With a young lovely Prince that charm'd my Soul?

Hip. Say you did well to fly a certain Ruin,
To fly the Fury of a Queen incens'd,
To crown with endless Joys the Youth that lov'd you.
O! by the Joys our mutual Loves have brought,
By the blest Hours I've languish'd at your Feet,
By all the Love you ever bore *Hippolitus*,
Come fly from hence and make him ever happy.

Ism. Hide me, ye Pow'rs; I never shall resist.

Hip. Will you refuse me? Can I leave behind me
All that inspires my Soul and chears my Eyes?
Will you not go? Then here I'll wait my Doom.
Come, raving *Phædra*, bloody *Lycon* come;
I offer to your Rage this worthless Life,
Since 'tis no longer my *Ismenas* Care.

Ism. O! haste away, my Lord, I go, I fly
Thro' all the Dangers of the boist'rous Deep.
When the Wind whistles thro' the crackling Masts,
When thro' the yawning Ship the foaming Sea
Rowls bubbling in; then, then I'll clasp thee fast,
And in transporting Love forget my Fear.
Oh! I will wander thro' the *Scythian* Gloom,
O'er Ice, and Hills of everlasting Snow:
There when the horrid Darkness shall enclose us,

When

When the bleak Wind ſhall chill my ſhiv'ring Limbs,
Thou ſhalt alone ſupply the diſtant Sun,
And chear my gazing Eyes, and warm my Heart.
Hip. Come, let's away, and like another *Jaſon*
I'll bear my beauteous Conqueſt thro' the Seas:
A greater Treaſure and a nobler Prize
Than he from *Colchos* bore. Sleep, ſleep in Peace
Ye Monſters of the Woods, on *Idas* top
Securely roam; no more my early Horn
Shall wake the lazy Day. Tranſporting Love
Reigns in my Heart, and makes me all its own.
So when bright *Venus* yielded up her Charms,
The bleſt *Adonis* languiſht in her Arms;
His idle Horn on fragrant Mirtles hung,
His Arrows ſcatter'd, and his Bow unſtrung:
Obſcure in Coverts lye his dreaming Hounds,
And bay the fancy'd Boar with feeble Sounds.
For nobler Sports he quits the Savage Fields,
And all the Heroe to the Lover yields.

The End of the ſecond Act.

ACT III.

Enter Lycon.

Lycon.

HEav'n is at laſt appeas'd: the pitying Gods
Have heard our Wiſhes, and auſpicious *Jove*
Smiles on his Native Iſle; for *Phædra* lives,
Reſtor'd to *Crete*, and to her ſelf, ſhe lives;
Joy with freſh Strength inſpires her drooping Limbs,
Revives her Charms, and o'er her faded Cheeks

Spreads a freſh roſie Bloom, as kindly Springs
With genial Heat renew the frozen Earth,
And paint its ſmiling Face with gawdy Flow'rs.
But ſee ſhe comes, the beaut'ous *Phædra* comes.

Enter Phædra.

How her Eyes ſparkle! how their radiant Beams
Confeſs their ſhining Anceſtor the Sun!
Your Charms to Day will wound deſpairing Crowds,
And give the Pains you ſuffer'd: Nay, *Hippolitus*
The fierce, the brave, th' inſenſible *Hippolitus*
Shall pay a willing Homage to your Beauty,
And in his turn adore...

Phæd. 'Tis Flatt'ry all;
Yet when you name the Prince, that Flatt'ry's pleaſing.
You wiſh it ſo, poor good old Man, you wiſh it.
The fertile Province of *Cydonia's* thine;
Is there ought elſe? Has happy *Phædra* ought
In the wide Circle of her fat ſtretch'd Empire?
Ask, take, my Friend, ſecure of no Repulſe?
Let ſpacious *Crete* thro' all her hundred Cities
Reſound her *Phædras* Joy. Let Altars ſmoak,
And richeſt Gums, and Spice, and Incenſe roll
Their fragrant Wreaths to Heav'n, to pitying Heav'n,
Which gives *Hippolitus* to *Phædras* Arms.
Set all at large, and bid the loathſom Dungeons
Give up the meagre Slaves that pine in Darkneſs,
And waſte in Grief, as did deſpairing *Phædra*:
Let them be chear'd, let the ſtarv'd Priſoners riot,
And glow with gen'rous Wine... Let Sorrow ceaſe.
Let none be wretched, none, ſince *Phædra's* happy.
But now he comes! and with an equal Paſſion
Rewards my Flame, and ſprings into my Arms.

Enter Meſſenger.

Say, where's the Prince?

Meſſ. He's no where to be found.

Phæd. Perhaps he hunts.

Meſſ. He hunted not to-day.

Phæd. Ha! have you ſearch'd the Courts, the Temples?

Meſſ. Search'd all in vain.

Phæd. Did he not hunt to-day?
Alas! you told me once before he did not:
My Heart miſgives me.

Lyc. So indeed doth mine.

Phæd. Cou'd he deceive me? Cou'd that Godlike Youth
Deſign the Ruin of a Queen that loves him?
Oh! he's all Truth, his Words, his Looks, his Eyes
Open to view his inmoſt Thoughts... He comes!
Ha! who art thou? Whence com'ſt thou? Where's *Hippolitus*?

Meſſ. Madam, *Hippolitus* with fair *Iſmene*
Drove tow'rd the Port...

Phæd. With fair *Iſmene*!
Curs'd be her cruel Beauty, curſt her Charms,
Curſt all her ſoothing, fatal, falſe Endearments.
That heav'nly Virgin, that exalted Goodneſs
Cou'd ſee me tortur'd with deſpairing Love,
With artful Tears cou'd mourn my monſtrous Suff'rings,
While her baſe Malice plotted my Deſtruction.

Lyc. A thouſand Reaſons croud upon my Soul,
That evidence their Love.

Phæd. Yes, yes, they love,
Why elſe ſhould he refuſe my proffer'd Bed?
Why ſhould one warm'd with Youth, and Thirſt of Glory,

Diſdain a Soul, a Form, a Crown like mine?
Lyc. Where, *Lycon*, where was then thy boaſted cunning?
Dull, thoughtleſs Wretch.
Phæd. O Pains unfelt before!
The Grief, Deſpair, the Agonies, and Pangs,
All the wild Fury of diſtracted Love,
Are nought to this... Say, famous Politician,
Where, when, and how did their firſt Paſſion riſe?
Where did they breath their Sighs? What ſhady Groves?
What gloomy Woods conceal'd their hidden Loves?
Alas! they hid it not, the well pleas'd Sun
With all his Beams ſurvey'd their guiltleſs Flame;
Glad *Zephyrs* wafted their untainted Sighs,
And *Ida* eccho'd their endearing Accents:
While I, the Shame of Nature, hid in Darkneſs,
Far from the balmy Air and cheering Light,
Preſt down my Sighs, and dry'd my falling Tears,
Searcht a Retreat to mourn, and watcht to grieve.
Lyc. Now ceaſe that Grief, and let your injur'd Love
Contrive due Vengeance; let majeſtick *Phædra*
That lov'd the Hero ſacrifice the Villain.
Then haſte, ſend forth your Miniſters of Vengeance,
To ſnatch the Traytor from your Rivals Arms,
And force him trembling to your awful Preſence.
Phæd. O rightly thought... Diſpatch th' attending Guards,
Bid them bring forth their Inſtruments of Death;
Darts, Engines, Flames, and lanch into the deep,
And hurl ſwift Vengeance on the perjur'd Slave.
Where am I, Gods? What is't my Rage Commands?
Ev'n now he's gone? Ev'n now the well tim'd Oars
With ſounding Stroaks divide the ſparkling Waves,
And happy Gales aſſiſt their ſpeedy Flight.
Now they embrace, and ardent Love enflames
Their

Their flushing Cheeks, and trembles in their Eyes.
Now they expose my Weakness and my Crimes.
Now to the sporting Crowd they tell my Follies.

Enter Cratander.

Crat. Sir, as I went to seize the Persons order'd
I met the Prince, and with him fair *Ismena*;
I seiz'd the Prince, who now attends without.
Phad. Haste, bring him in.
Lyc. Be quick and seize *Ismena*.

Enter Hippolitus.

Phad. Cou'dst thou deceive me? Cou'd a Son of *Theseus*
Stoop to so mean, so base a Vice as Fraud?
Nay, act such monstrous Perfidy, yet start
From promis'd Love.
Hip. My Soul disdain'd a Promise.
Phad. But yet your false equivocating Tongue,
Your Looks, your Eyes, your ev'ry Motion promis'd.
But you are ripe in Frauds, and learn'd in Falshoods.
Look down, O *Theseus*, and behold thy Son,
As *Sciron* faithless, as *Procrustes* cruel.
Behold the Crimes, the Tyrants, all the Monsters,
From which thy Valour purg'd the groaning Earth:
Behold them all in thy own Son reviv'd.
Hip. Touch not my Glory, lest you stain your own,
I still have strove to make my glorious Father
Blush, yet rejoyce to seem himself outdone;
To mix my Parents in my lineal Vertues,
As *Theseus* just, and as *Camilla* chast.
Phad. The Godlike *Theseus* never was thy Parent.
No, 'Twas some Monthly *Cappadocian* Drudge,
Obedient to the Scourge, and beaten to her Arms,
Begot thee, Traytor, on the chast *Camilla*.

Camilla chaſt! an *Amazon* and chaſt!
That quits her Sex and yet retains her Vertue.
See the chaſt Matron mount the neighing Steed,
In ſtrict Embraces lock the ſtrugling Warriour,
And chooſe the Lover in the ſturdy Foe.
Enter Meſſenger and ſeems to talk earneſtly with Lycon.
Hip. No; ſhe refu'd the Vows of Godlike *Theſeus*,
And choſe to ſtand his Arms, not meet his Love;
And doubtful was the Fight. The wide *Thermodoon*
Heard the huge Stroaks reſound, its frighted Waves
Convey'd the rate'ling din to diſtant Shores,
Whilſt ſhe alone ſupported all his War:
Nor till ſhe ſank beneath his thund'ring Arm,
Beneath which, warlike Nations bow'd, wou'd yield
To honeſt wiſht for Love.
Phad. Not ſo her Son,
Who boldly ventures on forbidden Flames,
On one deſcended from the cruel *Pallas*,
Foe to thy Fathers Perſon and his Blood;
Hated by him, of Kindred yet more hated;
The laſt of all the wicked Race he ruin'd.
In vain a fierce ſucceſſive Hatred reign'd
Between your Sires: In vain, like *Cadmus* Race,
With mingl'd Blood they dy'd the bluſhing Earth.
Hip. In vain indeed, ſince now the War is o'er;
We, like the *Theban* Race, agree to love,
And by our mutual Flames and future Offspring,
Atone for Slaughter paſt.
Phad. Your future Offspring.
Heav'ns! What a medly's this? What dark Confuſion,
Of Blood and Death, of Murder and Relation?
What Joy 't had been to old diſabled *Theſeus*,
When he ſhould take the Offspring in his Arms?
Ev'n in his Arms to hold an Infant *Pallas*,
And be upbraided with his Grandires Fate;
Oh barb'rous Youth!
Lyc. Too barbarous I fear.
Perhaps

Perhaps ev'n now his Faction's up in Arms;
Since waving Crowds roll onwards tow'rds the Palace,
And rend the City with tumultuous Clamours!
Perhaps to murder *Phædra* and her Son,
And give the Crown to him and his *Iſmena*:
But I'll prevent it. [*Exit* Lycon.

Iſmena *brought in.*

Phæd. What! the kind *Iſmena*
That nurs'd me, watch'd my Sickneſs; oh ſhe watch'd me!
As rav'nous Vultures watch the dying Lyon,
To tear his Heart and riot in his Blood.
Hark! hark my little Infant cryes for Juſtice!
Oh! be appeas'd my Babe, thou ſhalt have Juſtice.
Now all the Spirits of my Godlike Race
Enflame my Soul and urge me on to Vengeance.
Arſamnes, *Minos*, *Jove*, th' avenging Sun
Inſpire my Fury and require my Juſtice.
Oh! you ſhall have it, thou, *Minos*, ſhalt applaud it;
Yes thou ſhalt copy it in their Pains below.
Gods of Revenge ariſe... He comes! he comes!
And ſhoots himſelf thro' all my kindling Blood.
I have it here... Now baſe perfidious Wretch,
Now ſigh, and Weep, and tremble in thy turn.
Yes, your *Iſmena* ſhall appeaſe my Vengeance.
Iſmena dies: and thou her pitying Lover
Doom'dſt her to Death... Thou too ſhalt ſee her bleed;
See her convulſive Pangs, and hear her dying Groans;
Go, glut thy Eyes with thy ador'd *Iſmena*,
And laugh at dying *Phædra*.

Hip. Oh *Iſmena!*

Iſm. Alas! my tender Soul wou'd ſhrink at Death,
Shake with its Fears, and ſink beneath its Pains,
In any Cauſe but this... But now I'm ſteel'd,

And

And the near Danger leſſens to my ſight,
Now, if I live, 'tis only for *Hippolitus*,
And with an equal Joy I'll dye to ſave him.
Yes, for his Sake I'll go a willing Shade,
And wait his coming in th' *Elyſian* Fields,
And there enquire of each deſcending Ghoſt
Of my lov'd Heroes Welfare, Life, and Honour,
That dear Remembrance will improve the Bliſs;
Add to th' *Elyſian* Joys, and make that Heav'n more happy,

Hip. Oh heav'nly Virgin! [*Aſide.*] Oh imperial *Phædra!*
Let your Rage fall on this devoted Head;
But ſpare! oh ſpare a guiltleſs Virgins Life:
Think of her Youth, her Innocence, her Virtue;
Think with what warm Compaſſion ſhe bemoans you,
Think how ſhe ſerv'd and watch'd you in your Sickneſs;
How ev'ry riſing and deſcending Sun
Saw kind *Iſmena* watching o'er the Queen.
I only promis'd, I alone deceiv'd you;
And I, and only I, ſhou'd feel your Juſtice.

Iſm. Oh! by theſe Pow'rs, to whom I ſoon muſt anſwer
For all my Faults, by that bright Arch of Heav'n
I now laſt ſee, I wrought him by my Wiles,
By Tears, by Threats, by ev'ry Female Art,
Wrought his diſdaining Soul to falſe Complyance.
The Son of *Theſeus* could not think of Fraud,
'Twas Woman all.

Phad. I ſee 'twas Woman all.
And Womans Fraud ſhou'd meet with Womans Vengeance,
But yet thy Courage, Truth, and Vertue ſhock me:
A Love ſo warm, ſo firm, ſo like my own.
Oh! had the Gods ſo pleas'd; had bounteous Heav'n Beſtow'd

Beſtow'd *Hippolitus* on *Phædra*; Arms,
So had I ſtood the ſhock of angry Fate;
So had I giv'n my Life with Joy to ſave him.
Hip. And can you doom her Death? Can *Mino's* Daughter
Condemn the Virtue which her Soul admires?
Are not you *Phædra*? Once the boaſt of Fame,
Shame of our Sex, and Pattern of your own.
Phæd. Am I that *Phædra*? No... Another Soul
Informs my alter'd Frame. Cou'd elſe *Iſmena*
Provoke my Hatred, yet deſerve my Love?
Aid me, ye Gods, ſupport my ſinking Glory,
Reſtore my Reaſon, and confirm my Virtue.
Yet, is my Rage unjuſt? Then why was *Phædra*
Reſcu'd for Torment, and preſerv'd for Pain?
Why did you raiſe me to the heighth of Joy,
Above the wreck of Clouds and Storms below,
To daſh and break me on the Ground for ever?
Iſm. Was it not time to urge him to Compliance?
At leaſt to feign it, when perfidious *Lycon*
Confin'd his Perſon, and conſpir'd his Death.
Phæ. Confin'd and doom'd to Death... O cruel *Lycon*!
Cou'd I have doom'd thy Death... Cou'd theſe ſad Eyes
That lov'd thee living e'er behold thee dead?
Yet thou coud'ſt ſee me dye without Concern,
Rather than ſave a wretched Queen from Ruin.
Elſe cou'd you chuſe to truſt the warring winds,
The ſwelling Waves, the Rocks, the faithleſs Sands,
And all the raging Monſters of the Deep!
Oh! think you ſee me on the naked Shoar.
Think how I ſcream and tear my ſcatter'd Hair?
Break from th' Embraces of my ſhrieking Maids,
And harrow on the Sand my bleeding Boſom:
Then catch with wite ſtretch'd Arms the empty Billows,

And

And headlong plunge into the gaping Deep.

Hip. O, dismal State! my bleeding Heart Relents,
And all my Thoughts dissolve in tender ſt Pity.

Phæ. If you can pity, O! refuse not Love!
But stoop to rule in *Crete* the Seat of Heroes,
And Nursery of Gods... A hundred Cities
Court thee for Lord, where the rich busie Crowds
Struggle for Passage thro' the spacious Streets;
Where thousand Ships o'ershade the less'ning Main,
And tire the lab'ring Wind The Suppliant Nations
Bow to its Ensigns, and with lower'd Sails
Confess the Oceans Queen. For thee alone
The Winds shall blow, and the vast Ocean roll.
For thee alone the fam'd *Cydonian* Warriours
From twanging Eughs shall send their fatal Shafts.

Hip. Then let me march their Leader, not their Prince,
And at the Head of your renown'd *Cydonians*,
Brandish this far fam'd Sword of conqu'ring *Theseus*;
That I may shake th' Egyptian Tyrants Yoke
From *Asias* Neck, and fix it on his own;
That willing Nations may obey your Laws,
And your bright Ancestor the Sun may shine
On nought but *Phædras* Empire.

Phæd. Why not thine?
Dost thou so far detest my proffer'd Bed,
As to refuse my Crown?... O, cruel Youth!
By all the Pain that Wings my tortur'd Soul;
By all the dear deceitful Hopes you gave me,
O! ease, at least once more delude my Sorrows;
For your dear Sake I've lost my darling Honour?
For you, but now I gave my Soul to Death:
For you I'd quit my Crown and stoop beneath
The happy Bondage of an humble Wife.
With thee I'd climb the steepy *Idas* summet,
And in the scorching Heat and chilling Dews,
O'er Hills. o'er Vales pursue the shaggy Lion;

Care-

Careleſs of Danger and of waſting Toil;
Of pinching Hunger and impatient Thirſt;
I'd find all Joys in thee.

Hip. Why ſtoops the Queen
To ask, intreat, to ſupplicate and pray,
To proſtitute her Crown and Sexes Honour;
To one whoſe humble thoughts can only riſe
To be your Slave, not Lord?

Phæd. And is that all?
Gods! does he deign to force an artful Groan?
Or call a Tear from his unwilling Eyes.
Hard as his native Rocks, cold as his Sword,
Fierce as the Wolves that howl'd around his Birth,
He hates the Tyrant, and the Suppliant ſcorns.
O Heav'n! O *Minos!* O imperial *Jove!*
Do ye not bluſh at my degenerate Weakneſs!
Hence lazy, mean, ignoble Paſſion fly;
Hence from my Soul... 'Tis gone, 'tis fled for ever,
And Heav'n inſpires my Thoughts with righteous Vengeance.
Thou ſhalt no more deſpiſe my offer'd Love;
No more *Iſmena* ſhall upbraid my Weakneſs.

[*Catches* Hip. *Sword to ſtab her ſelf.*

Now all ye kindred Gods look down and ſee
How I'll revenge you, and my ſelf, on *Phædra.*

Enter Lycon, *and ſnatches away the Sword.*

Lyc. Horror on horror! *Theſeus* is return'd.

Phæd. Theſeus! then what have I to do with Life?
May I be ſnatch'd with Winds, by Earth o'erwhelm'd,
Rather than view the Face of injur'd *Theſeus.*
Now wider ſtill my growing Horrors ſpread,
My Fame, my Vertue, nay my Frenzy's fled:
Then view thy wretched Blood, Imperial *Jove,*
If Crimes entage you, or Misfortunes move;

On

On me your Flames, on me your Bolts employ;
Me if your Anger ſpares, your Pity ſhould deſtroy.
Runs off.

Lyc. This may do Service yet.
[*Exit* Lycon, *carries off the Sword.*

Hip. Is he return'd? Thanks to the pitying Gods.
Shall I again behold his awful Eyes?
Again be folded in his loving Arms?
Yet in the midſt of Joy I fear for *Phædra*;
I fear his Warmth and unrelenting Juſtice.
O! ſhould her raging Paſſion reach his Ears,
His tender Love, by Anger fir'd would turn
To burning Rage; as ſoft *Sydonian* Oyl,
Whoſe balmy Juice glides o'er th' untaſting Tongue;
Yet toucht with Fire, with hotteſt Flames will blaze.
But oh ye Pow'rs! I ſee his Godlike Form.
O Extaſie of Joy! He comes, he comes!
Is it my Lord? my Father? Oh! 'tis he:
I ſee him, touch him, feel his known Embraces
Seel all the Father in his joyful Eyes.

Enter Theſeus, *with others.*

Where have you been, my Lord? What angry Dæmon
Hid you from *Crete*, from me? ... What God has ſav'd you
Did not *Philautus* ſee you fall? O anſwer me!
And then I'll ask a thouſand Queſtions more.

Theſ. No: but to ſave my Life I feign'd my Death;
My Horſe and well known Arms confirm'd the Tale,
And hinder'd farther ſearch. This honeſt Greek
Conceal'd me in his Houſe, and cur'd my Wounds,
Procur'd a Veſſel; and to bleſs me more,
Accompany'd my Flight. ...
But this at Leiſure. Let me now indulge
A Fathers Fondneſs; let me ſnatch thee thus;

Thus

Thus fold thee in my Arms: ſuch, ſuch was I
[*Embraces* Hippolitus.
When firſt I ſaw thy Mother, chaſt *Camilla*;
And much ſhe lov'd me... Oh! did *Phædra* view me
With half that Fondneſs... But ſhe's ſtill unkind;
Elſe haſty Joy had brought her to theſe Arms,
To welcome me to Liberty, to Life;
And make that Life a Bleſſing. Come, my Son,
Let us to *Phædra*.

Hip. Pardon me, my Lord.

Theſ. Forget her former Treatment; ſhe's too good
Still to perſiſt in Hatred to my Son.

Hip. O! let me fly from *Crete*, ... from you, and *Phædra*. [*Aſide.*]

Theſ. My Son, what means this turn? This ſudden ſtart?
Why would you fly from *Crete*, and from your Father?

Hip. Not from my Father, but from lazy *Crete*;
To follow Danger, and acquire Renown;
To quell the Monſters that eſcap'd your Sword,
And make the World confeſs me *Theſeus* Son.

Theſ. What can this coldneſs mean? Retire my Son,
[*Exit.* Hippolitus.
While I attend the Queen... What ſhock is this?
Why tremble thus my Limbs? Why faints my Heart?
Why am I thrill'd with Fear, till now unknown?
Where's now the Joy, the Extaſie, and Tranſport
That warm'd my Soul, and urg'd me on to *Phædra*?
O! had I never lov'd her I'd been bleſt.

Sorrow and Joy in Love alternat reign;
Sweet is the Bliſs, diſtracting is the Pain.
So when the *Nile* its fruitful Deluge ſpreads,
And genial Heat informs its ſlimy Beds;
Here yellow Harveſts crown the fertile Plain,
There monſtrous Serpents fright the lab'ring Swain:

A various product fills the fatten'd Sand,
And the same Floods enrich and curse the Land.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

Enter Lycon *solus.*

Lycon.

This may gain Time till all my Wealth's embark'd,
To ward my Foes Revenge, and finish mine,
And shake that Empire which I can't possess.
But then the Queen... she dyes... why let her dye;
Let wide Destruction seize on all together,
So *Lycon* live... A safe triumphant Exile,
Great in Disgrace, and envy'd in his Fall.
The Queen! ... Then try thy Art and work her Passions;

Enter Phædra *and Attendants.*

Draw her to act what most her Soul abhors,
Possess her whole, and speak thy self in *Phædra.*

Phæd. Off, let me loose; why cruel barb'rous Maids,
Why am I barr'd from Death, the common Refuge,
That spreads its hospitable Arms for all?
Why must I drag th' insufferable Load
Of foul Dishonour, and despairing Love?
Oh! length of Pain! Am I so often dying,
And yet not dead? Feel I so oft Death's Pangs?

Nor

Nor once can find its Eaſe?

Lyc. Would you now dye?
Now quit the Field to your inſulting Foe?
Then ſhall he triumph o'er your blaſted Name:
Ages to come, the Univerſe ſhall learn
The wide Immortal Infamy of *Phædra*:
And the poor Babe, the Idol of your Soul,
The lovely Image of your dear dead Lord,
Shall be upbraided with his Mothers Crimes;
Shall bear your Shame, ſhall ſink beneath your Faults;
Inherit your Diſgrace, but not your Crown.

Phæd. Muſt he too fall, involv'd in my Deſtruction,
And only live to curſe the Name of *Phædra*?
Oh dear, unhappy Babe! muſt I bequeath thee
Only a ſad Inheritance of Woe?
Gods! cruel Gods! can't all my Pains atone,
Unleſs they reach my Infants guiltleſs Head?
Oh loſt Eſtate! when Life's ſo ſharp a Torment,
And Death it ſelf can't eaſe! Aſſiſt me, *Lycon*,
Adviſe, ſpeak Comfort to my Troubled Soul.

Lyc. 'Tis you muſt drive that Trouble from your Soul;
As Streams when dam'd forget their ancient Currents,
And wond'ring at their Banks in other Channels flow;
So muſt you bend your Thoughts from hopeleſs Love,
So turn their Courſe to *Theſeus* happy Boſom,
And crow his eager Hopes with wiſh'd Enjoyment:
Then with freſh Charms adorn your troubl'd Looks,
Diſplay the Beauties firſt inſpir'd his Soul,
Sooth with your Voice, and wooe him with your Eyes.

Phæd. Impoſſible! What wooe him with theſe Eyes

Still wet with Tears that flow'd; But not for *Theſeus*?
This Tongue ſo us'd to ſound another Name?
What! take him to my Arms, oh awful *Juno!*
Touch, Love, Careſs him! while my wand'ring Fancy
On other Objects ſtrays? A lewd Adultreſs
In the chaſt Bed? And in the Fathers Arms,
Oh horrid Thought! oh execrable Inceſt!
Ev'n in the Fathers Arms embrace the Son?

Lyc. Yet you muſt ſee him, leaſt impatient Love
Shou'd urge his Temper to too nice a ſearch,
And ill-tim'd Abſence ſhould diſcloſe your Crime.

Phæd. Cou'd I when preſent to his awful Eyes
Conceal the wild Diſorders of my Soul?
Wou'd not my Groans, my Looks, my Speech betray me?
Betray thee, *Phædra*! then thou'rt not betray'd:
Live, live ſecure, adoring *Crete* conceals thee;
Thy pious Love, and moſt endearing Goodneſs
Will charm the kind *Hippolitus* to Silence.
Oh wretched *Phædra*! oh ill-guarded Secret!
To Foes alone diſclos'd!

Lyc. I needs muſt fear them,
Spight of their Oaths, their Vows, their Imprecations.

Phæd. Do Imprecations, Oaths, or Vows avail?
I too have ſworn, ev'n at the Altar ſworn
Eternal Love and endleſs Faith to *Theſeus*;
And yet am falſe, forſworn; the hallow'd Shrine,
That heard me ſwear, is Witneſs to my Falſhood;
The Youth, the very Author of my Crimes,
Ev'n he ſhall tell the Fault himſelf inſpir'd;
The fatal Eloquence that charm'd my Soul
Shall laviſh all its Art to my Deſtruction.

Lyc. Oh he will tell it all... Deſtruction ſeize him...
With ſeeming Grief, and aggravating Pity,
And more to blacken will excuſe your Folly;

False Tears shall wet his unrelenting Eyes,
And his glad Heart with artful Sighs shall heave:
Then *Theseus*,... How will Indignation swell
His mighty Heart? How his majestick Frame
Will shake with Rage too fierce, too swift for vent?
How he'll expose you to the publick Scorn,
And loathing Crowds shall murmur out their Horror.
Then the fierce *Scythian*,... Now methinks I see
His fiery Eyes with sullen Pleasures glow,
Survey your Tortures, and insult your Pangs;
I see him, smiling on the pleas'd *Ismena*,
Point out with Scorn the once proud Tyrant *Phadra*.

Phad. Curst be his Name! may Infamy attend him;
May swift Destruction fall upon his Head,
Hurl'd by the Hand of those he most adores.

Lyc. By Heaven, prophetick Truth inspires your Tongue;
He shall endure the Shame he means to give,
And all the Torments which he heaps on you,
With just Revenge shall *Theseus* turn on him.

Phad. Is't possible? Oh *Lycon*! oh my Refuge!
Oh good old Man! thou Oracle of Wisdom,
Declare the means that *Phadra* may adore thee.

Lyc. Accuse him first.

Phad. Oh Heavens! accuse the guiltless?

Lyc. Then be accus'd; let *Theseus* know your Crime;
Let lasting Infamy o'erwhelm your Glory,
Let your Foe triumph, and your Infant fall...
Shake off this idle Lethargy of Pity,
With ready War prevent th' invading Foe,
Preserve your Glory, and secure your Vengeance:
Be yours the fruit, Security, and Ease;
The Guilt, the Danger, and the labour mine.

Phad. Heav'ns, *Theseus* comes!

Enter Theseus.

Lyc. Declare your last Resolves.

Pind. Do you resolve, for *Phædra* can do nothing.

[*Exit Phædra.*

Lyc. Now, *Lycus*, heighten his impatient Love,
Now raise his Fury, now enflame his Rage,
Quicken his Hopes then quash 'em with Despair,
Work his tumultuous Passions into Frenzy,
Unite 'em all, then turn them on the Foe.

Thes. Was that my Queen, my Wife, my Idol, *Phædra*?
Does she still shun me? Oh injurious Heav'n!
Why did you give me back again to Life?
Why did you save me from the Rage of Battle,
To let me fall by her more fatal Hatred? [Fondness,

Lyc. Her hatred! no, she loves you with such
As none but that of *Theseus* e'er could equal;
Yet so the Gods have doom'd, so Heav'n will have it,
She ne'er must view her much lov'd *Theseus* more.

Thes. Not see her? by my Sufferings but I will,
Tho' Troops embattl'd shou'd oppose my Passage,
And ready Death shou'd guard the fatal way.
Not see her! oh I'll clasp her in these Arms
Break thro' the idle Bands that yet have held me,
And seize the Joys my honest Love may claim.

Lyc. Is this a time for Joy? When *Phædras* Grief.

Thes. Is this a time for Grief? Is this my welcome
To Air, to Life, to Liberty, and *Greece*?
Not this, I hop'd, when urg'd by ardent Love,
I wing'd my eager way to *Phædras* Arms;
Then to my thoughts relenting *Phædra* flew,
With open Arms to welcome my Return,
With kind endearing Blame condemn'd my Rashness,
And made me swear to venture out no more.
Oh my warm Soul! my boiling Fancy glow'd

With

With charming Hopes of yet unsated Joys;
Now Pleasures fill'd my Mind, all Dangers, Pains,
Wars, Wounds, Defeats, in that dear Hope were
lost.
And does she now avoid my eager Love,
Pursue me still with unrelenting Hatred,
Invent new Pains, detest, loath, shun my sight,
Fly my Return, and sorrow for my Safety?
Lyc. Oh think not so: for by th' unerring Gods,
When first I told her of your wish'd Return,
When the lov'd Name of *Theseus* reach't her Ears,
At that dear Name she rear'd her drooping Head,
Her feeble Hands, and wat'ry Eyes to Heav'n,
To bless the bounteous Gods: At that dear Name
The raging Tempest of her Grief was calm'd;
Her Sighs were hush't, and Tears forgot to flow.
Thes. Did my Return bring Comfort to her
Sorrow?
Then haste, conduct me to the lovely Mourner;
Oh I will kiss the pearly drops away;
Suck from her rose Lips the fragrant Sighs;
With other Sighs her panting Breast shall heave,
With other Dews her swimming Eyes shall melt,
With other Pangs her throbbing Heart shall beat,
And all her Sorrows shall be lost in Love.
Lyc. Does *Theseus* burn with such unheard of
Passion?
And must not she with out-stretch'd Arms receive
him?
And with an equal ardour meet his Vows?
The Vows of one so dear! Oh righteous Gods!
Why must the bleeding Heart of *Theseus* bear
Such torturing Pangs? While *Phedra* dead to Love.
Now with accusing Eyes on angry Heav'n
Stedfastly gazes, and upbraids the Gods;
Now with dumb piercing Grief, and humble Shame,
Fixes their gloomy watry Orbs to Earth;

Now burſt with ſwelling Anguiſh, rends the Skies
With loud Complaints of her outragious Wrongs?
Theſ. Wrong'd! Is ſhe wrong'd? And lives he yet that wrong'd her?
Lyc. He lives, ſo great, ſo happy, ſo belov'd,
That *Phædra* ſcarce can hope, ſcarce wiſh Revenge.
Theſ. Shall *Theſeus* live, and not revenge his *Phædra*?
Gods! ſhall this Arm, renown'd for righteous Vengeance,
For quelling Tyrants, and redreſſing Wrongs,
Now fail? Now firſt, when *Phædra's* injur'd, fail?
Speak, *Lycon*, haſte, declare the ſecret Villain,
The Wretch ſo meanly baſe to injure *Phædra*,
So raſhly brave to dare the Sword of *Theſeus*.
Lyc. I dare not ſpeak, but ſure her Wrongs are mighty;
The pale cold hue that deadens all her Charms,
Her Sighs, her hollow Groans, her flowing Tears
Make me ſuſpect her monſt'rous Grief will end her.
Theſ. End her! end *Theſeus* firſt, and all Mankind;
But moſt that Villain, that deteſted Slave,
That brutal Coward, that dark lurking Wretch.
Lyc. Oh noble Heat of unexampl'd Love!
This *Phædra* hop'd when in the midſt of Grief,
In the wild Torrent of o'erwhelming Sorrows,
She groaning ſtill invok'd, ſtill call'd on *Theſeus*.
Theſ. Did ſhe then name me, did the weeping Charmer
Invoke my Name, and call for Aid on *Theſeus*?
Oh that lov'd Voice upbraided my Delay.
Why then this ſtay? I come, I fly, Oh *Phædra*!
Lead on... Now, dark Diſturber of my Peace,
If now thou'rt known, what Luxury of Vengeance...
Haſte, lead, conduct me.
Lyc. O! I beg you ſtay.
Theſ. What! ſtay when *Phædra* calls?

Lyc.

Lyc. Oh! on my Knees,
By all the Gods, my Lord, I beg you ſtay;
As you reſpect your Peace, your Life, your Glory:
As *Phædras* Days are precious to your Soul;
By all your Love, by all her Sorrows ſtay.

Theſ. Where lies the Danger? Wherefore ſhould I ſtay?

Lyc. Your ſudden Preſence wou'd ſurprize her Soul,
Renew the galling Image of her Wrongs,
Revive her Sorrow, Indignation, Shame
And all your Son wou'd ſtrike her from your Eyes.

Theſ. My Son... But he's too good, too brave to wrong her.
... Whence then that ſhocking Change, that ſtrong Surprize;
That Fright that ſeiz'd him at the Name of *Phædra*.

Lyc. Was he ſurpriz'd? that ſhow'd at leaſt Remorſe.

Theſ. Remorſe! for what? By Heav'ns my troubled Thoughts
Preſage ſome dire Attempt... Say what Remorſe.

Lyc. I wou'd not, ... Yet I muſt... This you command;
This *Phædra* orders; thrice her fault'ring Tongue
Bad me unfold the guilty Scene to *Theſeus*:
Thrice with loud Cries recall'd me on my way,
And blam'd my Speed, and chid my raſh Obedience;
Leaſt the unwelcome Tale ſhou'd wound your Peace.
At laſt, with Looks ſerenely ſad, ſhe cry'd;
Go tell it all, but in ſuch artful Words,
Such tender Accents, and ſuch melting Sounds
As may appeaſe his Rage, and move his Pity;
As may incline him to forgive his Son
A grievous Fault, but ſtill a Fault of Love.

Theſ. Of Love! What ſtrange Suſpicions rack my Soul?
As you regard my Peace declare what Love.

Lyc. So urg'd I must declare; yet, pitying Heav'n,
Why must I speak? Why must unwilling *Lycon*
Accuse the Prince of impious Love to *Phædra*?

Thes. Love to his Mother! to the Wife of *Theseus*.

Lyc. Yes, at the Moment first he view'd her Eyes,
Ev'n at the Altar when you joyn'd your Hands,
His easie Heart receiv'd the guilty Flame;
And from that time he prest her with his Passion.

Thes. Then 'twas for this she banish'd him from *Crete*?
I thought it Hatred all: Oh righteous Hatred!
Forgive me, Heav'n, forgive me, injur'd *Phædra*,
That I in secret have condemn'd thy Justice.
Oh! 'twas all just, and *Theseus* shall revenge,
Ev'n on his Son revenge his *Phædra*'s Wrongs.

Lyc. [*Aside.*] What easie Tools are these blunt honest Heroes,
Who with keen Hunger gorge the naked Hook,
Prevent the Bait the Statesmans Art prepares,
And post to Ruin.. Go, believing Fool,
Go act thy far fam'd Justice on thy Son,
Next on thy self, and both make way for *Lycon*. [*Aside.*

Thes. Ha! am I sure she's wrong'd? Perhaps 'tis Malice.
Slave, make it clear, make good your Accusation,
Or treble Fury shall revenge my Son.

Lyc. Am I then doubted? and can faithful *Lycon*
Be thought to forge such execrable Falsehoods?
Gods! when the Queen unwillingly complains,
Can you suspect her Truth? Oh Godlike *Theseus*!
Is this the Love you bear unhappy *Phædra*?
Is this her hop'd for Aid? Go wretched Matron
Sigh to the Winds, and rend th' unpitying Heavens
With thy vain Sorrows; since relentless *Theseus*,
Thy Hope, thy Refuge, *Theseus*, will not hear thee.

Thes. Not hear my *Phædra*! not revenge her Wrongs!

Speak,

Speak, make thy Proofs, and then his Doom's at first
As when Jove speaks, and high *Olympus* shakes,
And Fate his Voice obeys.

Lyc. Bear Witness, Heav'n,
With what Reluctance I produce this Sword,
This fatal Proof against th' unhappy Prince,
Lest it shou'd work your Justice to his Ruin,
And prove he aim'd that Force, as well as Incest.

Thes. Gods! 'tis Illusion all! Is this the Sword
By which *Procuſtes*, *Scyron*, *Pallas* fell?
Is this the Weapon which my darling Son
Swore to employ in nought but Acts of Honour?
Now, faithful Youth, thou nobly hast fulfill'd
Thy gen'rous Promise. Oh most injur'd *Phædra*!
Why did I trust to his deceitful Form?
Why blame thy Justice, or suspect thy Truth?

Lyc. Had you this Morn beheld his ardent Eyes,
Seen his Arm lock'd in her dishevel'd Hair,
That Weapon glitt'ring o'er her trembling Bosom,
Whilst she with Screams refus'd his impious Love,
Entreating Death, and rising to the Wound.
Oh! had you seen her when the frighted Youth
Retir'd at your Approach; had you then seen her,
In the chast Transports of becoming Fury,
Seize on the Sword to pierce her guiltless Bosom,
Had you seen this, you cou'd not doubt her Truth.

Thes. Oh impious Monster! Oh forgive me *Phædra*!
And may the Gods inspire my injur'd Soul
With equal Vengeance that may suit his Crimes.

Lyc. For *Phædra's* sake forbear to talk of Vengeance;
That with new Pains wou'd wound her tender Breast:
Send him away from *Crete*, and by his Absence
Give *Phædra* Quiet; and afford him Mercy.

Thes. Mercy! for what! Oh! well has he rewarded
Poor *Phædra's* Mercy... Oh most barb'rous Traytor!

To

To wrong ſuch Beauty, and inſult ſuch Goodneſs.
Mercy! what's that? A Vertue coin'd by Villains;
Who praiſe the Weakneſs which ſupports their Crimes.
Be mute, and fly, leſt when my Rage is rous'd,
Thou for thy ſelf in vain implore my Mercy.

Lyc. [*Aſide.*] Dull fool, I laugh at Mercy more than thou doſt,
More than I do the Juſtice thou'rt ſo fond of.
Now come, young Heroe, to thy Fathers Arms,
Receive the due Reward of haughty Virtue;
Now boaſt thy Race, and laugh at Earth-born *Lycon.* [*Exit.*

Enter Hippolitus.

Theſ. Yet can it be.... Is this th' inceſtuous Villain?
How great his Preſence, how erect his Look,
How ev'ry Grace, how all his vertuous Mother
Shines in his Face, and charms me from his Eyes.
Oh *Neptune*! Oh, great Founder of our Race!
Why was he fram'd with ſuch a Godlike Look?
Why wears he not ſome moſt deteſted Form,
Baleful to ſight, as horrible to Thought,
That I might act my Juſtice without Grief,
Puniſh the Villain, not regret the Son?

Hip. May I preſume to ask what ſecret Care
Broods in your Breaſt, and clouds your royal Brow?
Why dart your awful Eyes thoſe angry Beams,
And fright *Hippolitus*, they us'd to chear?

Theſ. Anſwer me firſt; when call'd to wait on *Phædra*,
What ſudden Fear ſurpriz'd your troubl'd Soul?
Why did your ebbing Blood forſake your Cheeks?
Why did you haſten from your Fathers Arms
To ſhun the Queen your Duty bids you pleaſe?

Hip. My Lord, to pleaſe the Queen I'm forc'd to ſhun her, And

And keep this hated Object from her ſight.

Theſ. Say what's the Cauſe of her invet'rate Hatred?

Hip. My Lord, as yet I never gave her Cauſe.

Theſ. Oh were it ſo! [*Aſide*] When laſt did you attend her?

Hip. When laſt attend her... Oh unhappy Queen! Your Error's known, yet I diſdain to wrong you; Or to betray a Fault my ſelf have caus'd. [*Aſide.*

When laſt attend her?...

Theſ. Anſwer me directly; Nor dare to trifle with your Fathers Rage.

Hip. My Lord, this very Morn I ſaw the Queen.

Theſ. What paſt?

Hip. I askd Permiſſion to retire.

Theſ. And was that all?

Hip. My Lord, I humbly beg With the moſt low Submiſſions, ask no more.

Theſ. Yet you don't anſwer with your low Submiſſions. Anſwer, or never hope to ſee me more.

Hip. Too much he knows, I fear, without my telling; And the poor Queen's betray'd and loſt for ever. [*Aſide.*

Theſ. He changes, Gods! and faulters at the Queſtion: His Fears, his Words, his Looks declare him guilty. [*Aſide.*

Hip. Why do you frown, my Lord? why turn away, As from ſome loathſome Monſter, not your Son?

Theſ. Thou art that Monſter, and no more my Son. Not one of thoſe of the moſt horrid Form, Of which my Hand has eas'd the burthen'd Earth, Was half ſo ſhocking to my Sight as thou.

Hip.

Hip. Where am I, Gods? Is that my Father *Theseus*?
Am I awake? Am I *Hippolitus*?

Thes. Thou art that Fiend, thou art *Hippolitus*.
Thou art!... Oh fall! Oh fatal Stain to Honour!
How had my vain Imagination form'd thee?
Brave as *Alcides*, and as *Minos* just:
Sometimes inled me thro' the Maze of War;
There it survey'd thee ranging thro' the Field,
Mowing down Troops, and dealing out Destruction:
Sometimes with wholsom Laws reforming States,
Crowning their happy Joys with Peace and Plenty,
While you....

Hip. With all my Fathers Soul inspir'd,
Burnt with impatient Thirst of early Honour,
To hunt thro' bloody Fields the Chase of Glory,
And blefs your Age with Trophies like your own.
Gods! how that warm'd me! how my throbbing Heart
Leapt to the Image of my Fathers Joy!
When you shou'd strain me in your folding Arms,
And with kind Raptures, and with sobbing Joys
Commend my Valour, and confess your Son,
How did I think my glorious Toyl o'er paid?
Then great indeed, and in my Fathers Love,
With more than Conquest crown'd? Go on, *Hippolitus*,
Go tread the rugged Paths of daring Honour;
Practice the strictest, and austerest Vertue,
And all the rigid Laws of righteous *Minos*;
Theseus, thy Father *Theseus* wil reward thee.

Thes. Reward thee... Yes, as *Minos* wou'd reward thee.
Was *Minos* then thy Pattern? and did *Minos*,
The Great, the Good, the Just, the Righteous *Minos*,
The Judge of Hell, and Oracle of Earth,

Did

Did he inſpire Adultery, Force, and Inceſt!

Iſmena *appears.*

Iſm. Ha! what's this? [*Aſide.*

Hip. Amazement! Inceſt...

Theſ. Inceſt with *Phædra*; with thy Mother *Phædra*!

Hip. This Charge ſo unexpected, ſo amazing,
So new, ſo ſtrange, impoſſible to Thought,
Stuns my aſtoniſhd Soul, and tyes my Voice.

Theſ. Then let this wake thee, this once glorious Sword
With which thy Father arm'd thy Infant Hand,
Not for this Purpoſe. Oh abandon'd Slave!
Oh early Villain! moſt deteſted Coward!
With this my Inſtrument of youthful Glory!
With this,... Oh noble Entrance into Arms!
With this t' invade the ſpotleſs *Phædra's* Honour.
Phædra! my Life! my beter half, my Queen:
That very *Phædra*, for whoſe juſt Defence
The Gods wou'd claim thy Sword.

Hip. Amazement! Death!
Heav'ns! Durſt I raiſe the far fam'd Sword of *Theſeus*
Againſt his Queen, againſt my Mothers Boſom.

Theſ. If not, declare when, where, and how you loſt it?
How *Phædra* gain'd it? Oh all the Gods! he's ſilent.
Why was it bar'd? whoſe Boſom was it aim'd at?
What means thy Arm advanc'd, thy glowing Cheek,
Thy Hand, Heart, Eyes? Oh Villain! monſtrous Villain.

Hip. Is there no Way, no Thought, no Beam of Light,
No clue to guide me thro' this gloomy Maze?
To clear my Honour, yet preſerve my Faith?
None! none ye Pow'rs! and muſt I groan beneath

This

This execrable Load of foul Diſhonour?
Muſt *Theſeus* ſuffer ſuch unheard of Torture!
Theſeus my Father! no, I'll break thro' all;
All Oaths, all Vows, all idle Impreçations,
I give 'em to the Winds: Hear me, my Lord,
Hear your wrong'd Son. The Sword... Oh fatal Vow!
Enſnaring Oaths, and thou, raſh thoughtleſs Fool,
To bind thy ſelf in voluntary Chains;
Yet to thy fatal Truſt continue firm:
Beneath Diſgrace, tho' infamous yet honeſt.
Yet hear me, Father, may the righteous Gods
Show'r all their Curſes on this wretched Head.
Oh may they doom me!...

Theſ. Yes, the Gods will doom thee.
The Sword, the Sword, now ſwear, and call to witneſs
Heav'n, Hell, and Earth, I mark it not from one
That breaths beneath ſuch complicated Guilt.

Hip. Was that like Guilt, when with expanded Arms
I ſprang to meet you at your wiſh'd Return?
Does this appear like Guilt? When thus ſerene,
With Eyes erect, and Viſage unapall'd,
Fixt on that awful Face, I ſtand the Charge;
Amaz'd, not fearing, ſay, if I am guilty,
Where are the conſcious Looks, the Face now pale,
Now flushing red, the down caſt haggar'd Eyes,
Or fixt on Earth, or ſlowly rais'd to catch
A fearful view, then ſunk again with Horror?

Theſ. This is for raw untaught, unfiniſh'd Villains.
Thou in thy Bloom haſt reach'd th' abhorr'd Perfection;
Thy even Looks cou'd wear a peaceful Calm:
The beauteous Stamp, (oh Heavens!) of faultleſs Vertue,

While

While thy foul Heart contriv'd this horrid Deed.
Oh harden'd Fiend, can't ſuch tranſcending Crimes
Diſturb thy Soul, or ruffle thy ſmooth Brow?
What no Remorſe! no Qualms! no pricking Pangs!
No feeble Struggle of rebelling Honour!
O'twas thy Joy! thy ſecret Hoard of Bliſs,
To Dream, to Ponder, act it o'er in Thought;
To doat, to dwell on: as rejoycing Miſers
Brood o'er their precious Stores of ſecret Gold.

Hip. Muſt I not ſpeak? Then ſay, unerring Heav'n,
Why was I born with ſuch a Thirſt of Glory?
Why did this Morning dawn to my Diſhonour?
Why did not pitying Fate with ready Death
Prevent the Guilty Day?

Theſ. Guilty indeed.
Ev'n at the time you heard your Fathers Death,
And ſuch a Father (oh immortal Gods!)
As held thee dearer than his Life and Glory;
When thou ſhoud'ſt rend the Skies with clam'rous Grief,
Beat thy ſad Breaſt, and tear thy ſtarting Hair;
Then to my Bed to force your impious way;
With horrid Luſt t'inſult my yet warm Urn;
Make me the Scorn of Hell, and Sport for Fiends.
Theſe are the Fun'ral Honours paid to *Theſeus*,
Theſe are the Sorrows, theſe the hallow'd Rites,
To which you'd call your Fathers hov'ring Spirit.

Enter Iſmena.

Iſm. Hear me, my Lord, e'er yet you fix his Doom. [*Turning to* Theſeus.
Hear one that comes to ſhield his injur'd Honour,
And guard his Life with Hazard of her own.

Theſ. Tho' thou'rt the Daughter of my hated Foe,
Tho' ev'n thy Beauty's loathſome to my Eyes,

Yet Juſtice bids me hear thee.

Iſm. Thus I thank you. [*Kneels.*

Then know, miſtaken Prince, his honeſt Soul
Cou'd ne'er be ſway'd by impious Love to *Phædra*,
Since I before engag'd his early Vows,
With all my Wiles ſubdu'd his ſtruggling Heart;
For long his Duty ſtruggl'd with his Love.

Theſ. Speak, is this true? On thy Obedience ſpeak.

Hip. So charg'd, I own the dang'rous Truth; I own,
Againſt her Will, I lov'd the fair *Iſmena*.

Theſ. Canſt thou be only clear'd by Diſobedience,
And juſtify'd by Crimes... What! love my Foe!
Love one deſcended from a Race of Tyrants,
Whoſe Blood yet reaks on my avenging Sword.
I'm curſt each Moment I delay thy Fate:
Haſte to the Shades, and tell the happy *Pallas*
Iſmenas Flames, and let him taſte ſuch Joys
As thou giv'ſt me; go tell applauding *Minos*
The pious Love you bore his Daughter *Phædra*;
Tell it the chat'ring Ghoſts, and hiſſing Furies,
Tell it the grinning Fiends, till Hell ſound nothing
To thy pleas'd Ears but *Phædra* and *Iſmena*.

Enter Cratander.

Seize him, *Cratander*, take this guilty Sword,
Let his own Hand avenge the Crimes it acted,
And bid him die, at leaſt like *Theſeus* Son,
Take him away, and execute my Orders.

Hip. Heav'ns! how that ſtrikes me! how it wounds my Soul!
To think of your unutterable Sorrows,
When you ſhall find *Hippolitus* was guiltleſs!
Yet when you know the Innocence you doom'd,
When you ſhall mourn your Sons unhappy Fate,
Oh I beſeech you by the Love you bore me,

With

With my laſt Words, my Words will then prevail;
Oh for my Sake forbear to touch your Life,
Nor wound again *Hippolitus* in *Theſeus*.
Let all my Vertues, all my Joys ſurvive
Freſh in your Breaſt, but be my Woes forgot;
The Woes which Fate, and not my Father wrought.
Oh! let me dwell for ever in your Thoughts,
Let me be honour'd ſtill, but not deplor'd.

Theſ. Then thy chief Care is for thy Fathers Life.
Oh blooming Hipocrite! oh young Diſſembler!
Well haſt thou ſhown the Care thou tak'ſt of *Theſeus*.
Oh all ye Gods! how this enflames my Fury!
I ſcarce can hold my Rage; my eager Hands
Tremble to reach thee. No, diſhonour'd *Theſeus*,
Blot not thy Fame with ſuch a Monſters Blood.
Snatch him away.

Hip. Lead on. Farewel, *Iſmena*.

Iſm. Oh! take me with him, let me ſhare his Fate.
Oh awful *Theſeus*! yet revoke his Doom;
See, ſee the very Miniſters of Death,
Tho' bred to Blood, yet ſhrink, and wiſh to ſave him.

Theſ. Slaves, Villains, tear her from him, cut her Arms off.

Iſm. Oh! tear me, cut me, till my ſever'd Limbs
Grow to my Lord, and ſhare the Pains he ſuffers.

Theſ. Villains, away.

Iſm. O *Theſeus*! hear me, hear me.

Theſ. Away, nor taint me with thy loathſome Touch.
Off, Woman.

Iſm. Stay oh ſtay! I'll tell you all. [*Exit* Theſeus
Already gone, tell it ye conſcious Walls;
Bear it ye Winds upon your pitying Wings;
Reſound it, Fame, with all your hundred Tongues.
Oh hapleſs Youth! all Heav'n conſpires againſt you.
The conſcious Walls conceal the fatal Secret:
Th' untainted Winds refuſe th' infecting Load,

And Fame it ſelf is mute... Nay, even *Iſmena*;
Thy own *Iſmena*'s ſworn to thy Deſtruction.

But ſtill, whate'er the cruel Gods deſign,
In the ſame Fate our equal Stars combine,
And he that dooms thy Death pronounces mine.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

Enter Phædra *and* Lycon.

Lycon.

ACcuſe your ſelf! Oh! on my Knees I beg you,
By all the Gods, recal the fatal Meſſage.
Heav'ns! will you ſtand the dreaded Rage of *Theſeus*?
And brand your Fame, and work your own Deſtruction!

Phæd. By thee I'm branded, and by thee deſtroy'd;
Thou Boſom Serpent, thou alluring Fiend:
Yet ſhan't you boaſt the Miſeries you cauſe,
Nor ſcape the Ruin you have brought on all.

Lyc. Was it not your Command? Has faithful *Lycon*
E'er ſpoke, e'er thought, deſign'd, contriv'd, or acted?
Has he done ought without the Queens Conſent?

Phæd. Plead'ſt thou Conſent to what thou firſt inſpir'dſt?
Was that Conſent? O ſenſeleſs Politician!
When adverſe Paſſions ſtruggl'd in my Breaſt,

When

When Anger, Fear, Love, Sorrow, Guilt, Deſpair
Drove out my Reaſon, and uſurp'd my Soul.
Yet this Conſent you plead, O faithful *Lycon*!
Oh! only zealous for the Fame of *Phædra*!
With this you blot my Name, and clear your own;
And what's my Frenzy, will be call'd my Crime:
What then is thine? thou cool deliberate Villain,
Thou wiſe fore-thinking, weighing Politician.

Lyc. Oh! 'twas ſo black my frighten'd Tongue recoil'd
At its own ſound, and Horrour ſhook my Soul.
Yet ſtill, tho pierc'd with ſuch amazing Anguiſh,
Such was my Zeal, ſo much I lov'd my Queen,
I broke through all to ſave the Life of *Phædra*.

Phæd. What's Life? Oh all ye Gods! can Life atone
For all the monſtrous Crimes by which 'tis bought?
Or can I live? When thou, oh Soul of Honour!
Oh early Heroe! by my Crimes art ruin'd?
Perhaps ev'n now the great unhappy Youth
Falls by the ſordid Hands of Butchering Villains;
Now, now he bleeds, he dies... Oh perjur'd Traytor!
See his rich Blood in Purple Torrents flows,
And Nature ſallies in unbidden Groans;
Now mortal Pangs diſtort his lovely Form,
His Roſie Beauties fade, his Starry Eyes
Now darkling ſwim, and fix their cloſing Beams,
Now in ſhort Gaſps his lab'ring Spirit heaves,
And weakly flutters on his fault'ring Tongue;
And ſtruggles into Sound. Hear, Monſter, hear
With his laſt Breath he curſes perjur'd *Phædra*:
He ſummons *Phædra* to the Bar of *Minos*:
Thou too ſhalt there appear; to torture thee
Whole Hell ſhall be employ'd, and ſuff'ring *Phædra*
Shall find ſome Eaſe to ſee thee ſtill more wretched.

Lyc. Oh all ye Powers! Oh *Phædra*! hear me, hear me:
By all my Zeal, by all my anxious Cares,
By those unhappy Crimes I wrought to serve you,
By these old wither'd Limbs, and hoary Hairs,
By all my Tears, ... Oh Heav'ns! she minds me not,
She hears not my Complaints... Oh wretched *Lycon*!
To what art thou reserv'd?

Phæd. Reserv'd to all
The sharpest, slowest Pains that Earth can furnish,
To all I wish... on *Phædra*... Guards secure him.

Lycon *carried off.*

Ha! *Theseus*, Gods! my freezing Blood congeals,
And all my Thoughts, Designs, and Words are lost.

Enter Theseus.

Thes. Dost thou at last repent? Oh lovely *Phædra*!
At last with equal Ardour meet my Vows:
O dear bought Blessing! yet I'll not complain,
Since now my sharpest Grief is all o'erpaid,
And only heightens Joy... Then haste, my Charmer,
Let's feast our famish'd Souls with amorous Riot,
With fiercest Bliss atone for our Delay,
And in a Moment love the Age we've lost.

Phæd. Stand off, approach me, touch me not; fly hence,
Far as the distant Skies or deepest Center.

Thes. Amazement! Death! ye Gods that guide the World,
What can this mean? so fierce a Detestation,
So strong Abhorrence... Speak, exquisite Tormentor!
Was it for this your Summons fill'd my Soul
With eager Raptures, and tumultuous Transports?

Ev'n

Ev'n painful Joys, and Agonies of Bliss.
Did I for this obey my *Phædras* call,
And fly with trembling haste to meet her Arms?
And am I thus receiv'd? O cruel *Phædra!*
Was it for this you rouz'd my drowzie Soul
From the dull Lethargy of hopeless Love?
And dost thou only show those beauteous Eyes
To wake Despair, and blast me with their Beams?

Phæd. Oh! were that all to which the Gods have doom'd me!
But angry Heav'n has laid in Store for *Theseus*
Such perfect Mischief, such transcendent Woe,
That the black Image shocks my frighted Soul,
And the Words dye on my reluctant Tongue.

Thes. Fear not to speak it; that harmonious Voice
Will make the saddest Tale of Sorrow pleasing,
And charm the Grief it brings... Thus let me hear it,
Thus in thy Sight, thus gazing on those Eyes,
I can support the utmost Spite of Fate,
And stand the Rage of Heav'n... Approach, my Fair..,

Phæd. Off, or I fly for ever from thy sight;
Shall I embrace the Father of *Hippolitus?*

Thes. Forget the Villain, drive him from your Soul.

Phæd. Can I forget? Can I drive from my Soul?
Oh! he will still be present to my Eyes;
His Words will ever echo in my Ears;
Still will he be the Torture of my Days,
Bane of my Life, and Ruin of my Glory.

Thes. And mine and all... Oh most abandon'd Villain!
Oh lasting Scandal to our Godlike Race!
That cou'd contrive a Crime so foul as Incest.

Phæd. Incest! Oh name it not! ...
The very mention shakes my inmost Soul:
The Gods are startled in their peaceful Mansions,

And Nature ſickens at the ſhocking Sound.
Thou brutal Wretch! thou execrable Monſter!
To break thro' all the Laws that early flow
From untaught Reaſon, and diſtinguiſh Man;
Mix like the ſenſeleſs Herd with beſtial Luſt,
Mother and Son prepoſterouſly wicked;
To baniſh from thy Soul the Reverence due
To Honour, Nature, and the genial Bed,
And injure one ſo great, ſo good as *Theſeus*.

Theſ. To injure one ſo great, ſo good as *Phædra*;
Oh Slave! to wrong ſuch Purity as thine,
Such dazling Brightneſs, ſuch exalted Vertue.

Phæd. Vertue! all-ſeeing Gods, you know my Vertue.
Muſt I ſupport all this? O righteous Heav'n!
Can't I yet ſpeak? Reproach I could have born,
Pointed his Satyrs, Stings, and edg'd his Rage:
But to be prais'd... Now, *Minos*, I defy thee;
Ev'n all thy dreadful Magazines of Pains,
Stones, Furies, Wheels are ſlight to what I ſuffer,
And Hell it ſelf's Relief.

Theſ. What's Hell to thee?
What Crimes couldſt thou commit? or what Reproaches
Cou'd Innocence ſo pure as *Phædras* fear?
O thou'rt the chaſteſt Matron of thy Sex,
The faireſt Pattern of excelling Vertue;
Our lateſt Annals ſhall record thy Glory.
The Maids Example, and the Matrons Theme;
Each skilful Artiſt ſhall expreſs thy Form,
In animated Gold... The threatning Sword
Shall hang for ever o'er thy ſnowy Boſom;
Such Heav'nly Beauty on thy Face ſhall bloom,
As ſhall almoſt excuſe the Villains Crime;
But yet that Firmneſs, that unſhaken Vertue,
As ſtill ſhall make the Monſter more deteſted.
Where e'er you paſs, the crouded way ſhall ſound

With joyful Cryes, and endleſs Acclamations:
And when aſpiring Bards, in daring ſtrains
Shall raiſe ſome Heav'nly Matron to the Pow'rs,
They'll ſay ſhe's Great, ſhe's True, ſhe's Chaſt as *Phædra*.

Phad. This might have been... But now, oh cruel Stars!
Now, as I paſs, the crouded way ſhall ſound
With hiſſing Scorn, and murm'ring Deteſtation:
The lateſt Annals ſhall record my Shame;
And when th'avenging Muſe with pointed Rage
Wou'd ſink ſome impious Woman down to Hell,
She'll ſay ſhe's Falſe, ſhe's Baſe, ſhe's Foul as *Phædra*.

Theſ. Hadſt thou been foul, had horrid Violation
Caſt any Stains on Purity like thine,
They're waſh'd already in the Villains Blood;
The very Sword, his Inſtrument of Horror,
E're this time drench'd in his inceſtuous Heart,
Has done thee Juſtice, and aveng'd the Crimes
He us'd it to perform.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Alas! my Lord,
E're this the Prince is dead... I ſaw *Cratander*
Give him a Sword... I ſaw him boldly take it,
Rear it on high, and point it to his Breaſt;
With ſteady Hands, and with diſdainful Looks,
As one that fear'd not Death, but ſcorn'd to dye,
And not in Battle... A loud Clamour follow'd;
And all ſurrounding Soldiers hid from my Sight,
But all pronounc'd him Dead.

Phad. Is he then Dead?

Theſ. Yes, yes, he's dead, and dead by my Command;
And in this dreadful Act of mournful Juſtice,
I'm more renown'd than in my dear bought Lawrels.

Phæd. Then thou'rt renown'd indeed... Oh happy *Theſeus!*
Oh! only worthy of the Love of *Phædra!*
Haſte then, let's joyn our well-met Hands together;
Unite for ever, and defie the Gods
To ſhew a pair ſo eminently wretched.

Theſ. Wretched! for what? for what the World muſt praiſe me,
For what the Nations ſhall adore my Juſtice,
A Villains Death?

Phæd. Hippolitus a Villain!
Oh! he was all his Godlike Sire cou'd wiſh,
The Pride of *Theſeus*, and the Hopes of *Crete.*
Nor did the braveſt of his Godlike Race
Tread with ſuch early Hopes the Paths of Honour.

Theſ. What can this mean? Declare, ambiguous *Phædra*;
Say whence theſe ſhifting Guſts of claſhing Rage?
Why are thy doubtful Speeches dark and troubl'd,
As *Cretan* Seas when vext by warring Winds?
Why is a Villain, with alternate Paſſion,
Accus'd and prais'd, deteſted and deplor'd?

Phæd. Canſt thou not gueſs? ...
Canſt thou not read it in my furious Paſſions?
In all the wild Diſorders of my Soul?
Cou'dſt thou not ſee it in the noble warmth
That urg'd the daring Youth to Acts of Honour?
Cou'dſt thou not find it in the gen'rous Truth,
Which ſparkl'd in his Eyes, and open'd in his Face?
Cou'dſt not perceive it in the chaſt Reſerve?
In every Word and Look, each Godlike Act,
Cou'dſt thou not ſee *Hippolitus* was guiltleſs?

Theſ. Guiltleſs! Oh all ye Gods! what can this mean?

Phædra Mean! that the Guilt is mine, that vertuous *Phædra*,
The Maids Example, and the Matrons Theme

With

With beſtial Paſſion woo'd your loathing Son.
And when deny'd . . . With impious Accuſation
Sully'd the Luſtre of his ſhining Honour;
Of my own Crimes accus'd the Faultleſs Youth,
And with enſnaring Wiles deſtroy'd that Vertue
I try'd in vain to ſhake.

Theſ. Is he then guiltleſs?
Guiltleſs! Then what art thou? and oh juſt Heav'n!
What a deteſted Parricide is *Theſeus*?

Phæd. What am I? what indeed! but one more black
Than Earth, or Hell e'er bore. O horrid Mixture
Of Crimes, and Woes, of Parricide and Inceſt,
Perjury, Murther; to arm the erring Father
Againſt the guiltleſs Son. O impious *Lycon*!
In what a Hell of Woes thy Arts have plung'd me.

Theſ. *Lycon*! Here, Guards, . . . Oh moſt abandon'd Villain!
Secure him, ſeize him, drag him Piece-Meal hither.

Enter Guards.

Guards. Who has, my Lord, incur'd your high Diſpleaſure?

Theſ. Who can it be, ye Gods, but perjur'd *Lycon*?
Who can inſpire ſuch Storms of Rage, but *Lycon*?
Where has my Sword left one ſo black, but *Lycon*?
Where! wretched *Theſeus*! in thy Bed and Heart,
The very darling of my Soul and Eyes?
Oh beauteous Fiend! but truſt not to thy Form.
You too, my Son was fair, your manly Beauties
Charm'd every Heart (O Heavens!) To your Deſtruction.
You too were good, your vertuous Soul abhorr'd
The Crimes for which you d'yd. Oh impious *Phædra*!
Inceſtuous Fury! Execrable Murthereſs!

Is

Is there Revenge on Earth, or Pain in Hell,
Can Art invent, or boiling Rage ſuggeſt,
Ev'n endleſs Torture which thou ſhalt not ſuffer?

Phæd. And is there ought on Earth I wou'd not ſuffer?
O! were there Vengeance equal to my Crimes,
Thou needſt not claim it, moſt unhappy Youth,
From any Hands but mine: T' avenge thy Fate
I'court the fierceſt Pains, and ſue for Tortures;
And *Phædras* Suff'rings ſhou'd atone for thine:
Ev'n now I fall a Victim to thy Wrongs;
Ev'n now a fatal Draught works out my Soul,
Ev'n now it curdles in my ſhrinking Veins
The lazy Blood, and freezes at my Heart.

Lycon *brought in.*

Theſ. Haſt thou eſcap'd my Wrath? yet, impious *Lycon*?
On thee I'll empty all my hoard of Vengeance,
And glut my boundleſs Rage.

Lyc. O! Mercy, Mercy.

Theſ. Such thou ſhalt find as thy beſt Deeds deſerve,
Such as thy guilty Soul can hope from *Theſeus*;
Such as thou ſhew'dſt to poor *Hippolitus*.

Lyc. Oh chain me! whip me! let me be the Scorn
Of ſordid Rabbles, and inſulting Crowds:
Give me but Life, and make that Life moſt wretched.

Phæd. Art thou ſo baſe, ſo ſpiritleſs a Slave?
Not ſo the lovely Youth thy Arts have ruin'd,
Not ſo he bore the Fate to which you doom'd him.

Theſ. Oh abject Villain! yet it gives me Joy
To ſee the Fears that ſhake thy guilty Soul,
Enhance thy Crimes, and antedate thy Woes;
O! how thou'lt howl thy fearful Soul away;
While laughing Crowds ſhall echo to thy Cries,

And

And make thy Pains their Sport. Haſte hence, away with him,
Drag him to all the Torments Earth can furniſh,
Let him be rackt and gancht, impal'd alive;
Then let the mangl'd Monſter, fixt on high,
Grin o'er the ſhouting Crowd, and glut their Vengeance.
And is this all? and art thou now appeas'd?
Will this atone for poor *Hippolitus*?
Oh ungorg'd Appetite! Oh rav'nous Thirſt
Of a Sons Blood! What not a Day, a Moment!
Phad. A Day! a Moment! oh! thou ſhould'ſt have ſtaid
Years, Ages, all the round of circling Time,
E're touch'd the Life of that conſummat Youth.
Theſ. And yet with Joy I flew to his Deſtruction,
Boaſted his Fate and triumph'd in his Ruin.
Not this I promis'd to his dying Mother,
When in her mortal Pangs ſhe ſighing gave me
The laſt cold Kiſſes from her trembling Lips,
And reach'd her feeble wand'ring Hands to mine;
When her laſt Breath now quiv'ring at her Mouth,
Implor'd my Goodneſs to her lovely Son;
To her *Hippolitus*. He, alas! deſcends
An early Victim to the lazy Shades;
Oh Heav'n and Earth! by *Theſeus* doom'd, deſcends.
Phad. He's doom'd by *Theſeus*, but accus'd by *Phadra*,
By *Phadras* Madneſs, and by *Lycons* Hatred.
Yet with my Life I expiate my Frenzy,
And dye for thee, my Headlong Rage deſtroy'd;
Thee I purſue, oh great ill-fated Youth!
Purſue thee ſtill, but now with chaſt Deſires;
Thee thro' the diſmal waſte of gloomy Death;
Thee thro' the glimm'ring Dawn, and purer Day,
Thro' all th' *Elyſian* Plains: O righteous *Minos*!

Elyſian

Elyſian Plains! There he and his *Iſmena*
Shall ſport for ever, ſhall for ever drink
Immortal Love; while I far off ſhall howl
In lonely Plains; while all the blackeſt Ghoſts
Shrink from the baleful ſight of one more monſtrous,
And more accurſt than they.

Theſ. I too muſt go;
I too muſt once more ſee the burning Shoar
Of livid *Acheron* and black *Cocytus*,
Whence no *Alcides* will releaſe me now.

Phad. Then why this ſtay? come on, let's plunge together:
See Hell ſets wide its Adamantine Gates,
See thro' the ſable Gates the black *Cocytus*
In ſmoaky Circles rowls its fiery Waves:
Hear, hear the ſtunning Harmonies of Woe,
The din of rat'ling Chains, of claſhing Whips,
Of Groans, of loud Complaints, of piercing Shrieks,
That wide thro' all its gloomy World reſound.
How huge *Magara* ſtalks! what ſtreaming Fires
Blaze from her glareing Eyes! what Serpents curl
In horrid Wreaths, and hiſs around her Head!
Now, now ſhe drags me to the Bar of *Minos*.
See how the awful Judges of the Dead
Look ſtedfaſt hate, and horrible diſmay!
See *Minos* turns away his loathing Eyes,
Rage choaks his ſtruggling Words: The fatal Urn
Drops from his trembling Hand: O all ye Gods!
What, *Lycon* here! Oh execrable Villain!
Then am I ſtill on Earth? By Hell I am.
A Fury now, a Scourge preſerv'd for *Lycon*;
See the juſt Beings offer to my Vengeance
That impious Slave. Now, *Lycon*, for Revenge;
Thanks, Heav'n, 'tis here... I'll ſteal it to his Heart.

[*Miſtaking* Theſeus *for* Lycon, *offers to ſtab him.*]

Guards. Heav'ns! 'tis your Lord.

Phad.

Phad. My Lord! O equal Heav'n!
Muſt each portentous Moment riſe in Crimes,
And ſallying Life go off in Parricide?
Then truſt not thy ſlow Drugs. Thus ſure of Death
[*Stabs her ſelf.*
Compleat thy Horrors... And if this ſuffice not,
Thou, *Minos*, do the reſt.

Theſ. At length ſhe's quiet,
And Earth now bears not ſuch a Wretch as *Theſeus*;
Yet I'll obey *Hippolitus*, and live:
Then to the Wars; and as the *Corybantines*,
With claſhing Shields, and braying Trumpets drown'd
The cryes of Infant-*Jove*... I'll ſtifle Conſcience,
And Natures Murmurs in the din of Arms.
But what are Arms to me? Is he not dead
For whom I fought? for whom my hoary Age
Glow'd with the boiling Heat of Youth in Battle?
How then to drag a wretched Life beneath,
An endleſs round of ſtill returning Woes,
And all the gnawing Pangs of vain Remorſe.
What Torment's this? ... Therefore, O greatly thought!
Therefore do Juſtice on thy ſelf, ... and live;
Live above all moſt infinitely wretched.

Iſmena *Enters.*

Iſmena too... Nay, then avenging Heav'n
Has vented all its Rage... O wretched Maid!
Why doſt thou come to ſwell my raging Grief?
Why add to Sorrows, and embitter'd Woes?
Why do thy mournful Eyes upbraid my Guilt?
Why thus recal to my afflicted Soul
The ſad Remembrance of my God like Son,
Of that dear Youth my Cruelty has ruin'd?

Iſm. Ruin'd!... O all ye Powers! O awful *Theſeus*!

Say,

Say, where's my Lord? say, where has Fate dispos'd
him?
Oh speak! the Fear distracts me.
Thes. Gods! Can I speak?
Can I declare his Fate to his *Ismena*?
Oh lovely Maid! Cou'dst thou admit of Comfort
Thou shou'dst for ever be my only Care,
Work of my Life, and Labour of my Soul.
For thee alone, my Sorrows lull'd, shall cease;
Cease for a while to mourn my murther'd Son;
For thee alone my Sword once more shall rage,
Restore the Crown of which it robb'd your Race:
Then let your Grief give way to Thoughts of
Empire;
At thy own *Athens* reign. The happy Crowd
Beneath thy easie Yoke with Pleasure bow,
And think in thee their own *Minerva* reigns.
Ism. Must I then reign? Nay, must I live without
him?
Not so, oh Godlike Youth! you lov'd *Ismena*;
You, for her sake, refus'd the *Cretan* Empire,
And yet a nobler Gift, the Royal *Phædra*.
Shall I then take a Crown, a guilty Crown,
From the relentless Hand that doom'd thy Death?
Oh! 'tis in Death alone I can have ease,
And thus I find it. [*Offers to stab her self.*

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. O forbear *Ismena*!
Forbear, chast Maid, to wound thy tender Bosom;
Oh Heav'n and Earth! shou'd she resolve to die,
And snatch all Beauty from the widdow'd Earth?
Was it for me, ye Gods, she'd fall a Victim?
Was it for me she'd dye? O heav'nly Virgin!
See, see thy own *Hippolitus*, who lives,
And hopes to live for thee.

Ism.

Iſm. Hippolitus!
Am I alive or dead? Is this *Elyſium*?
'Tis he, 'tis all *Hippolitus*... Ar't well?
Ar't thou not wounded?

Theſ. Oh unhop'd for Joy!
Stand off, and let me fly into his Arms.
Speak, ſay what God, what Miracle preſerv'd thee?
Did'ſt thou not ſtrike thy Fathers cruel Preſent,
My Sword, into thy Breaſt?

Hip. I aim'd it there,
But turn'd it from my ſelf, and ſlew *Cratander*:
The Guards, not truſted with his fatal Orders,
Granted my Wiſh, and brought me to the King:
I fear'd not Death, but cou'd not bear the Thought
Of *Theſeus* Sorrow, and *Iſmenas* Loſs;
Therefore I haſten'd to your Royal Preſence,
Here to receive my Doom.

Theſ. Be this thy Doom,
To live for ever in *Iſmenas* Arms.
Go, heav'nly Pair, and with your daz'ling Vertues,
Your Courage, Truth, your Innocence and Love,
Amaze and charm Mankind; and rule that Empire,
For which in vain your Rival Fathers fought.

Iſm. Oh killing Joy!

Hip. Oh Extaſie of Bliſs!
Am I poſſeſs'd at laſt of my *Iſmena*?
Of that Cœleſtial Maid, oh pitying Gods!
How ſhall I thank your Bounties for my Suff'rings;
For all my Pains, and all the Pangs I've born?
Since 'twas to them I owe divine *Iſmena*?
To them I owe the dear Conſent of *Theſeus*.
Yet there's a Pain lies heavy on my Heart,
For the diſaſtrous Fate of hapleſs *Phædra*.

Theſ. Deep was her Anguiſh, for the Wrongs ſhe did you
She choſe to dye, and in her Death deplor'd
Your Fate, and not her own.

Hip. I've heard it all.
O! had not Paſſion ſully'd her Renown,
None e'er on Earth had ſhone with equal Luſtre;
So glorious liv'd, or ſo lamented dy'd.
Her Faults were only Faults of raging Love,
Her Vertues all her own.

Iſm. Unhappy *Phædra!*
Was there no other Way, ye pitying Pow'rs,
No other Way to crown *Iſmena's* Love?
Then muſt I ever mourn her cruel Fate,
And in the midſt of my triumphant Joy,
Ev'n in my Heros Arms confeſs ſome Sorrow.

Theſ. O tender Maid! forbear with ill-tim'd Grief,
To damp our Bleſſings, and incenſe the Gods;
But let's away, and pay kind Heav'n our Thanks
For all the Wonders in our Favour wrought;
That Heav'n, whoſe Mercy reſcu'd erring *Theſeus*
From execrable Crimes, and endleſs Woes.
Then learn from me, ye Kings that rule the World,
With equal poize, let ſteddy Juſtice ſway,
And flagrant Crimes with certain Vengeance pay;
But till the Proofs are clear the Stroak delay.

Hip. The righteous Gods that Innocence require,
Protect the Goodneſs which themſelves inſpire:
Unguarded Vertue human Arts defies,
Th' Accus'd is happy, while th' Accuſer dyes.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the Fifth Act.

FINIS.

A Choice Collection, of all the best English Plays, *neatly & correctly printed in small Volumes fit for the pocket, & sold by* T. Johnson, *Bookseller at the Hague.*

Plays printed.	*Authors.*	*prices.*
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The Provoked Wife.		8
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Philaſter, or Love lies a-bleeding.	
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The bloody Brother, Rollo D. of Normandy.	*Beaumont & Fletcher.*
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Lucius Junius Brutus.	
Mithridates K. of Pontus.	
Sophonisba, Hannibals overthrow.	*Lee.*
Theodoſius, the Force of Love.	
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Cæſar Borgia.	
The Ambitious Step-Mother.	
Tamerlane.	
The Fair Penitent.	*Rowe.*
Ulyſſes.	
The Royal Convert.	
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The

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Fine Ladys Airs.	
Ladys Laſt Stake.	*Cibber.*
Ladys Viſiting day.	
The Gameſter.	
The Buſy Body.	*Mrs. Centlivre.*
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With ſeveral others of the beſt Plays, Ancient or Modern.



THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS: A TRAGI-COMEDY.

Revis'd and Corrected by the Author,

Sr. SAMUEL TUKE Kt. and Bart.

——*Nonumque prematur in Annum.*
Horat. de Art. Poet.

Printed for T. JOHNSON.
Bookseller at the Hague.

M. DCC. XII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PREFACE.

HAving been desired by a Lady, who has more than ordinary favour for this Play (though in other things very Judicious,) to make a Song, and insert it in that Scene where you may now read it; I found it more difficult to disobey the Commands of this Excellent Person, than to obtain of my self, to write any more upon Subjects of this Nature.

This occasion'd the Reviving of this Piece; upon which I had not cast my Eyes, since it was first printed; and finding there some very obvious Faults (with respect to their Judgements, who have been pleased to applaud it) I could not well imagine how they came to escape my last hand; unless Poetick Rage, or in a more humble Phrase, *heat of Fancy*, will not, at the same time, admit the calm temper of Judgment; or that being importuned by those, for whose benefit this Play was intended, I was even forc'd to expose it, before it was fit to be seen in such good Company.

This refers only to the Dress; for certainly the Plot needs no Apology: it was taken out of *Don Pedro Calderon*, a celebrated *Spanish*

Author, the Nation of the World who are the happieſt in the force and delicacy of their Inventions and recommended to me by *His Sacred Majeſty*, as an Excellent Deſign; whoſe Judgment is no more to be doubted, than his Commands are to be diſobeyed: And therefore it might ſeem a great Preſumption in me, to enter my Sentiments, with his Royal Suffrage: But as Secretaries of State ſubſcribe their Names to the Mandates of their Princes, ſo at the bottom of the leaf I take the boldneſs to ſign my Opinion, that this is incomparably the beſt Plot that I ever met with: And yet if I may be allowed to do my ſelf Juſtice, I might acquaint the Readers, that there are ſeveral alterations in the Copy, which do not diſgrace the Original.

I confeſs, 'tis ſomething new, that Trifles of this nature ſhould have a Second Edition: but if, in truth, this Eſſay be at preſent more correct, I have then found an eaſie way to gratifie their Civility, who have been pleaſed to Indulge the Errors in the former Impreſſions.

If they who have formerly ſeen or read this Play, ſhould not perceive the Amendments, then I have touched the point; ſince the chiefeſt Art in Writing, is the concealing of Art: And they who diſcover 'em and are pleaſed with them, are indebted only to themſelves for their new ſatisfaction; ſince their former favour to our negligent Muſes has occaſioned their appearing again in a more ſtudied Dreſs; and certainly thoſe Labours are not ungrateful, with which the Writers and Readers are both pleas'd.

And ſince I am upon the Subject of Novelties,

velties, I take the boldneſs to advertiſe the Reader, that, tho' it be unuſual, I have in a diſtinct Column, prefix'd the ſeveral Characters of the moſt eminent Perſons in the Play; that being acquainted with them at his firſt ſetting out, he may the better judge how they are carried on in the whole Compoſition: for Plays being Moral Pictures, their chiefeſt Perfections conſiſt in the Force and Congruity of Paſſions and Humors, which are the Features and Complexion of our Minds. And I cannot chooſe but hope, that he will approve the Ingenuity of this Deſign, though poſſibly he may diſlike the Painting.

As for thoſe who have been ſo angry with this Innocent Piece (not guilty of ſo much as that Current Wit, Obſcenity and Profaneneſs) *Theſe are to let them know*, that though the Author Converſes but with few, he Writes to all; and aiming as well at the Delight as Profit of his Readers, if there be any amongſt them, who are pleas'd to enter their Haggard Muſes, at ſo mean a Quarry, they may freely uſe their *Poetick Licence*; for he pretends not to any Royalty on the *Mount of Parnaſſus*: and I dare anſwer for him that he will ſing no more, till he comes into that *Quire*, where there is room enough for all: and ſuch, he preſumes, is the Good Breeding of theſe Criticks, that they will not be ſo unmannerly as to crowd him there.

Farewell.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THIS PLAY.

By Mr. *Cowley.*

AS when our Kings, Lords of the spacious Main,
Take, in just Wars, a rich Plate-Fleet of *Spain*;
The rude unshapen Ingots they reduce
Into a Form of Beauty, and of Use;
On which the Conquerors Image now does shine,
Not how when it lay hid in the Mine;
So in the mild Government of the Muse
(The War which Peace it self loves and pursues)
So have you home to us in Triumph brought,
This Cargazon of *Spain* with Treasures fraught.
You have not basely gotten it by Stealth,
Nor by Translation borrow'd all its Wealth,
But by a powerful Spirit made it your own,
Metal before, Mony by you 'tis grown.
'Tis current now, by your adorning it
With the fair Stamp of your Victorious Wit.
But though we praise this Voyage of your Mind,
And though our selves enrich'd by it we find,
We rest not contented yet, because we know
What greater Stores at home within it grow.
We wish then how well you foreign Ores refine,
Produce the Gold of your own Noble Mine!
The World shall then our Native Plenty view,
And fetch Materials for their Wit from you:
They all shall watch the Travels of your Pen,
And *Spain* on you shall make Reprisals then.

THE PROLOGUE.

By Mr. BETTERTON.

IF we could hit on's Gallants, there are due
Certain Respects from Writers, and from you;
Which well observed, would celebrate this Age,
And both support, and vindicate the Stage.
If there' were only Candour on your part,
And on the Poets Judgment, Fancy, Art.
If they remember that their Audience
Are Persons of the most exalted Sense;
And you consider well, the just Respect
Due to their Poems, when they are correct.
Even our Two Houses, then, may have the Fate,
To help to form the Manners of the State;
For there are Crimes arraign'd at th' Poets Bar,
Which cannot be redress'd at Westminster.
Our Ancient Bards their Morals did disperse
In Numbers to insinuate the Sense;
Knowing that Harmony affects the Soul,
And who our Passions charm, our Wills controul.
This our well meaning Author had in view,
And tho' but faintly executed, you
Indulg'd th' Attempt with such Benevolence
That he has been uneasie ever since;
For though his Vanity you gratifi'd,

The Obligation did provoke his Pride.
But he has now compounded with Ambition
For that more solid Greatness, Self-fruition.
And going to embrace a civil Death,
He's loath to die indebted to your Breath;
Therefore he would be even w'you, *but wants force*;
The Stream will rise no higher than the Source.
And they who treat such Judges *should excell*,
Here, 'tis to do ill, to do only well.
He has, *as other* Writers *have*, *good Will*,
And only wants (*like those*) *Nature and Skill.*
But since he cannot reach th' envied Height,
H' has cast some Grains in this to mend the Weight;
And being to part w'you, *prays you to accept*,
This Reviv'd Piece, *as* Legacy *or* Debt.

THE EPILOGUE.

By Mr. SMITH.

OUr Poet, Gentlemen, *thought to ſteal away,*
Hoping thoſe wretched Rimes, i' th' end o' th' Play,
Might ſerve for Epilogue; *for truly he*
Takes Epilogues *for arrant Bribery;*
H' obſerves your Poet, in our Modern Plays,
Humbly ſheweth, and then as humbly prays:
So that it can't be ſaid, what they have writ
Was without fear, though often without wit.
He truſts (as ye ſay Papiſts *do) to Merit;*
Leaves you, like Quakers, *to be mov'd by th' Spirit.*
But ſince that Epilogues *are ſo much in vogue,*
Take this as Prologue *to the* Epilogue.

By Mr. HARRIS.

Some, assoon as th' enter, we wish 'em gone;
Taking their Visit, as a Visitation.
Yet when they go, there are certain Grimaces
(Which in plain English is but making Faces)
That we, for manners sake, to all allow.
The Poets *parting; don't rise, but smile and bow;*
And's back being turn'd, ye may take the Liberty
To turn him, and all's a writ to Raillery.
Now as I shall be sav'd, were I as you,
I'd make no bones on't; why 'tis but his due.
A Fopp! in this brave Licentious Age,
To bring his musty Morals *on the Stage!*
Rime us to Reason? And our Lives redress
In Meeter; As Druids *did the Savages?*
Affront the free-born Vices of the Nation?
And bring dull Vertue into Reputation?
Vertue! Would any Man of common sense
Pretend to't? Why Vertue now is Impudence;
And such another modest Play *would blast*
Our new Stage, *and put your Palates out of Taste.*
We told him, Sir, 'Tis whisper'd i' the Pit,
This may be Common Sense, but 'tis not Wit:
That has a Flowing Spirit, and stirs the Blood.
That's Bawdery, said he, as rightly understood.
Which our late Poets make their chiefest Talks,
As if they writ only to th' Vizard-Masks.
Nor that Poetick Rage, *which better's Heaven,*
Your Writers Stile, like's Tempers grown more even;
And he's afraid to shock their tender Ears,
Whose God, say they's the Fiction of their fears.
Your Morals, *to no purpose; He reply'd*
Some Men talk'd idly just before they dy'd.

And

And yet we heard 'em with respect. 'Twas all he said.

Well we may count him wise, as good as dead:
And since Christ's above left walking, if you please,
We'll let our Virtuous Poet rest in Peace.



Persons

Persons.	*Characters.*
Dom HENRIQUE, In love with *Camilla*, but rejected.	*Cholerick, Jealous, Revengeful.*
Dom CARLOS, Near Kinsman to Don *Henrique.*	*A Well-natur'd Moral Gentleman.*
Dom OCTAVIO, In love with *Porcia*, but feigning to be in love with *Camilla.*	*A Valiant and accompliſh'd Cavalier.*
Dom ANTONIO, Contracted to *Porcia* by Proxy, before he ſaw her.	*A Soldier, haughty, and of exact honour.*
PORCIA, Siſter to Don *Henrique.*	*Ingenious, conſtant, and ſeverely vertuous.*
CAMILLA, Siſter to Don *Carlos.*	*Suſceptible of Love, but cautious of her honour.*
DIEGO, Servant to *Octavio*, bred a Scholar.	*A great Coward and a pleaſant Droll.*
FLORA, Waiting-Woman to *Porcia.*	*Witty, contriving, and faithfull to her Miſtreſs.*
ERNESTO, SANCHO, }	Servants to Don *Antonio.*
SYLVIO. GERALDO. PEDRO. BERNARDINO. JAGO. }	Servants to Don *Henrique.*

The *CORRIGIDOR* and *ATTENDANTS.*

The SCENE, *SEVILL.*

THE

THE ADVENTURES OF FIVE HOURS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Don *HENRIQUES* Houſe.

Enter Don Henrique.

Henrique.

How happy are the Men of eaſie Phlegm,
Born on the Confines of Indifference,
Holding from Nature, the ſecureſt Tenure,
The Peaceful Empire o'er themſelves; which we
Th' unhappy Men of Fire, without the aids

Of mighty Reason, or Almighty Grace,
At all our lives contending for in vain.
'Tis evident, that Solid Happiness,
Is founded on the Conquest of our Passions;
But since they are the Favorites of Sense,
Self-love bribes Reason still, in their defence.
Thus in a Calm I reason; but when croſt,
The Pilot quits the Helm, and I am toſt.

Enter Silvio.

Silv. Sir, Don *Carlos* is without.
Henr. Wait on him in.

Enter Carlos.

Carl. Coſin, Methinks, this day hath longer ſeem'd
Than uſual; ſince 'tis ſo far advanc'd,
Without our ſeeing one another.
Henr. If I had not been hindred by ſome buſineſs,
I ſhould e'r this have ſeen you, to have told you
Some pleaſing News, I lately have receiv'd.
You have ſo often born with my Diſtempers,
'Tis fit that once, at leaſt, you ſhould partake,
Of my good humor.
Carl. What cauſe ſoever has produc'd this change,
I heartily rejoyce in the effect;
And may it long continue.
Henr. I can inform you, by Experience now,
How great a ſatisfaction 'tis to find
A Heart and Head eas'd of a weighty care;
And for a Gentleman of my warm temper,
Jealous of the Honour of his Family,
(As yet neer blemiſh'd) to be fairly freed
From the tuition of an Orphan Siſter,
Rich, Beautiful, and Young.

Carl.

Carl. You know, Don *Henrique*, for these thirteen
years,
That I have been with the like Province charg'd;
An only Sister, by our Parents Will,
(When they were called from their cares below)
Committed to my trust; much more expos'd
To the great World than yours; and Sir unless
Nearness of blood deceive me, short of few
In those perfections which invite the Gallants.
Yet thanks to my Temper, Cosin, as well
As to her Vertue, I have seen her grow
Even from her Child-hood, to her dangerous Age,
Without the least disturbance to my rest.
And when with equal Justice I reflect
On the great Modesty and Circumspection
Of Lovely *Porcia*, I conclude, that you
Might well have slept as undisturb'd as I.

Henr. Sir, I complain not of my Sisters Conduct;
But you know well, young Maids are so expos'd
To the Invasion of audacious Men,
And to the Malice of their envious Sex;
You must confess the Confines of their Fame
Are never safe, till guarded by a Husband.
'Tis true, discreet Relations ought to use
Preventions of all kinds; but dear *Carlos*,
The Blemish once received, no Wash is good
For Stains of Honour, but th' Offenders Blood.

Carl. Y'are too severe a Judge of point of Honour.

Henr. And therefore having not long since receiv'd
The News, that Don *Antonio de Mendoza*
Is likely to be here this Night from *Flanders*;
To whom my Sister, by the intervention
O' th' Marquis *d'Olivera*, is contracted;
I will not close these Eyes, till I have seen
Her, and my Cares, safe lodg'd within his Arms.

Carl. I find your Travels, Cosin, have not cur'd you
Of that innate Severity to Women,

Urg'd

Urg'd juſtly as a National Reproach
To all of us abroad. The reſt o' th' world
Lament that tender Sex amongſt us here,
Born only to be honourable Priſoners.
The greater Quality, the cloſer kept.
Which Cruelty is reveng'd upon our ſelves;
Whilſt by immuring thoſe, whom moſt we love,
We ſing, and ſigh only to Iron Grates.
As cruel is that over-cautious Cuſtom,
By Proxy, to contract Parties unknown
To one another; this is only fit
For Soveraign Princes, whoſe high Qualities
Will not allow of previous Interviews:
They ſacrifice their Love to Publick Good,
Conſulting Intereſt of State, not Blood.
A Cuſtom, which as yet, I never knew
Us'd among Perſons of a lower rank,
Without a ſequel of ſad Accidents.
Sir, Underſtand me right; I ſpeak not this
By way of Prophecy; I am no Stranger
To Don *Antonios* Reputation;
Which I believe ſo juſt, I no way doubt
Your Siſters being happy in him.

Henr. Don *Carlos*, let us quit this Argument;
I am now going to our Noble Friend
And Kinſman the *Corrigidor*, to ſee
If he'll oblige us with his Company
At my Siſters Wedding; will you come along?

Carl. Moſt willingly; as ſoon as I have brought
My Siſter hither, who has given this Evening
To her Coſin *Porcia*.

Hen. I have ſome buſineſs, Coſin, by the way,
I'll go before, and wait you i' th' *Piazza*.
Your Servant, Sir. [*Exit* Carlos.

[Henrique *waits on him to the Door.*

Henr. This Kinſman is my boſom Friend, and yet
Of all Men living, I muſt hide from him

My

My deep reſentments of his Siſters ſcorn.
That cruel Maid, to wound me to the Heart,
Then cloſe her Ears againſt my juſt complaints.
But though as yet I cannot heal my wound;
I may by my revenge upon my Rival
Divert the pain; and I will drive it home.
There's in Revenge a Balm, which will appeaſe
The preſent grief, and time cure the diſeaſe.
[*Exit* Henrique.

Enter Porcia.

Porcia. My heart is ſo oppreſt, with fear and grief,
That it muſt break, unleſs it finds relief.
The Man I love, is forc'd to fly my ſight,
And like a *Parthian*, kills me in his flight.
One whom I never ſaw, I muſt embrace,
Or elſe deſtroy the honour of my Race.
A Brothers Care, more cruel than his Hate;
O how perplext are the Intrigues of Fate!

Enter Carlos *and* Camilla.

Carl. Couſin, I thought my Siſters company
Would not diſpleaſe you, whil'ſt I wait upon
Your Brother in a Viſit.
Porc. Sir, You oblige me with a welcome favour;
I rather ſhould have ſtil'd it Charity,
To bring a friend to her, whoſe cruel Fate
Has robb'd her of her ſelf. [*Aſide.*
Camil. Methinks, 'tis pity that a Wall ſhould make
The Houſes two, of Friends ſo intirely one,
As you, and I, and our two Brothers are.
Porc. If it be true, that Lovers live much more
There where they Love, than where they Breath,
I'm ſure

No Walls can ſever us, we're ſtill together.

Carl. Were I not much engag'd, I would not quit
So ſweet a Converſation; but, Siſter,
At my Return I'll wait upon you home.

Porc. For this night, Couſin, pray let her be mine;
I beg it of you both.

Carl. You may command, we are both yours.

[*Exit* Carlos.

Porcia *throwing her ſelf on* Camillas *Neck.*

Porc. My dear *Camilla*, how I long'd to have thee,
Where freely breathing out my Grief, I might
Some Mitigation from thy Pity find.
But ſince there's no true Pity without Pain,
Why ſhould I eaſe, by thy Affliction gain?

Camil. Ah *Porcia*! if Compaſſion ſuffering be,
And to condole be Pain, my Deſtiny
Will full Revenge in the ſame kind afford;
Should I, but my unequal'd griefs relate,
And you but equally participate.

Porc. If yours, as mine, from Love diſaſters riſe,
Our Fates are more ally'd than Families.

Camil. What, to our Sex, and blooming Age can prove
An Anguiſh worthy of our Sighs, but Love?

Porc. 'Tis true, *Camilla*, were your Fate like mine,
Hopeleſs to Hold, unable to Reſign,

Cam. Let's tell our Stories, then we ſoon ſhall ſee,
Which of us two excells in miſery.

Port. Couſin, Agreed.

Cam. Do you begin then.

Porc. You know, *Camilla*, beſt, how generouſly,
How long, and how diſcreetly, Don *Octavio*
Has ſerv'd me; and what trials of his Faith,
And Fervour I did make, e'r I allow'd him
The leaſt Hope to ſuſtain his noble Love.
Couſin; All this you know; 'twas in your Houſe
We had our Interviews; where you were pleas'd

To

To ſuffer feign'd Addreſſes to your ſelf,
To cover from my watchful Brothers eyes
The paſſion which *Octavio* had for me.
Cam. My memory in this needs no refreshing.
Porc. And how one Evening (O that fatal hour)
My Brother paſſing by Don *Carlos'* Houſe,
With his great Friend and Confident Don *Pedro*,
Did chance to ſee the unfortunate *Octavio*,
In your Balcony, entertaining me;
Whom, not believing there, he took for you,
My Back being towards him, and both Dreſs'd alike.
Enrag'd with Jealouſie, this cruel Man
(To whom all Moderation is unknown)
Reſolves to ſtamp all your neglects of him,
In's ſuppoſed Rival, poor *Octavios* heart.
They take their Stand i' th' corner of our Street;
And after ſome ſhort time, *Octavio*,
Free from Suſpicion, as Deſign of Ill,
Retires; they aſſault him, and in's own Defence
He kills Don *Pedro*, and is forc'd to flie.
My Brother cruelly purſues him ſtill,
With ſuch inſatiate thirſt after Revenge,
That nothing but *Octavios* blood can quench;
Covering this his ill Nature and ſuſpicion
With the Reſentment of Don *Pedros* death.
Cam. Is this the ſum of your ſad Story, *Porcia*?
Is this all?
Porc. No, no, *Camilla*, 'tis the Prologue only;
The Tragedy will follow. This Brother
To whoſe imperuous Will, my deceas'd Parents
(May their Souls reſt in peace) having condemn'd
Me, and my Fortune; treats me like a Slave;
So far from ſuff'ring me to make my choice,
That he denounces Death if I refuſe;
And now to fruſtrate all my hopes at once,
Has very lately made me ſign a Contract
To one in *Flanders*, whom I never ſaw;

No Walls can ſever us, we'are ſtill together.

Carl. Were I not much engag'd, I would not quit
So ſweet a Converſation; but, Siſter,
At my Return I'll wait upon you home.

Porc. For this night, Couſin, pray let her be mine,
I beg it of you both.

Carl. You may command, we are both yours.
[*Exit* Carlos.

Porcia *throwing her ſelf on* Camillas *Neck.*

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And Fervour I did make, e'r I allow'd him
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To whoſe imperuous Will, my dear'd Parents
(May their Souls reſt in peace) having condemn'd
Me, and my Fortune; treats me like a Slave;
So far from ſuff'ring me to make my choice,
That he denounces Death if I refuſe;
And now to fruſtrate all my hopes at once,
Has very lately made me ſign a Contract
To one in *Flanders*, whom I never ſaw;

And is this night (they ſay) expected here.
Cam. Is ſuch a Rigor poſſible, dear *Porcia*?
Porc. Was ever miſery like mine, *Camilla*?
Reduc'd to ſuch Extreams, paſt all Relief?
If I acquaint my Brother with my Love
T' *Octavio*, the man whom he moſt hates,
I muſt expect the worſt effects of Fury.
If I endeavour to forget *Octavio*,
Even that Attempt renews his Memory,
And heightens my Diſquiet; If I refuſe
To Marry, I am loſt; If I Obey,
I caſt *Octavio*, and my ſelf away.
Two ſuch Extreams of Ill, no Choice admit,
Each ſeems the worſt; on which Rock ſhall I ſplit?
Since if I Marry, I cannot ſurvive,
And not to Marry, were to Die alive.
Cam. Your Story I confeſs is ſtrangely moving:
Yet if you cou'd my Fortune weigh with yours,
In Scales of equal ſenſibility,
You would not change your Sufferings for mine.
Porc. What can there be in Nature more afflicting?
Than to be torn from th' Object of my Love;
And fore'd t' embrace a Man, whom I muſt hate?
Cam. Have you not known that Object of your Love;
And entertain'd the Perſon you eſteem?
Have you not heard, and anſwer'd to his Sighs?
Has he not born his part in all your Cares?
Do not you live, and reign within his heart?
Porc. I doubt no more his Faith, than my hard Fate.
Cam. Tell me, deareſt *Porcia*, if I love one,
Whom I ſhall never ſee, ſuff'ring as much
Without the means of e'er expreſſing it,
As what I ſuffer is above Expreſſion;
If all my Sighs wander in fleeting Air,
And ne'er can reach his Ears, for whom th'are form'd;
If

If all my Paſſion, all my killing Cares,
Muſt be for ever to their Cauſe unknown;
If their ſad weight muſt ſink me to my Grave,
Without one Groan, that he can ever hear,
Or the leaſt Hope, that I ſhould e'er obtain
Eaſe by's Pity, or Cure by his Diſdain;
If this the State of my Misfortune be,
As Heaven that has decreed it, knows it is,
Say, deareſt *Porcia* do you envy me?

Porc. What over-cruel Laws of decency
Have ſtruck you dumb? have you miſplac'd your Love,
On ſuch a Party, as you dare not own?

Cam. No, no; the Cauſe is worthy of th' Effect;
For though I had no Paſſion for this Perſon,
I were Ungrateful, if I ſhould not give
The firſt place in my heart to ſuch high Merit.

Porc. If he has been ſo happy to deſerve
Your Love, why are not you ſo juſt, to let
Him know it?

Cam. 'Tis impoſſible, Ah! that diſmal word
Cleerly ſtates the difference of our Fortunes.
You, in your firſt Adventure, have been croſt,
But I, before I can ſet out, am loſt.

Porc. Pray make me comprehend this Myſtery.

Cam. 'Tis t' open my wounds afreſh, dear *Porcia*,
But you muſt be obey'd. *After a little pauſe,*
His Excellence the *Conde d' Oniate.*
Being ſent *Ambaſſadour* to th' *Emperour*,
We having th' honour to be near ally'd
T' his Lady, went with him; my Brother
Was deſir'd, by her, to make that Journey:
Whoſe tenderneſs for me, not ſuffering him
To let me ſtay behind, I was engag'd;
And treated by th' *Ambaſſadreſs*, my Couſin,
With more reſpect, than I could ever merit.

Porc. She's a Lady, fam'd for great Civility.

Cam. We had not paſs'd much time i'th' *Emperors*

When my dear Brother, unexpectedly,
By urgent buſineſs, was call'd back to *Sevil*.
In our return (paſſing too near a Garriſon
Of th' Enemies) our Convoy was ſurpriſed,
And routed by a Party of their Horſe.

Porc. Camilla, You begin to raiſe my fears.

Cam. We being Priſ'ners, were hurry'd ſtrait away
To the Enemies Quarters, where my ill Fate
Made me appear too pleaſing to the Eyes
Of their Commander; who, at firſt approach,
Pretends to parly in a Lovers Style;
Proteſting that my Face had chang'd our Fortunes,
And him my Captive made: But finding ſoon
How litle he advanc'd in his Deſign,
By Flattery, and by his feign'd ſubmiſſion;
He ſhifts his Perſon, calls me his Priſoner,
And ſwears my Virgin Treaſure was his Prize:
But yet proteſts he had much rather owe it
To my indulgence, than his own Good Fortune;
And ſo through ſtorms and Calms, the Villain ſtill
Purſues his Courſe to his accurſed End.
But finding me inflexible to his Threats
As well as Fawnings, he reſolves to uſe
The laſt, and uncontroled Argument
Of Impious Men in power, Force.

Porc. Ah poor *Camilla*, where was your Brother,
At a time of ſuch Diſtreſs?

Cam. My Brother! He, alas, was long before
Born away from me, in the firſt Encounter;
Where having gallantly behaved himſelf,
As well became his Nation and his Name,
Remain'd ſore wounded in another Houſe.

Porc. Prithee make haſt to free me from this fright.

Cam. The Brute approaches, and by Violence
Endeavours to accompliſh his Intent.
I invocate my Guardian Angel, and reſiſt,
But with unequal force, though Rage ſupply'd

Thoſe

Thoſe Spirits, which my fear had put to flight;
At length grown faint with crying out and ſtriving,
I ſpy'd a Dagger by the Villains ſide;
Which ſnatching boldly out, as my laſt refuge,
With his own Arms I wound the Savage Beaſt.
He, at the ſtroke, unſeized me, and gave back;
So Guilt produces Cowardice; then I
The Dagger pointing to my Breaſt, cry'd out,
Villain, keep off, for if thou doſt perſiſt,
I'll be my ſelf both Sacrifice and Prieſt.
I boldly now defie thy Luſt and Hate;
She that dares chooſe to die, may brave her Fate.

Port. O how I Love and Envy thee at once,
[*Porcia ſtarts sober and kiſſes her.*
Go on brave Maid.

Cam. Immediately the Drums and Trumpets ſound,
Piſtols go off, and a great cry to Arms.
To Arms! The Luſtful *Satyr* flies; I ſtand
Fix'd with amazement to the Marble Floor,
Holding my Guardian Dagger up aloft,
As if the Ravither had threatned ſtill.

Porc. I fancy thee, *Camilla*, in that brave poſture,
Like a Noble Statue, which I remember
Once to have ſeen, of the inraged *Juno*,
When ſhe had robb'd *Jove* of his Thunderbolt.

Cam. Freed from this Fright, my Spirits flow'd ſo faſt,
To the forſaken Channels of my Heart,
That they, who by their orderly Acceſs
Would have ſupported life, by Throngs oppreſs.
O'ercharg'd with Joy, I fell into a ſwoon;
And that which happen'd during this Interval,
Is not within the Circle of my knowledge.

Porc. Y'have rais'd me to a mighty expectation:
Will the Adventure anſwer it, *Camilla*?

Cam. At my return to life, opening my eyes,
Think, deareſt *Porcia*, how I was aſtoniſh'd

To find there kneeling by my ſide, a Man
Of a moſt Noble Form; who bowing to me,
Madam (ſays he) y'are welcome to the World;
Pardon, I pray, the Boldneſs of a Stranger,
Who humbly ſues t' you to continue in it:
Or if you needs will leave us, ſtay at leaſt
Until I have Reveng'd your wrongs, and then
I'll wait upon you to the other world.
For you with-drawn, this will a Deſart ſeem,
And Life a Torment.

Porc. High Gallantry, Couſin, for the firſt Addreſs.

Cam. 'Twas ſo ſurprizing, that my Confuſion
Check'd my reply; but I ſuppoſe my Looks
Did ſpeak the grateful Language of my heart;
For I perceiv'd an Air of Joy enlighten
His Manly Face; but, Oh! how ſoon 'twas clouded;
By freſh Alarms; We heard the Souldiers cry,
Where's *Antonio*? The Enemy is rally'd,
And coming on to give a ſecond Charge?
He ſtarted up, and with a Meen, that mark'd
The Conflict 'twixt his Honour and his Love;
Madam, (ſays he) the Soul was never yet
With ſuch Convulſion from the Body torn,
As I from you; but it muſt ne'er be ſaid,
That Don *Antonio de Mendoza*
Follows in Dangers, whom he ought to lead.
Thus the vanquiſh'd Conqueror diſappear'd,
Leaving that Image ſtamp'd upon my Heart,
To which I all the Joys muſt ſacrifice
Of the poor Remnant of my wretched Life:
If properly to live I may be ſaid,
When all my hopes of ſeeing him are dead.

She puts her Handkerchief to her eyes.

Porc. Though you have kept this part of your Adventure
Still from me.

Cam. And from every Body living.

Porc.

Porc. I have obſerv'd the Signs of ſmother'd Grief;
I've often ſeen thoſe lovely Eyes much ſwoln;
Thoſe are true Tears, Camilla, *which are ſtoln.*
But what ſaid you was his name *Camilla*?

Cam. Antonio de Mendoza:

Porc. O Heavens! *Antonio de Mendoza!*

Enter Henrique.

Henr. I'm pleas'd to find you ſpeaking of your Husband.

Cam. What's that I hear? Her Husband? [*Aſide.*

Henr. Have you the Letter ready, I deſir'd you
To writ to him? I'll ſend a Servant with it,
To meet him on the way; 'twill ſhew Reſpect.

Porc. You know my obedience Brother.

Henr. 'Tis well, Siſter.

Enter Silvio.

Silv. Sir, here's a Servant of Don *Antonio*
Newly alighted at the Gate; he's come
Poſt from his Maſter, charg'd with Letters for you.

Henr. I could not have receiv'd more wellcome News;
Go, bring him in; Siſter you may with-draw.

[*Exeunt* Porcia *and* Camilla.

Enter Erneſto *and* Sylvio.

Erneſt. Sir, Don *Antonio* kiſſes your hands,
And ſends me to preſent this Letter to you.

[*He gives a Letter to Don* Henrique.

Don Henrique *opens it, and having read it to himſelf, ſays.*

Henr. I'm glad to find by's Letter he's in health;

Yet methinks, Friend he writes but doubtfully,
Of's being here, this night, as I expected.

Ern. His Letter, I suppose Sir, speaks his purpose.

Henr. I'll answer't, and dispach you presently;
In the mean while go make him welcome, *Sylvio.*

[*Exeunt* Sylvio *and* Ernesto.

I wou'd to Heav'n he were arriv'd; I grow
Each minute more impatient: As Bodies
Near their Center move with more violence,
So when w' approach the Ends of our Designs,
Our Expectations are the more Intense
And our Fears greater of all cross Events.

[*Exit* Henrique.

Enter Sylvio, Ernesto, Geraldo, Pedro, Bernardino, Jago, *with some Cups of* Chocolate.

Syl. Methinks Camerade, a soop of Chocolate
Is not amiss, after a tedious Journey;
Your Masters Health, Sir. [*He drinks.*

Ern. I'll do you reason, Sir.

Syl. Pray how long is't, Brother, since you left *Spain*?

Ern. 'Tis now five years and upwards, since I went
From *Sevil*, with my Master, into *Flanders*,
The Kings Fencing-School; where all his Subjects
Given to Fighting, are taught the use of Arms,
And notably kept in Breath.

Syl. Your Master, I am sure, has got the Fame
To be a per'lous Man in that rough Trade.

Ern. He's a brave Soldier, Envy must confess it.

Pedr. It seems so, faith, since meerly by the force
Of his great Reputation, he can take
Our bright young Mistress in without a Siege.

Ern. If I mistake not, she will be reveng'd
On him, e'r long, and take him too, by th' force
Of her rare Wit and Beauty.

Ped.

Ped. S'has a fair portion, Sir, of both, I dare
Affure you.

Syl. But prethee, Brother, inſtruct us a little,
Tell us, what kind of Countrey is this *Holland*,
That is ſo much talk'd of, and ſo much fought for?

Ern. Why, friend, 'tis a huge Ship at Anchor, fraught
With a ſort of Creatures, made up of Turff,
And Butter.

Pedr. Pray, Sir, what do they drink in that Country?
'Tis ſaid, there's neither Fountains there, nor Vines.

Ern. This is the Butler, ſure, by his apt queſtion.
[*Aſide.*
Friend, they drink there a certain muddy Liquor,
Made of that Grain, with which you feed your Mules.

Pedr. What, Barley? Pray can that Juice quench their thirſt?

Ern. You'd ſcarce believe it cou'd, did you but ſee
How oft they drink.

Pedr. But methinks, that ſhou'd make them drunk, Camerade,

Ern. Indeed moſt Strangers are of that opinion;
But they themſelves believe it not, becauſe
They are ſo often, drunk.

Ger. A Nation ſure of walking Tuns; the World
Has not the like.

Ern. Pardon me, Friend, there is but a great Ditch
Betwixt them and juſt ſuch another Nation.
If theſe Good-fellows wou'd but joyn, and drink
That dry, 'faith they might ſhake hands.

Ger. Prethee, Friend, can theſe Dutch *Rotterdam* Fight?

Ern. They can do even as well, for they can Pay
Thoſe that can fight.

Syl. But where, I pray Sir, do they get their Money?

Ern.

Ern. Oh Sir, they have a thriving Myſtery;
They Cheat their Neighb'ring Princes of their Trade,
And then they buy their Subjects for their Soldiers.

Syl. Methinks our Armies ſhould beat theſe Butter-Boxes
Out of the World.

Ern. Truſt me Brother, they'll ſooner beat our Armies,
Out of their Countrey; Why, ready Money, Friend,
Will do much more, in Camps, as well as Courts,
Than a ready Wit, I dare aſſure you.

Ger. Methinks, Camerade, our King ſhould have more Money,
Than theſe Dutch Swabbers; he's Maſter o' th' *Indies*
Where Money grows.

Ern. But they have Herrings, Friend, which I aſſure you,
Are worth our Maſters Mines.

Ger. Herrings! why what a Devil do they grow
In their Countrey?

Ern. No faith, they fiſh 'em on the *Engliſh Coaſt*,
And fetch their Salt from *France*; then they pickle 'em
And ſell 'em all o'er the world.

Ger. 'Slife theſe Raſcals live by Cookery.

Ern. This is the codled Cook, I've found him out. [*Aſide.*

Bern. What kind of Beds Sir have they i'that Countrey?

Ern. This I dare ſwear's the Groom o' the Chamber. [*Aſide.*
Sir, they have certain Niches in their Walls,
Where they climb up a-nights, and there they ſtew
In their own Greaſe, till Morning.

Jago. Pray Sir, give me leave to ask you one queſtion:
What manner of Women have they in that Countrey?

Ern.

Ern. The Gentleman Uſher upon my life. [*Aſide.*
Pray excuſe me, Sir, we Gentlemen Soldiers
Value our ſelves upon our Civility
To that ſoft Sex; and in good faith, they are
The ſofteſt of that Sex, I ever met with.

Jago. Does any of our Spaniards ever marry
With 'em?

Ern. Yes ſome lean Families, that have a mind
To lard their Progeny.

Syl. What, a Gods name, could come into the Heads
Of this People, to make them Rebel?

Ern. Why Religion, that came into their Heads
A Gods Name.

Ger. But what a Devil made the Noblemen
Rebel, they never mind Religion?

Ern. Why that which made the Devil himſelf Rebel,
Ambition.

Syl. This is a pleaſant Fellow. [*Aſide.*
I find you Gentlemen Soldiers want not wit.

Ern. Not when w'are well paid Sir; but that's ſo ſeldom,
I find that Gentleman wants wit that is
A Soldier. Your Company's very good,
But I have buſineſs which requires Diſpatch.

Pedr. Will you not mend your Draught before you go?

Ern. I thank you, Sir, I have done very well.

All. Your ſervant, your ſervant, &c. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Camilla, Porcia, Flora.

Porc. Was e'er Diſaſter like to mine *Camilla*?

Cam. Was e'er Misfortune *Porcia* like to mine?

Porc. That I muſt never ſee *Octavio* more.

Cam. That I again muſt Don *Antonio* ſee,

Yet

Yet never see him mine.

Porc. I, to be marry'd to the Man I hate.

Cam. And I, to have the Man I love, torn from me.

Porc. I am by Robbing of my Friend, undone.

Cam. I, for not hind'ring of the Theft, am loſt.

Porc. Ye Powers, who theſe intangled fortunes give,
Inſtruct us how to Die, or how to Live. [*She weeps.*

Cam. Couſin, when we ſhould Act, then to Complain
Is Childiſhly to beat the Air in vain.
Theſe deſcants on our Griefs only perplex;
Let's ſeek the Remedy; you know, our Sex
This Honour bears from Men, in Exigents
Of Love, never to want Expedients.

Porc. You have awaken'd me; give me your Vail,
Quickly, dear Couſin quickly; and you, *Flora*,
[Porcia *takes off* Camillas *Vail*, *and puts it on her ſelf.*
Run preſently, and ſee whether my Brother
Be ſetled to diſpatch *Antonios* Man. [*Exit* Flora.

Cam. What mean you *Porcia*?

Porc. If once my Brother be ſet down to write,
I may ſecurely reckon one Hour mine;
For he is ſo extravagantly Jealous,
That he Diſtruſts the ſenſe of his own words;
And will weigh a Subſcription to a Scruple,
Leaſt he ſhould wrong his Family by his Stile;
Therefore I'll ſerve my ſelf of this occaſion
To ſee *Octavio*, and to let him know
That all our hopes are ready to expire,
Unleſs he finds ſome prompt Expedient
For our Relief.

Cam. Pray how, and where d'you hope to ſpeak with him?

Porc. At his own Houſe, where he lies yet conceal'd;

'Tis

'Tis not far off, and I will venture thither.

Cam. D'you know the way?

Porc. Not very well, but *Flora*'s a good Guide.

Enter Flora *hastily.*

Flor. O Madam! he's coming already.

Porc. Ah spiteful Destiny! come let's retire Into my Chamber, Cousin.

[*Exeunt* Porcia *and* Camilla.

Enter Henrique *and* Ernesto.

Henr. If you desire to see her, Friend, you may.

Ern. I should be glad to acquaint my Master, Sir, That I have had the honour to see his Bride.

Henr. Where's your Lady *Flora*?

Flor. She's in her Chamber, Sir.

Henr. Tell her, *Antonio* Man attends her here, To do his Duty to her, e'r he goes. [*Exit* Flora. Stay here; you'll find her with a Kinswoman In her home-dress, without a Vail, but you Are privileg'd, by your Relation, for this access; I'll go dispatch my Letter. [*Exit.* Henrique.

Enter Camilla, Porcia, *and* Flora.

[Ernesto *addresses himself to* Camilla, *seeing her without a Vail.*

Ern. Madam, I have been bold to beg the Honour Of seeing your Ladyship, to make my self More welcome to my Lord, at my return.

Porc. A rare mistake, further it, dear *Camilla*; [*Aside.*

Who knows what Good this Error may produce.

Cam. Friend, in what state left you your Lord and mine?

Ern.

Ern. As happy as the hopes of being yours
Could make him, Madam.

Cam. I wou'd the Master were as easily deceiv'd.
[*Aside.*
I pray present my humble service to him;
And let him know, that I am very glad
He has past his Journey so successfully.
Give him the Letter, *Flora*, farewel Friend.
[*Ex.* Camilla, Porcia, *and* Flora.

Ern. Now by my life, she is a lovely Lady;
My Master will be ravish'd with her Form.
I hope this blind Bargain, made by Proxy,
May prove as happy a Marriage, as those
Made after th' Old Fashion, chiefly for Love:
And that this unseen Beauty may have Charms,
To bring him back to his right wits again,
From his wild Ravings on an unknown Dame,
Whom, as he fancies (once upon a time)
He recovered from a Trance; that's to say
From a sound Sleep; which makes him Dream e'er since.
I'll hasten to him with this pleasing News.
[*Exit* Erneſto.

Enter Camilla, Porcia, Flora.

Cam. My Melancholy could hardly hinder me
From laughing at the formal Fools mistake.
But tell me, did not I present your person
With rare assurance? The way for both to thrive,
Is to make me your Representative.

Porc. Most willingly, and I am confident,
When you, your Charms shall to his heart apply,
You all your Rivals safely may defie.

Cam. I wish I could be vain enough to hope it.
But Cousin, my Despairs are so extream,
I can't be flatter'd, though but in a Dream.

Flor.

Flor. Madam, do we go, or what d'you reſolve on.

Porc. I muſt reſolve, but know not what to chooſe.

Cam. Couſin, take heed, I am afraid you venture
Too much; your Brother cannot tarry long;
And if at his return he finds you miſſing....

Porc. Y'have reaſon, th' opportunity is loſt.
What is't a Clock *Flora*?

Flor. I think near Seven, for the Clock ſtruck Six
Juſt as *Camilla* entered the Chamber.

Porc. Quick then, *Flora*, fetch your Vail, you ſhall carry
My Tablets to *Octavio*; there he'll find
The hour, and Place where I would have him meet.
[*Exit* Flora.

Cam. 'Tis well reſolved; but where do you deſign
Your Meeting?

Porc. In the remoteſt part of all the Garden,
Which anſwers, as you know, to my Appartment;
And *Flora* has the Key of the Back door.

Cam. As the Caſe ſtands, you chooſe the fitteſt place.
[Flora *returns vailed.*

Porc. Couſin, I beg your patience whil'ſt I write.
[Porcia *writes in her Tablets.*

Cam. You, Miſtreſs *Flora*, by this Accident
May chance to ſee your faithful Lover, *Diego*.

Flor. He is a faithful Lover of himſelf,
Without a Rival, Madam.

Cam. Damſel, Your words and thoughts hardly agree;
For could we ſee his Image in your Heart,
'Twould be a fairer far, than e'er his Glaſs
Reflected.

Flor. Madam, I am not yet ſo very old,
That I ſhould dote.

Cam. Nor yet ſo very young, but you may love;
Dotage and Love are Couſin Germans, *Flora*.

Flor. Yes when we love, and are not lov'd again;
[*Smiling.*
For elſe, I think th' are not ſo near a kin.

Cam. I have touch'd a Nettle, and have ſtung my
[*Aſide.*

Porc. Make all the haſte you can, pray *Flora.*

Flor. Madam, I'll flie.
Should I not play my part, I were to blame, [*Aſide.*
Since all my Fortune's betted on her Game.
Madam, has *Octavio* the other Key
Belonging to the Tablets?

Porc. Yes, yes, I pray make haſte. [*Exit.* Flor.

Cam. Couſin, Pray call for *Mirabel*, and let her Divert us with a Song.

Porc. Who waits there?

Enter Page.

Porc. Bid *Mirabel* come in and *Floridor*
With his Lute, and ſend in ſome body with Chairs.

Cam. Pray Couſin, let her ſing her neweſt Air.

Porc. What you pleaſe.

Cam. Tell me, prethee, whoſe Compoſition was it?

Porc. Gueſs, and I'll tell you true.
[*They bring in Chairs.*

Cam. Octovios.

Porc. Y'are i'th'right.

Enter Mirabel *and Floridor.*

Porc. Mirabel ſing *Miſtaken Kindneſs.*

The Song.

Can Luciamira *ſo miſtake,*
To perſuade me to flie?

'Tis

'Tis, cruel-kind, for my own sake,
To counsel me to die.
Like those faint souls, who cheat themselves of breath,
And die for fear of death.

Since Love's *the Principle of Life,*
And you the Object lov'd;
Let's Luciamira, *end this strife,*
I cease to be remov'd.
We know not what they do, are gone from hence,
But here we love by sense.

If the Platonicks *who would prove*
Souls without Bodies love,
Had, with respect, well understood
The Passion's i'the Blood,
Th' had suffer'd Bodies to have had their part,
And seated Love i'th' Heart.

Porc. What discord there's in Musick, when the Heart,
Untun'd by trouble cannot bear a part.
Cam. In vain we seek Content in outward things,
'Tis only from within where Quiet springs.

ACT II.

SCENE the Street of *SEVIL.*

Enter Don Antonio *and* Sancho *in Riding Cloaths.*

Sancho.

SIR, we are arriv'd in very good time.

An. I did not think it would have been ſo ſoon
By an hour at leaſt, but Lovers ride a pace.
Why ſmile you *Sancho*?

San. Faith at the Novelty of your Amours.
To fall in love with one you hardly ſaw,
And marry one, you never ſaw, 'tis pretty;
But we poor Mortals have another Method.

An. Y'are very pleaſant Friend, but is not this
The Market-Place behind the *Jacobins*?

San. Yes Sir.

An. 'Tis here I charg'd *Erneſto* to expect me.

San. Since you are here, Sir, earlier than you thought,
Why might you not go ſhift you at the Poſt houſe?
And be return'd, before *Erneſto* come;
Howe'er, 'tis better, that he wait for you,
Than you for him in the open Street.

An. 'Tis well thought on; Come let's go then.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Octavio *and* Diego.

Octa. Come, *Diego*, 'tis now time to quit our Dens, And

And to begin our Chaſe.

Dieg. Of what, Sir, Bats, or Owls, now the Sun's ſet?
Call you this making of Love? Why methinks,
'Tis more like making of War; marching all night
In Arms as if we deſign'd to Beat up
The Enemies Quarters.

Oct. Why, would not you venture as much for *Flora*?

Die. No in good faith Sir; I ſhall venture enough,
If e'er I marry her; I'll run no hazard,
By my good will, before-hand.

Oct. That's from your fear, not prudence, *Diego*.

Die. Sir, you may call it what you pleaſe, but I
Dare boldly ſay, there lives not in the world
A more Valiant Man, than I, whil'ſt Danger
Keepts its due Diſtance; but when ſawcily
It preſſes on, then, I confeſs, 'tis true,
I have a certain tenderneſs for life,
Which checks my ardor, and enclines my prudence
Timely to with draw.

Oct. Your Style is wondrous civil to your ſelf;
How you ſoften that harſh word, call'd Cowardice;
But the danger is not always evident,
When you are pleas'd, my Friend, to run away.

Die. It may be ſo, Sir, not to Vulgar eyes;
But I have ſuch a piercing ſight, that I
Diſcover Perils out of others Ken;
Which they not ſeeing ſoon enough to ſhun,
Are forc'd t' encounter; and then their ſtrugling
Is, by th'unwary world, taken for Courage.

Oct. Who's truly valiant, will be always ſo.

Die. Who's wiſely valiant will avoid the Foe.

Oct. You have more light, *Diego*, I ſee than heat;
But I'll allow your Wit and Honeſty
To come to Compoſition for your want
Of Courage.

Die. I have Courage enough for the Profession
To which my Parents did design me.

Oct. Why what was that?

Die. An Advocate; I could have acted Cholet
In my Clients sight, and when his back was turn'd
Have hugg'd the Lawyer of th' adverse Party;
And if I mistake not, they sell their Breath:
Much dearer than you Soldiers do your Blood.
'Tis true you get Honour, a fine light food,
For delicate Complexions; but I have
Known some Captains of plain Stomachs starve upon't.

Oct. The Varlet's i' the right. [*Aside.*
How cam't about
You were not of this thriving Trade?

Die. After I had spent seven years at *Salamanca*,
My Father, a rich Merchant of this City,
Was utterly undone, by that damn'd Englishman,
With whom we fright our Children.

Oct. Who Captain *Drake*? Was he a *Pyrate*?

Die. He had been so on this side of the Line.

Oct. 'Tis strange that War and Peace should have degrees
Of Latitude; one would have thought they should
Have been the same all o'r the world; but what's this
To my Amours! I trifle away my time,
Was ever Lovers Fate so rude as mine?
Condemn'd to Darkness, forc'd to hide my Head,
As well as Love? And to spight me the more,
Fortune has Contradictions reconcil'd,
I am at once a Prisoner, and exil'd.

Enter Antonio *and* Sancho.

An. Methinks *Ernesto* should not tarry long;
If not already come; *Sancho*, how call you
The Street there just before us? Where you see

Yon

Yon Gentleman with his Cloak o'er his face?
I have loſt all my meaſures of this Town.

San. I am as much to ſeek as you, Sir.

An. Let us go to him, *Sancho*, and enquire;
He has a notable good Mien; I ne'r
Saw an Air more like *Octavio*.

Oct. Unleſs my eyes do very much deceive me;
That's Don *Antonio*; if it be he, *Diego*,
There is no danger in his knowing us:
He was my *Comrade* when I firſt bore Arms;
'Tis He [*Octavio lets fall his Cloak from before his face.*

An. You injure me *Octavio*, to be ſo long
A knowing one, who's ſo intirely yours.

[*They embrace.*

Oct. Your preſence in this place, Noble *Antonio*,
Was ſo unexpected, I hardly durſt
Believe my eyes; When came you to this Town?

Ant. I am juſt now arrived.

Oct. I joy to ſee you here, but ſhould have thought
It likelier to have heard of you at Court,
Purſuing there, the Recompenſes due
To your great Merit.

Ant. That is no place for Men of my Morality;
I have been taught, *Octavio*, to deſerve,
But not to ſeek Reward; that does prophane
The Dignity of Virtue; if Princes,
For their own Intereſts, will not advance
Deſerving Subjects, they muſt raiſe themſelves,
By a brave contempt of Fortune.

Oct. Rig'rous Virtue! which makes us to deſerve,
Yet ſuffer the neglect of thoſe we ſerve.

Ant. Virtue to Intereſt, has no regard;
Nor is it Virtue, if we expect a reward.

Oct. If for their ſervice, Kings our Virtues preſs,
Is no pay due to Valour and Succeſs?

Ant. When we gave up our perſons to their Will,
We gave with thoſe, our Valour, Fortune, Skill.

Oct. But this Condition tacitely was meant,
Kings ſhould adjuſt Reward and Puniſhment.
Ant. Kings are the only Judges of Deſerts
And our Tribunal's ſeated in their Hearts.
Oct. But if they judge, and act a miſs, what then?
Ant. They muſt account to th' Powers above, not Men.
Oct. Then we muſt ſuffer.
Ant. Yes; if we reject
Their Power as too great; we muſt erect
A greater to Controul them; and thus we
Inſtead of ſhrinking, ſwell the Tyrany.
Oct. W'obey for fear then.
Ant. True. *'Tis only above*
Where Power is Juſtice and Obedience Love.
Oct. I'm glad to find, in you, the ſeeds yet left
Of ſteddy Virtue; may they bring forth fruit
Fit to Illuſtrate, and Inſtruct the Age.
Let me once more embrace you; Welcome brave
Man,
Both the Delight, and Honour of your Friends.
[*Embraces* Antonio.
Ant. You will give me leave, Sir, to diſtinguiſh
Betwixt your Judgment, and Civility.
Oct. He has not liv'd i'th' reach of Publick Fame,
Who is a ſtranger to your Character.
This is my Houſe, be pleas'd, Sir, to go in,
And make it yours; though truly at preſent
I am but in an ill Condition
To receive the Honour of ſuch a Gueſt;
Having by an unlucky Accident
Been forc'd of late to keep my ſelf conceal'd.
Ant. I humbly thank you, Sir, but cannot yet
Receive your Favour, for I muſt ſtay here
Expecting the Return of one, I ſent
Before me to my Brother-in-Laws.
Oct. Have you a Brother-in-Law in *Sevil*?
You ſurprize me much.

Ant.

Ant. It is moſt true, *Octavio*, I come hither
A Marri'd-Man, as much as Friends can make me.
Oct. Since it imports you not to miſs your Servant,
Let us ſtay here without, until he comes;
And then go in, and reſt your ſelf a while.
But, how go our Affairs in *Flanders*?
Ant. I left our Armies in a better State,
Than formerly.
Oct. And your Governour, the *Duke of Alva*,
I ſuppoſe in great Reputation?
Ant. The Honour of our Country, and the Terror
Of others. Fortune conſulted Reaſon,
When ſhe beſtow'd ſuch Favours upon him.
Oct. And yet 'tis ſaid, he looſes ground at Court.
Ant. 'Tis poſſible; *Under a Jealous Prince,*
A great's as prejudicial, as an evil Fame.
Oct. They ſay he's cruel, even to Barbarity.
Ant. 'Tis Mercy, that, which they call Cruelty.
In a Civil War, in fertil Provinces,
(And the Sun ſees not richer, than are theſe;)
The Soldier, eſpecially th' *Auxilary*,
Whoſe trade it is to fight for Salary;
Is brib'd by gain, the Rebells lives to ſpare;
That mutual Quarter may prolong the War,
Till this ſlow Fever has conſum'd their force,
And then, they'll fall to our Rival *France*, of courſe.
War made in earneſt, maketh War to ceaſe,
And vigorous Proſecution haſtens Peace.
Oct. Y'ave made me comprehend his Conduct;
He's ſure,
As great a Politician, as a Soldier.
Ant. Loyalty's his Center, his Circumference
Glory;
And t'after Ages, he'l ſhow great in Story.
Oct. And our good friend the Marquis d'*Olivera*,
In high eſteem.
Ant. The boaſt of our Army; he has exceeded

Hope; and made flattery impossible.

Oct. They say he did Wonders at the Siege of *Mons*.

Ant. You mean (as I suppose) at the pursuit
O'th' *German* Army led by th' *Prince of Orange*:
Indeed his Courage, and his Conduct there
Were very signal.

Oct. You'l much oblige me, if whilst you expect
Your Servant here, I might learn from your self
Some few Particulars of your own Actions;
Fame speaks loudly of them, but not distinctly.

Ant. *Fame, like water, bears up the lighter things,*
And lets the weighty sink. I do not use
To speak in the first Person; but if you needs
Will have a Story to fill up the time,
I'll tell you an Adventure of my own,
Where you'll find Love so interwov'n with Arms,
That, I am confident, 'twill raise your wonder;
How being prepossess'd with such a Passion,
I should (upon Prudential motives only)
Be ingaged, as now you find me, to Marry
A Lady whom I never saw.

Oct. The Person, and the Subject, Sir, both challenge
My best attention.

Ans. [*after a little pause.*] The following Evening to that glorious Day
Wherein the *Duke of Alva* gain'd such Fame,
Against the Cautelous *Naslow*; some Horse
Were sent from the Army, under my command
To cover the *Limbourg* Frontiers much expos'd
To th' Enemies inroads. My Troops scarce lodg'd,
I receiv'd intelligence, that a Party
Of th' Enemy, about two hundred Horse,
Were newly come t'a Village three Leagues off,
Intending there to lodge: Immediately
We sounded to Horse, and March'd to their Surprize
So luckily, that by the break of day

Their

Their Quarters were on fire.

Oct. You had been taught, Sir, by your wife General,
That Diligence in Execution, is
Even above Fortune, Mistress of Success.

Ant. They made but faint Resistance; some were slain,
Some perish'd in the Fire, others escaped,
Giving the Alarm, in Quarters more remote,
To their Companions drown'd in sleep and Wine;
Who, at the Outcry, and the noise of Trumpets
Methinks I fancy starting from their Beds,
As pale, and wan, as from their Dormitories
Those the last Trump shall rouze; differing in this,
That those awake to live, but these to die.

Oct. *O how unlike it is to be secure!*

Ant. Finding no more Resistance, I made haste
To a lofty Structure, which, as I conceiv'd,
Was the likeliest Quarter for their Officer;
Led thither by Desire to rescue both,
Him, from the Soldiers rage, That from the Fire.

Oct. A care most worthy of a Gallant Leader.

Ant. But think *Octavio*, how I was surpriz'd,
When, entering a *Pavillion* i'th' Garden,
I found a Woman of a matchless Form,
Stretch'd all along upon the Marble Floor.

Oct. I easily can divine how sad a Heart,
As harbours in the brave *Antonio's* breast,
May suffer at so sad a Spectacle.

Ant. At the first sight I did believe her dead;
Yet in that State, so Awful she appear'd
That I approach'd her, with as much respect,
As if the Soul had animated still
That Body, which, though dead, scarce mortal seem'd.
But as the Sun from our Horizon gone,
His Beams do leave a Tincture on the Skies,

Which ſhews it was not long ſince he withdrew;
So, in her lovely Face, there ſtill appear'd
Some ſcatter'd ſtreaks of thoſe Vermillion Beams,
Which us'd t' irraditate that bright Firmament.
Thus did I find that Diſtreſs'd Miracle,
Able to wound a Heart as if Alive,
Uncapable to Cure it, as if Dead.

Oct. I no more doubt your pity, than your wonder.

Ant. My Admiration did ſuſpend my Aid,
Till Paſſion joyn'd to Pity, made me bold.
I kneel'd, and took her in my Arms, then bow'd
Her Body gently forward; at which inſtant,
A ſigh ſtole from her; O th' raviſhing ſound!
Which being a *Symptom* of remaining life,
Made me forget, that 'twas a ſign of Grief.
At length ſhe faintly opens her bright Eyes;
So breaks the day; and ſo do all the Creatures
Rejoyce, as I did, at the new-born Light.
But as the *Indians* who adore the Sun,
Are ſcorch'd by's Beam, e'r half his Race be Run;
So I, who did adore her riſing Eyes,
Found my ſelf wounded by thoſe Deities.

Oct. I am bigg with expectation, pray deliver me.

Ant. From her fair hand a bloody Poniard fell,
Which ſhe held faſt during her Trance, as if,
Sh' had only needed Arms, whilſt ſhe did Sleep,
And truſted to her Eyes, when ſhe did Wake.
What I ſaid to her, being a production
Of meer *Extaſie*, I remember not;
She made me no reply, yet I diſcern'd
In a Serener Air of her pale Face,
Some Lines of Satisfaction, mix'd with Fear.

Oct. Such looks in ſilence have an Eloquence.
But pray go on.

Ant. Rais'd from the Ground, and to her ſelf return'd,

I ſtept a fitting diſtance back; as well
To gaze upon that lovely Apparition,
As to expreſs reſpect; when at that inſtant
The Trumpets ſound a Charge; my Soldiers cry,
Where is our Leader? Where's *Antonio*?
My Love a while diſputed with my Honor:
But that being the longer ſetled Power
O'er came. I joyn'd my Troops, left in reſerve,
As they were ready to receive a Charge
From divers Squadrons of freſh Horſe, who being
Quarter'd in Neighbouring Villages, had taken
Hotly th' Alarm, and came (though then too late)
In ſuccour of their Friends; Honor and Love
Had ſo inflam'd my Heart, that I advanc'd
Beyond the Rules of Conduct, and receiv'd
So many Wounds, that I with faintneſs fell.

Oct. How can this ſtory end?

Ant. My Soldiers beat the Enemy, and brought me off,
Where Surgeons quickly cured my outward wounds;
But the remembrance of that *Heroine*,
My inward Hurts kept bleeding ſtill a freſh.
Till by the buſineſs of the War conſtrain'd
T' attend my charge i'th Army; my deſpair
Of ever ſeeing her again conſpiring
With the ſtrong perſuaſions of *Olivera*;
I was at length, even forc'd to an Engagement
Of Marriage, with a Lady of this City,
Rich, Noble, and, as they ſay Beautiful.
And ſo you have me here come to Conſummate
Thoſe Nuptial Rites, to which my Intereſt,
And th' importunity of truſty Friends
O'er-rule my Judgment, though againſt my Heart.

Oct. A wonderfull Adventure! but pray, Sir,
May I not take the liberty to ask you,
Who may this Noble Lady be, to whom
Fates have deſtin'd ſo much happineſs?

Ant.

Which shews it was not long since he withdrew;
So, in her lovely Face, there still appear'd
Some scatter'd streaks of those Vermillion Beams,
Which us'd t' irradiate that bright Firmament.
Thus did I find that Distress'd Miracle,
Able to wound a Heart as if Alive,
Uncapable to Cure it, as if Dead.

Oct. I no more doubt your pity, than your wonder.

Ant. My Admiration did suspend my Aid,
Till Passion joyn'd to Pity, made me bold.
I kneel'd, and took her in my Arms, then bow'd
Her Body gently forward; at which instant,
A sigh stole from her; O th' ravishing sound!
Which being a *Symptom* of remaining life,
Made me forget, that 'twas a sign of Grief.
At length she faintly opens her bright Eyes;
So breaks the day; and so do all the Creatures
Rejoyce, as I did, at the new-born Light.
But as the *Indians* who adore the Sun,
Are scorch'd by's Beam, e'r half his Race be Run;
So I, who did adore her rising Eyes,
Found my self wounded by those Deities.

Oct. I am bigg with expectation, pray deliver me.

Ant. From her fair hand a bloody Poniard fell,
Which she held fast during her Trance, as if,
Sh' had only needed Arms, whilst she did Sleep,
And trusted to her Eyes, when she did Wake.
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Of meer *Extasie*, I remember not;
She made me no reply, yet I discern'd
In a Serener Air of her pale Face,
Some Lines of Satisfaction, mix'd with Fear.

Oct. Such looks in silence have an Eloquence.
But pray go on.

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I ſtept a fitting diſtance back; as well
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Ant. My Soldiers beat the Enemy, and brought me off,
Where Surgeons quickly cured my outward wounds;
But the remembrance of that *Heroine*,
My inward Hurts kept bleeding ſtill a freſh.
Till by the buſineſs of the War conſtrain'd
T'attend my charge i'th Army; my deſpair
Of ever ſeeing her again conſpiring
With the ſtrong perſuaſions of *Olivera*;
I was at length, even forc'd to an Engagement
Of Marriage, with a Lady of this City,
Rich, Noble, and, as they ſay Beautiful.
And ſo you have me here come to Conſummate
Thoſe Nuptial Rites, to which my Intereſt,
And th' importunity of truſty Friends
O'er-rule my Judgment, though againſt my Heart.

Oct. A wonderfull Adventure! but pray, Sir,
May I not take the liberty to ask you,
Who may this Noble Lady be, to whom
Fates have deſtin'd ſo much happineſs?

Ant.

Ant. I have no Reserves for you, *Octavio*,
'Tis the Sister of...

Enter Ernesto, Octavio *retires hastily, and covers his face with his Cloak.*
Antonio *nodding to* Octavio.

It is my Servant, Sir.

Oct. Step to *Antonio*, *Diego*, and desire him
To send him off.

Ant. I will immediately; Well, *Ernesto*
[Diego *goes to* Antonio, *and whispers.*
What good news? speak freely.

Ern. Sir, as you charg'd me, I told your Brother-in-Law,
I thought you hardly could be there this Night.
He kisses your hands, and bad me tell you,
That he expects your coming with Impatience.
This Letter's *from Don Henrick*, th' other's from
Your beaut'ous Bride, the most accomplish'd Person
I ever saw; my being of your train
Gave me the Priviledge of a Domestick
To see her in her Chamber-dress, without
A Veil, either to cover Faults, or hide
Perfections.

Ant. Tell me truly is she so very handsome?

Ern. Handsomer far in my opinion, Sir
Than all those *Brussels* Beauties, which you call
The finish'd Pieces: but I say no more;
Let your own eyes inform you. Here's a Key
Of the Apartment, that's made ready for you;
A Lower Quarter, very nobly furnish'd,
That opens on Saint *Vincents* Street.

Ant. Give it me; and go to the Post-house,
And take care that my things be brought from thence.
Octavio, will you go along with me,

[*Exit* Ernesto.

And

And be a witneſs of my firſt Addreſs?

Oct. Sir, You chuſe in me an ill Companion
Of Lovers Interviews, or Nuptial Joyes.
One whoſe Misfortunes to ſuch ſad Extreames
Are heightned, that the very mentioning
Of Happy hours, ſerves only to Imbitter
The Memory of my loſt Joys.

Ant. So very deep a ſenſe of your Misfortunes,
Holds no Proportion with *Octavios* mind.

Enter Flora *in haſte.*

Flo. Where's your Maſter, *Diego*?

Die. There's ſome ill towards, when this Bird appears, [*Aſide.*
Do you not ſee him? y'have liv'd too long a Maid.

Flo. Sir, I have ſomething to ſay t'you in private,
That requires haſte.

Oct. What new Accident brings you hither, *Flora*?

Flo. Theſe Tablets will inform you, Sir,
[Flora *retires.*

Die. Will you not ſtay for an Anſwer, Damſel?

Flo. 'Tis a command, not a Queſtion, *Diego.*

Die. Short, and ſweet, *Flora.*

Oct. Good *Flora* ſtay a minute; I much fear
It is ſome new misfortune.

Die. Nay, Sir, you may be ſure 'tis ſome Diſaſter,
Elſe it would ne'er have come ſo eaſily,
And ſo unſought for.

Oct. Will you allow me for a moment, Sir,
To ſtep into my Houſe, and read a Letter?
[*Bowing to* Antonio.

Ant. I'll wait upon you in, and ſtay your leiſure.
[*Exeunt all but* Diego.

Die. Theſe little black Books do more Devils raiſe,
Than all the Figures of the Conjurers.
This is ſome Miſſive from the *Heroine.*

If it ends not in Fighting I'll be hang'd.
It is the Method of their dear *Romances*,
And Persons of their Rank make Love by Book.
Curse of the Inventor of that damn'd device
Of Painting words, and speaking to our Eyes!
Had I a hundred Daughters, by this Light,
Not one of 'em should ever Read or Write.

Enter Flora, *and seems to go away in haste.*

Here she comes again. 'Twas a quick dispatch.
A word, *Flora*, or a kind glance at least,
What? Grown cruel? *Diego*, no Body w'you!
Flo. This is no time for fooling, friend.
Die. Nay, if you be so serious, fare you well.
But now I think on't better, I'll do th' Honours
Of our Street, and bring you to the end on't.
Flo. I shall be well hope up with such a Squire.
If some wandering Knight should chance to assault you,
To bear away your Damsel, What would you do?
Die. I'd use no other weapon but a Torch;
I'd put aside your Veil, shew him your Face,
That, I suppose, would guard us both.
Flo. Why, d'you think t'would fright him. *Diego*?
Die. Oh no, 'twould charm him, *Flora*.
Flo. Well, such as 'tis, I'll venture it without
Engaging your known Valour, Good night.
[*Exit* Flora.

Enter Octavio *and* Antonio.

Oct. What may this be? I swear I cannot guess;
The Warning's short, but she must be obey'd:
The Hour draws near; I must go seek a friend;
Her words seem to emply need of a second;
'Twere barbarous to engage *Antonio*,

Newly

Newly arriv'd, and come on such an Errand.
[*Addressing to* Antonio.
Noble *Antonio*, my confusion's great,
To tell you thus abruptly, I must leave you;
Th' occasion's indispensable.

Ant. I must not quit you, Sir, I know too well
The Laws of Honour, to desert you now:
When I perceive my friend in such disorder,
And all the marks that he is call'd to danger,
To leave him then...

Oct. It is a Summons from a Lady, Sir,
Whom I have lov'd with Passion and Success,
To meet her in her Garden presently:
All is propitious on her part, and mine;
But she's so Guarded by a Tyrant Brother;
So naturally Jealous, and so incens'd
By a late Accident which I shall tell you,
That to assure you, there would be no danger
In this Adventure, were, Sir, to abuse you;
But for that very reason I am bound
Not to consent you should imbark your self,
In a business so directly opposite
To the occasion, which has brought you hither.

Ant. I like the *Omen* at my first arrival;
To have th' honour to serve so brave a Friend.

Oct. You from a life of Perils, hither come
To find a Nuptial Bed, not seek a Tomb.

Ant. My friend engag'd, it never must be said
Antonio left him so, to go to bed.

Oct. Y'are marri'd, and expose what's not your own.

Ant. Wedded to Honor, that must yield to none.

Oct. Honour makes me refuse your Aid; we must
As well to friends, as to our selves be just.

Ant. He ought not to pretend to Friendships name,
Who reckons not himself, and Friend the same.

Oct. Friendship with Justice must not disagree,

That were to break the Virtues harmony;
Ant. Friendship is Justice, for when e'er we give,
We then receive, for 'tis Commutative.
Oct. So great's your Friendship; you your Friend oppress;
To make it juster, you must make it Less.
Ant. Friendship can never err in the extent,
Like *Nile*, when't overflowes, 'tis most beneficent.
Oct. I find, *Antonio*, you will still subdue.
Ant. I owe my Triumph to my Cause, not you.
Come, we lose time, your Mistress must not stay.
Oct. Who's so accompanied, needs not fear his way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

The SCENE Don *HENRIQUES HOUSE.*

Camilla, Porcia, Flora appear in a *Balcone.*

Porcia.

Come, Cousin, the Hour assign'd approaches.
Cam. Nay, more than so, for 'tis already night.
Flo. And thanks to your Stars sufficiently dark.
Porc. To the Clouds you would say, *Flora*, for Stars,
In this occasion, would not much befriend us.
Pray, Cousin, when *Octavio* shall arrive,
Do you and *Flora* watch above with care;
For if my cruel Brother should surprize us...
Cam. Let us alone to play the Sentinels.

Flor.

Flo. I'm confident he's abroad, and will not
Suddenly return; for I heard him ſay,
He'd paſs th' Evening at the *Corrigidors*;
And thence, you know, he ſeldom comes home early.

Enter Antonio, Octavio, *and* Diego, *with their Cloaks o'er their Faces, and their Swords undrawn in their hands.*

Ant. Is it not ſomething early for Adventures
Of this Nature?
Oct. 'Tis the Hour ſhe appointed.
Ant. How dark 'tis grown o'th' ſudden, there's not one
Star appears in all the Firmament.
Die. So much the better; for when I muſt fight,
I covet no Spectators of my Proweſs. [*Aſide.*
Oct. Stay you here, *Antonio*, I'll ſtep before,
And give the Sign; when you hear the door open,
Then come on, and follow me in.

Enter at the other ſide of the Stage Henrique *and* Carlos.

Henr. The *Corrigidors* is a ſweet place.
Carl. The Walks and Fountains ſo intice me I ſtill
Weary my ſelf, before I can retire.
Henr. Indeed, we have ſtaid longer than we thought,
And therefore let's go home the ſhorter way;
The Back door of my Garden's here at hand.
Carl. It will be better than to go about.
Porc. Would he were come, I fear the Riſing Moon
Will give us little time. [*Above in the Balcone.*
[Octavio *knocks upon the Hilt of his Sword.*]
I think I hear his uſual knock; Who's there?

Oct. 'Tis I.

Porc. I hope y'are not alone.

Oct. No; here's *Diego* with me, and a Friend.

Porc. 'Tis well; I'll open the door presently.

Henr. Come; we are now hard by the Garden Gate.

Oct. Let's to the door; sure she's there by this time; Be not afraid *Diego*.

Die. You had as good command me not to breath.

Oct. Come on; what are you thinking on?

Die. That I see Company, or that my Fear does.

Oct. Y'are i'the right; let's to avoid suspicion, Walk on at large, till they are out of distance.

The noise of a Lock.

Car. I think I heard your Garden door open.

Hen. I think so too; Ha! at this time of the night? Why what a Devil can this mean? 'Tis so.

Ant. They have open'd this door; 'tis time for me To follow, surely *Octavio* is gone in.

[Antonio *goes towards the door.*

Porc. What stay you for?

[*Holding the door half open.*

Henr. What's that I hear? Sure 'tis *Porcia's* Voice.

Porc. What mean you to stand there? Come in I say.

Henr. Hell and Furies!

[*He goes to draw his Sword.*

Carl. Be patient, Sir, and you will make a clearer Discovery of your Affront.

Porc. You may come in securely, *Octavio*.

[*Setting open the door.*

I have set those will watch my Brothers coming.

Ant. Madam, I am not *Octavio*.

Porc Not *Octavio*? Who are you then? And who's That shadow there?

Henr. I can hold no longer; I'm thy Destiny, Vile Woman; and his Mortal Enemy.

[*Draws his Sword.*

Ant.

Ant. Ha! my Mortal Enemy?

Henr. Yes, Villain; whoe'er thou art, thou ſhalt pay
This Treachery with thy Life.

Ant. Vain Man; whoe'er thou art, know the life thou
Threaten'ſt, is guarded by a truſty Sword.

[Carlos *draws, and they all enter the Garden fighting.*

Hen. Make faſt the door. [*To* Carlos.
Thou art ſome deſperate Villain hir'd to Murder.

[Octavio *and* Diego *come to the door.*

Ant. Hir'd by Friendſhip, and Honour's my Salary.

[*In the Garden.*

Oct. That's *Antonios* voice within the Garden;

[*Runs to the door and finds it ſhut.*

What! the Door ſhut! my Friend engag'd, and I
Excluded! Curſed Fate! this Tree may help me
To climb over; if not, I'll flie to him.

[*He climbs up.*

Die. You may do ſo; your ſprightly Love has wings,
And's ever Fledge; 'tis molting time with mine;
Yet I'll up too; the hazard's not in climbling,

[Diego *climbs the Tree.*

Here I will ſit, and out of dangers reach
Expect the Iſſue.

The SCENE *changes to a Garden, out of which they iſſue fighting.*

Oct. Courage, brave Friend; you have *Octavio* by you.

Ant. So ſeconded, a Coward would grow firm.

Henr. What! is there more of your Crew? Then 'tis time
To call for help; Ho! *Sylvio*, *Geraldo*,

Pedro, come forth, and bring out Torches with you.

Enter Sylvio *with his Sword drawn.*

Syl. Here am I, Sir, my Camerades will follow

[*They fight.*

As soon as they have lighted their Torches.

Ant. How I despise these Slaves *Octavio*,
Having you by me!

Die. Their Swords do clatter bravely in the dark.

[*In the Tree.*

Syl. I'm slain. [Sylvio *falls.*

[Henrique *steping back falls over* Sylvio, *and loses his Sword, and* Carlos *runs in to him.*

Carl. What! are you hurt?

Hen. No; I fell by chance: Help me to find my Sword.

Oct. What? Do you give back? You do well to take breath,
Whil'st you have any left; 'twill not be long,

[*The Rising Moon appears in the Scene.*

Now that the Rising Moon lends us some light.

[Porcia *runs out to* Octavio.

Porc. O *Octavio*! let not this moment slip
To free me from my cruel Brothers Fury;
Or never hope to see me any more,
Amongst the living.

[Octavio *leads her away by the Arm.*

Oct. Ah! Noble Maid, he that is once possess'd
Of such a Treasure, and defends it not;
Let him live wretched, and detested die.
Where's my brave Friend?

Ant. You have me by your side; lead off your Mistress,
I'll secure your Retreat.

Die. That doubtless is my Master, who victorious,

[*In the Tree, pointing to those who are going off.*

Is bravely marching off with his fair Prize;
I'll down and follow.

Carl.

Carl. But whil'ſt I was engag'd to ſuccour you,
Our Enemies, I fear, are got away;
[*Having help'd up* Henrique.
I heard the door open; and ſee none here
Although the Night's much brighter than it was.
I'll follow, and trace the Villains if I can
To their Dens; mean while take care of your Siſter;
And, pray, till my return be moderate.
Hen. How! Moderation, in this caſe! what ho!
Geraldo, *Pedro*, ah ye curſed Rogues!

Enter Servants with Torches.

Durſt ye not ſhew your Heads till they were gone?
Geraldo light me in; whilſt *Pedro* looks
To his hurt Companion; Ah *Porcia*! *Porcia*!
[*Exeunt* Henrique *and* Geraldo; Pedro *carries out* Sylvio *fainting with his hurts.*

The SCENE *changes to the Street of* SEVIL.

Enter Octavio, Porcia, Antonio, *and a little after* Diego, *and after them* Carlos.

Die. Sure, that's *Antonio* bringing up the Rear;
[*Looking back to* Carlos.
Sir, th'are but juſt before; my Maſter bears her
Moſt gallantly away; loſe not ſight of me.
Car. This Rogue takes me for one of his own Crew;
He will, by his miſtake, help me to harbour 'em.
[*Exeunt.*
[Camilla *and* Flora *appear in the Balcone.*

The SCENE *changes to Don* Henriques Houſe.

Cam. Was there ever ſuch a Diſaſter, *Flora*?
Sure, th'are all dead, ſo great's the ſilence;
Porcia! *Porcia*! no body anſwers.
Flo. Madam, let us go down into the Garden.
Cam. Excuſe me; that were to involve my ſelf
In this unlucky ſcandal; 'tis poſſible
Affrighted with the ſcuffle, ſhe's return'd
Into her Quarter by the other door;
Let's away thither. [*They go down upon the Stage.*
Flor. Oh! Madam, I ſee a light, and Don *Henrique*
Coming this way with his Sword drawn; what ſhall
We do?
Cam. Peace; let us hide our ſelves behind the door,
Till we diſcover his intentions.
[*They go behind the door*

Enter Henrique *and* Geraldo *with a Torch, and* Pedro *with a Light*; Henrique *and* Geraldo *their Swords drawn.*

Pedr. Sir I have ſearch'd all the Rooms of the Houſe.
And cannot find her.
Henr. Baſe Infamous Woman; may be ſhe's fled
To the Quarter order'd for *Antonio*.
Ped. That door is lock'd, and's Servant has the Key.
Hen. Ah this curſed Vagabond! thus to rob
A Brother of the Fruits of all his Care, [*He ſtamps.*
And caſt this ſtain on th' Honour of our Houſe.

But

But if ever I get the Fugitive
Within my reach, I'll ſacrifice her Blood,
To the offended Spirits of my Anceſtors.

Flo. Madam, d'you hear?

Cam. Yes; and tremble, *Flora.*

Hen. Call for her Woman.

Ped. Flora, Flora!

Enter Flora.

Flo. My good Angel guard me; what's your pleaſure Sir?

Hen. Where's your Miſtreſs, Huſſy?

Flo. She told me, Sir, about half an hour ſince She would go down into the Garden. [*Exit* Flora.

Hen. My ſhame is certain; ah! the ſad condition
Of us Men of Honour! How unequally
Our Croſſes, and our Comforts mingl'd are.
Our Orphan Siſters are no ſooner grown
Above the Follies of their Childiſh Age;
During which ſeaſon, Cuſtom does exact
Our Watchful Caution over all their Actions;
But they are Grafted on ſome ſtranger Stock,
Where they do change both their abodes and Names;
Without the leaſt Reflection on their kindneſs,
Who pain'd themſelves to cultivate their Youth;
Or elſe remain to exerciſe our fears.
O unjuſt Heavens! why ſuffer you that they,
Who to our joys of Life ſuch Bubbles are,
Should add ſuch Weight unto our Griefs, and Care?
Ah *Portia*, *Portia!*

Enter Carlos.

Carl. Don *Henrique*, if I am not much miſtaken,
I have in this ſhort time made a great Progreſs
Towards your Redreſs; I come from harboring

The Villains, who have done you this Affront.

Cam. It imports us to be attentive now.

Hen. Oh you revive me, may I but once enjoy
The Pleaſure of my Revenge, though the next
Moment were the laſt Period of my Life,
I ſhould depart contented; are the Villains
Within our reach?

Car. Be patient, Sir, and I'll inform you fully;
You were no ſooner up, but I purſu'd
Your flying Enemies, hoping the night
Grown ſomewhat lighter, might help me to diſcover
The place of their Retreat; one of their Party,
Who was behind the reſt, miſtaking me
For one of his Camerades, bad me come on;
Saying his Maſter was but juſt before;
That he had born his Miſtreſs bravely off,
And put her Champion Brother out of Combat.

Henr. Inſolent Raſcal! ... [*He ſtamps.*

Carl. We had not paſt above a Street, or two,
Before he ſtopt, and at the ſecond Houſe,
Beyond the Church, in St. *Jagos* Street,
He enter'd, and deſir'd me to follow him.
I, making a ſtand, he grew ſuſpicious,
And from my ſilence gueſſing his miſtake,
He ſlipt into the Houſe, and lock'd the door.
When I had well obſerv'd the Street and Houſe,
I came with ſpeed, to give you this Account.

Flor. Oh, Madam, this is Don *Octavios* Houſe,
Without all doubt, they've carry'd *Porcia* thither.

Cam. Peace *Flora*, and liſten to the ſequel.

Hen. Come Couſin; we loſe time; Heigh, who waits there?
I will beſiege the Houſe; if they refuſe
To render; I'll reduce that Theater
Of my ſhame to Aſhes; and make their Fort
Both theirs, and its own Sepulchre. There are
Such Charms in Vengeance, that I do not wonder,

It

It is reserv'd for him who form'd the Thunder.

Carl. Have patience, Cousin, and consult your Reason;
'Twill soon convince you how unpracticable
And vain your Proposition is, t'attempt,
At this time of the night, a House so guarded,
In a well-govern'd City; that would prove
Very like Thunder, which the Cloud destroys
Wherein 'twas form'd, producing only noise.
What can the Issue be, but to alarm
The Town; expose your Person and your Fortune
To th' Rigor of the Law; publish your shame,
And frustrate your Revenge for ever?

Hen. What! would you have me tarry till these Villains,
Who have invaded my House, affronted *Spoken hastily*
My Person, murder'd my Servant, and robb'd
Me of a Sister, may evade my Vengeance?

Car. No; fear not that, let me alone to find
A certain way to hinder their Escape.
I'll instantly to the *Corrigidor*,
And beg the assistance of his Authority,
To secure these Criminals for the present;
That afterwards the Law may punish them.

Hen. A fine Proposal! why Cousin, can you think
That I'll submit a Personal Injury
To th' tame Decision of the Formal Law?
And having been affronted by the Sword,
To pray the Aid of the long Robe, and take
An Advocat for Second? reliev'd by Law?

Carl. Since we all Parties are in making Laws,
We must not Judges be in our own Cause.
We hold it infamous to break our Words,
Yet cancel the Great Charter with our Swords.

Hen. They by their insolence the Laws invade.

Car. But you, by your Revenge, the Laws Degrade.

Hen. Honour obliges me to take Revenge.

Car.

Car. Honour is Juſtice, rightly underſtood;
Your Idol Honour's only heat of Blood:

Hen. Honour's Opinion, which rules all the World.

Car. Opinion, *Henrique*, only governs fools;
Reaſon the Wiſe, and truly Valiant rules.

Hen. Reaſon's Opinion, for every one,
Stamps Reaſon on his own Opinion.

Car. Then by your argument, when People joyn
In making Laws, becauſe they all opine,
Laws are Reaſonable, and bind us all.

Hen. Curſe on your Sophiſtry, to treat a Friend
With Figures that's raging in a Fever?
You may as well pretend to teach a Man
To ſing his part, that's ſtretch'd upon a Rack.
No, Sir, I'll ſooner loſe this irkſome Life,
Than e'er conſent to publiſh my Diſgrace,
Before I have Reveng'd it; To aſſiſt,
At the Funeral of my own Honour? ... [*He ſtamps.*

Car. What a wild Creature is a Cholerick Man?
[*Aſide.*
'Tis far from my Intent; all my Deſign
Is only how we may conceal your Shame,
Till we have got theſe Villains in our power;
Which can be brought about by no ſuch means,
As by demanding Juſtice againſt thoſe,
Who did aſſault your Perſon, and have wounded
Your Servant, a very plauſible pretence.
Will this content you? truſt my Conduct, Couſin;
Is not my Intereſt the ſame with yours?

Hen. Well, ſince it muſt be ſo, I pray make haſt.

Car. Doubt not my Diligence; by this I'll prove
Friendſhip has Fire, and Wings as well as Love.

Hen. If you could fle; you'd move with too much leiſure;
Ah! tedious Minutes which Revenge does meaſure!
[*Exit* Carlos.

Flor.

Flor. Madam, y'have heard their miſchievous
Deſign,
Cam. Yes, *Flora*, out of queſtion *Porcia's* there;
And if they find her, ſhe is loſt for ever.
Flor. I'll try to hinder it, though I were certain
To periſh in th'Attempt; I'm confident
The Houſe at preſent is in ſuch Confuſion,
I may run thither without being miſs'd.
Cam. 'Tis well thought on; in the interim I'll retire
To *Porcias* Chamber. [*Exeunt from behind the Door.*

Enter Geraldo.

Ger. Sir, Don *Antonio* is juſt now arriv'd.
Hen. Ha! what's that you ſay, Sirrah?
Ger. That Don *Antonio*, Sir, your Brother-in-law
Is without, walking i'th'Hall, and bad me
Give you notice of it; ſhall he come in?
Hen. *Antonio* arriv'd! O Heavens! this circum-
ſtance
Was only wanting to compleat my Shame.
When he deſires to ſee his Wife, ſhall I,
My ſelf, inform a Perſon of his Quality,
That ſhe is run away? Where ſhall I find
A Heart, a Tongue, a Voice, or Breath, or Face,
To utter this unparallel'd Diſgrace?
O this fantaſtick ſenſe of Honour!
I at my own Tribunal ſtand aſſoil'd;
Yet fearing others Cenſure am embroil'd.
Ger. What is your pleaſure, Sir? 'tis poſſible
That *Don Antonio* may think it long.
Ger. Wait on him in, but at the ſame time tell
him,
You cannot find me; I will leave my Houſe
And the Diſcovery of my ſhame to Fate;
And any Cenſure rather undergo,
Than be the Reporter of my own Diſgrace;

Till

Till first I have my Honours Ransom paid,
In the Vile Blood of this Perfidious Maid.
[*Exit* Henrique.

Enter Antonio *and* Erneſto.

Ant. My Friend and his fair Miſtreſs ſafely Lodg'd
And free from their Adventure; 'Tis now fit
To mind my own Engagement. But *Erneſto*,
What can the meaning be of this rude uſage?
In ſuffering me to ſtay without thus long,
Upon my firſt Arrival? Come, let's go on
Into the other Rooms.

Ern. I ſwear, Sir, I'm amaz'd at this great Change:
'Tis not above two hours, ſince I found here
A numerous, and well order'd Family,
In all appearance; now I ſee the Pages
Boult out of the Doors, then ſtart back again
Into their holes, like Rabbets in a Warren;
The Maids lie peeping at the Garret Windows,
Like th'Upper Tyre of Ordnance in a Ship:
All looks diſorder'd now; nor can I gueſs
What may have caus'd ſo ſtrange an alteration;
But there I ſee the ſervant you ſent in.

Enter Geraldo.

Ant. Friend, Where's your Maſter?

Ger. I cannot tell, Sir.

Ant. Where is his Siſter?

Ger. In truth I know not, Sir; we Men-ſervants
Have little to do in the Ladies Quarters. [*Exit* Ger.

Ant. This looks but odly; are you ſure *Erneſto*,
Y'have not miſguided me to a wrong Houſe?

Ern. If you are ſure, Sir, that we are awake,
Then I am certain this is the ſame Houſe,
Wherein this Afternoon, I ſaw, and ſpoke with

Don

Don Henrique and your Bride; by the ſame Token
There was a Lady with her in a Veil;
And this very Room is the Anti-Chamber
To her Apartment.

Ant. I ſhould be finely ſerv'd, if after all
This Negotiation, and a tedious Journey,
My Pains, and Patience ſhould be caſt away
On ſome ſuch wither'd *Sybil*, for a Wife,
As her own Brother is aſham'd to ſhow me.

Ern. You'l ſoon be freed from that fear, Sir.
[Erneſto *goes towards the door.*

Ant. How ſo?

Ern. Becauſe I ſee her in the Inner-Room,
Lying along upon her Couch, and Reading.
Her Face is turn'd the other way; but yet
Her Shape, and Cloathes aſſure me 'tis the ſame.

Ant. Art' certain that 'tis ſhe?

Ern. There are not many like her.

Ant. If thou be'ſt ſure 'tis ſhe, I'le venture in,
Without her Brothers Preſence t'introduce me.

Ern. She's coming this way, Sir.

Enter Camilla *Reading.*

Cam. Y'have reaſon, *Dido* and 'tis well Remarqu'd,
The Woman, who ſuffers her ſelf to love,
Ought like-wiſe to prepare her ſelf to ſuffer.
[*She ſhuts her Book, after a little pauſe.*
There was great Power in your Charms, *Æneas*,
T'enthrall a Ladies heart at firſt approach;
And make ſuch early, and ſuch deep Impreſſions,
That nothing, but her Death, could e'er deface.
Alas! poor *Dido*!

[Antonio *ſeeing her ſtarts, then ſtands as if amaz'd.*

Ant. O Heavens! What's that I ſee? Or do I
Dream?
Sure I am a ſleep; and 'tis a Viſion
Of her, who's always preſent to my Thoughts;

Who

Who fearing my Revolt, does now appear
To Prove and to confirm my Constancy.
When first I saw that Miracle, she seem'd
An Apparition; here it must be one.
Ern. What fit of Frenzy's this? Sir, 'tis *Porcia*,
A lovely Living Woman, and your Bride.
Ant. The Blessing is too mighty for my Faith.
Ern. Faith! Ne'er trouble your Faith, in this Occasion,
Approach her boldly, Sir, and trust your sense.
Ant. As when we Dream of some Transporting Pleasure.
And finding that we Dream, we fear to wake,
Least Sense should rob us of our Fancies Treasure,
And our Delightful Vision from us take.
Bless'd Apparition, so it fares with me:
That very Angel, now, once more appears,
To whose Divinity, long since, I rais'd
An Alter in my heart; where I have offer'd
The constant Sacrifice of Sighs, and Vows.
My eyes are open! yet I dare not trust 'em;
Bliss above Faith must pass for an Illusion.
If such it be, O let me sleep for ever
Happily deceiv'd; but Celestial Maid,
If this thy glorious Presence real be,
O let one word of Pity raise my Soul
From Visionary Bliss, and make me die
With real Joy instead of Extasie.
Speak, speak, my Destiny, for the same breath
May warm my Heart, or cool it into Death.
Ern. 'Slife! he's in one of his old Fits again;
Why what d'you mean, Sir, 'tis *Porcia* her self.
Cam. I am that Maid, who to your Virtue owes
Her Honour then, and her Disquiet since:
Yet in my Pain, I cannot but be pleas'd
To find a Passion, censur'd in our Sex,
Justifi'd by so great an Obligation.

'Tis

'Tis true, I bluſh, yet I muſt own the Fire,
To which both Love, and Gratitude conſpire.
Ant. Incomparable Creature! can it be?
That having ſuffer'd all which mighty Love
Did e'er inflict, I now ſhould be repaid
With as full Joyes, as Love could ever give.
Fortune to make my Happineſs compleat,
Has jöyn'd her Power, and made me find a Bride
In a Loſt Miſtreſs; but with this Allay,
Of leaving me no means my Faith to prove,
Since Chance anticipates the Pains of Love.
Cam. The Servants Error has miſled the Maſter,
He takes me too for *Porcia*; bleſſed Miſtake!
Aſſiſt me now Artful Diſſimulation; [*Aſide.*
But how can that conſiſt with ſo much Paſſion?
'Tis poſſible, the ſenſe of my diſtreſs'd
Condition, might diſpoſe a noble heart
To take Impreſſions then, which afterwards
Time, and your Second Thoughts may have defac'd;
But can a Conſtant Paſſion be produc'd
From thoſe Ideas, Pitty introduc'd?
Let your Tongue ſpeak your Heart, for ſhould y'abuſe me,
I ſhall in time diſcover the Deceit;
You may Paint Fire, Antonio, *but not Heat.*
Ant. Madam...
Cam. Hold; be not too ſcrupulous, *Antonio*;
Let me Believe it; though it be not True;
For the chief Happineſs poor Maids receive,
Is, when themſelves they happily deceive.
Ant. If, ſince thoſe Conquering Eyes I firſt beheld,
You have not reign'd unrival'd in my Heart;
May you deſpiſe me, now you are my own,
Which is to me, all Curſes ſumm'd in one.
But, may your Servant, Madam, take the boldneſs
To ask, if you have ever thought of him?
Cam. A Love, ſo founded in a grateful Heart,

Has need of no Remembrance, *Antonio*;
You know your self too well; those of your Trade
Have skill to hold, as well as to Invade.

Ant. Fortune has lifted me to such a height
Of happiness, that it may turn my Brain,
When I look down upon the lower World.
What have I now to wish but Moderation
To temper, and to fix my Joys?

Cam. I yield as little t'you, noble *Antonio*,
In happiness as Affection, but still
Porcia must do, as may become your Bride,
And Sister to *Don Henrique*; in whose absence
A longer Conference must be excused;
Therefore I take the freedom to withdraw.
Should I have staid untill *Don Henrique* came,
His presence would have marr'd my whole design.
[*Aside. & then Ex.* Camilla.

Ant. Where Beauty, Vertue, and Discretion joyn,
'Tis Heaven, methinks, to find that Treasure mine.

Enter Henrique.

Henr. Sure, *Don Antonio*; having long ere this
Found out th' infamous flight of my vile Sister,
Will be retir'd to meditate Revenge
Upon us both: ah Curse! he is there still;
[*He sees him.*
I'll slip away... But it is now too late,
He has perceiv'd me.

Ant. How, *Don Henrique*! Avoid your Friend?
That's come
So long a Journy t'embrace you, and cast
Himself at the Feet of your fair Sister?

Henr. Noble Antonio, you may well imagine
The trouble I am in, that you should find
My House in such Disorder, so unfit.

To

To receive th'Honour of ſo brave a Gueſt.

Ant. 'Tis true, *Don Henrique*, I am much ſurpriz'd
With what I find, I little did expect
Your Siſter *Porcia* ſhould have been...

Henr. Oh Heavens! I am loſt, he has diſcover'd all. [*Aſide.*

'Tis not, *Antonio*, in a Brothers power
To make a Siſter of a better Paſte,
Then Heav'n has made her.

Ant. In your caſe ſpecially; for without doubt,
Heaven never made a more accompliſh'd Creature.

Henr. What means the Man? [*Aſide.*

Ant. I come juſt now from entertaining her:
Whoſe wit, and beauty ſo excell all thoſe
Of her fair Sex, whom I have ever known,
That my deſcription of her would appear
Rather Detraction, than a juſt Report
Of her Perfections.

Henr. Certainly he mocks me; he never could
Have choſen a worſe Sufferer of Scorn; [*Aſide.*
But I will yet contain my ſelf a while,
To ſee how far he'l drive it. Say you, Sir,
That you have ſeen, and entertain'd my Siſter.

Ant. Yes, *Don Henrique*; and with ſuch full Contentment,
So rais'd above Expreſſion, that I think
The Pains, and Care of all my former Life
Rewarded with Exceſs, in the Delight
Of thoſe few Minutes of her Converſation.
'Tis true, that ſatisfaction was abridg'd
By her well-weigh'd Severity; to give me
A greater Pleaſure, in the Contemplation
Of her diſcreet obſervance of the Rules
Of Decency; not ſuffering me, though now
Her Husband, any longer to enjoy
So great a Happineſs, you not being by.

Henr. I am confounded; but I muſt diſſemble

My Aſtoniſhment, till I can unfold [*Aſide.*
The Miſtery; She might have ſpar'd that Caution,
But I ſuppoſe you'l eaſily forgive
An Error, on the better-ſide.

Ant. Sir, I have ſeen ſo much of her Perfection
In that ſhort Viſit, I ſhall ſooner doubt
Our Definitions in Morality,
Than once ſuppoſe her capable of Error.

Hen. This Expoſition makes it more obſcure:
[*Aſide.*
I muſt get him away, Sir, Is't not time
To wait on you to your Chamber? It's late,
And I believe that you have need of reſt.

Ant. I ſhould accept your offer, Sir, with thanks,
If I were not obliged, as late as 'tis
To ſee a Friend before I go to Bed.

Hen. I'll bear you company, if you'l give me leave.

Ant. I humbly thank you, Sir, but can't conſent
To give you ſo much trouble; I'll return
Within an hour at fartheſt.

Hen. When e'er you pleaſe; y'are wholly Maſter here.

Ant. I never ſaw a Man ſo diſcompos'd,
What e e the matter is, [*Aſide.*
Erneſto, I muſt make a ſtep to ſee
A Friend near hand; bid *Sancho* follow me;
And ſtay you in my Chamber till I come.
[*Exeunt* Antonio, Erneſto.

[Henrique *waits on him to the door.*

Hen. Your Servant, Sir; This ſudden Salley hence
At this time of the Night newly arriv'd
From a long Journey, and not to ſuffer me
To wait upon him; does imbroile me more.
But now I will not long be in ſuſpence;
I'll to my Siſters Chamber.

Enter

Enter Carlos *as* Henrique *is going into* Porcia's *Chamber.*

Car. Ho! *Don Henrique*, come away, all's prepar'd,
Our Kinſman the *Corrigidor* is ready
With a ſtrong Band of *Serjeants*; and ſtays for you.
Hen. Speak ſoftly; *Don Antonio* is arriv'd.
And ſome of his may over-hear us.
Car. That's very unlucky; but does he know
Your Siſter's miſſing?
Hen. I think not yet.
Car. Come let's away; we have no time to loſe.
Hen. Pray ſtay a while; I labour with a doubt
Will burſt me, if not clear'd before I go.
Carl. What Couſin! Will you loſe an opportunity
Never to be recover'd? Are you Mad?
Will you permit the Villains to eſcape,
And laugh at us for ever? Come away. [*He pulls him.*
Hen. Well, I muſt go; and let time make it out;
The worſt Eſtate of Human Life is Doubt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

The SCENE Don *OCTAVIOS HOUSE.*

Enter Octavio *angrily pushing* Diego, *and* Porcia *following.*

Octavio.

VIllain, thou haſt undone us; curſed Villain;
Where was thy Soul? Had fear quite baniſh'd it?
And left thee not one grain of common ſenſe?

Porc. Was there ever ſo fatal an Accident?

Oct. Why Traytor, didſt thou not let me know it,
As ſoon as we were come into the Houſe?

Die. What would y'have done if you had known it then?

Oct. I would have Sally'd out, and kill'd the Rogue,
In whoſe Power thou haſt put it to deſtroy us;
Can it be doubted, but that long e'r this
He has acquainted *Henrique* where we are?
From whoſe black Rage we muſt immediately
Expect t'encounter all the worſt Extreams
Of malice, ſeconded by ſeeming Juſtice;
For the Unortunate are ſtill i'th' wrong.
Curſe on all Cowards! better far be ſerv'd
By Fools and Knaves: they make leſs dangerous faults.

Die. Am I in fault, becauſe I'm not a Cat?
How could I tell i'th' dark whether that Raſcal
Were a Knight Errant, or a Recreant Knight?
I thought him one of us, and true to Love;

Were

Were it not for ſuch Accidents as theſe
That mock Mans Fore caſt, ſure the Deſtinies
Had ne'er been plac'd amongſt the Deities.

Oct. Peace, cowardly Slave; having thus plaid the Rogue,
Are you grown Sententious? Did I not fear
To ſtain my Sword with ſuch baſe Blood, I'd let
Thy Soul out with it at a thouſand Wounds.

Die. Why then a thouſand thanks to my baſe Blood,
For ſaving my good Fleſh. [*Aſide.*

Oct. Pardon, my deareſt Miſtreſs, this Exceſs
Of Paſſion in your Preſence.

Porc. What ſhall we do *Octavio*? If we ſtay here,
We are undone for ever: my Brother
Will be inſtantly upon us. Alas!
My own Life I value not *Octavio*,
When yours, my better life, ſuch hazard runs;
But O my Honour! O my Innocence!
Expos'd to ſcandal; there's my deepeſt ſence.

Oct. Though the complexion of your Brothers malice
Reſemble Hell, it is not Black enough
To caſt a ſtain upon your Virgin Innocence.
Sure two ſuch diff'rent branches ne'er did ſpring
From the ſame ſtock; To me 't ſeems very ſtrange;
Our middle Natures form'd of Fleſh and Blood,
Should have ſuch depths of Ill, ſuch hights of Good.
An Angel Siſter, and a Devil Brother.

Porc. He's my Brother, and I know no defence
For injur'd Innocence, but Innocence.
Fly, fly, *Octavio*, leave me to my fate.

Oct. Your kindneſs, generous Maid, confutes it ſelf;
To ſave my life, you Counſel me to fly,
Which is at once to bid me live, and die.

Porc. What then, for Heavens ſake d'you reſolve to do?

Oct. I muſt reſolve, and ſuddenly, but what,
I ſwear I know not; there have been ſuch Turns
In my Misfortunes, they have made me giddy.

Porc. You muſt determine, time waſts *Octavio.*

Oct. Madam, if I ſhould lead you through the Streets,
And chance to meet the Officers of Juſtice,
I not daring to avow my Perſon,
For that unlucky Accident you know of,
You might, I fear, by that means, be in danger;
We muſt not ventur't; Run, Raſcal, and fetch
A Chair immediately.

Die. A pretty Errand at this time o'th' night;
Theſe Chair-men are exceedingly well-natur'd,
Th'are likely to obey a Servants orders
After nine a Clock. [*Exit* Diego.

Oct. Ye Powers above, why do ye lay ſo great
A Weight on Human Nature, and beſtow
Such an unequal Force to bear our Loads?
After a long Purſuit, through all thoſe Storms,
Which Hell-bred Malice, or the Power of Fate
Could ever raiſe, t'oppreſs a Noble Love;
To be at length poſſeſs'd of the Rich Mine,
Where Nature ſeem'd to have lodg'd all her Treaſure;
And in an Inſtant have it raviſh'd from me,
Is too rude a Trial for my Patience
To ſuſtain; I cannot bear it.

Porc. My ſenſe of this Misfortune equals yours,
But yet I muſt Conjure you to ſubmit
To the Decrees of thoſe, who Rule above;
Such Reſignation may incline their Juſtice
Th' impending Miſchief to divert; Beſides
In humane things, there's ſuch viciſſitude,
Where Hope ſhould end, we hardly can conclude.

Oct. Weak Hope the Parent is of anxious Care,
And more tormenting far, than fixt Deſpair.
This, makes us turn to new Expedients,

That

That languish 'twixt Desire and Diffidence.

Porc. Fortune will blush for shame, when she shall find
Her best aim'd Darts can never touch your Mind.

Oct. Ah *Porcia*, though my mind be far above
The reach of Fate, 'tis level unto Love;
Urge it no more; I'le die a thousand Deaths
Ere I'll consent to part with you. [*Strikes his Breast.*

Porc. I shall be always yours, for though w'are forc'd,
To separate, yet we are not Divorc'd.

Oct. Whilst our Souls act by Organs of the sense,
'Twixt Death and Parting, there's no difference.

Porc. Consult your Reason, then you will comply;
Making a Virtue of Necessity.

Oct. Ah lovely Maid; *'Twas not allow'd to Jove,*
To hold at once his Reason and his Love.

Enter Diego.

Die. The Chair is come, Sir, just as I expected.

Oct. Where is it?

Die. Even where it was; they are deeply engag'd *Alas Pintas*, and will not leave their Game,
They swear, for all the *Dons* in *Sevil*.

Oct. A curse upon these Rogues! I'll make 'em come,
Or make their hearts ake. [*Octavio runs out.*

Die. Madam, though I was never yet unkind
To my own Person, I am so much troubled
At the Disquiet, my Mistake has brought you,
That cou'd I do't conveniently, i'faith,
I would even cudgel my self.

Porc. Away Buffoon, is this a time for fooling!

Enter Antonio *and* Sancho.

Ant. Where is my noble Friend *Octavio*?
Die. Did you not meet him at the Door, Sir?
Ant. No.
Die. He went out, Sir; just as you came in.
Ant. Addresses himself to Porcia] Madam, I might have gone to Bed, but not
To Rest, without returning to inquire
Of yours, and of my noble Friends condition;
And once more to offer you my Service.
Porc. I take the boldness in *Octavio's* absence
To return his, with my most humble thanks,
For your late generous assistance of us;
And for this new Addition to our Debt.
Ant. Tho' I have not th' honour to be known t'you,
The Service of your Sex in their Distresses,
Is the first vow of those of our Profession;
And my constant Friendship for *Octavio*
Is of so old a Date, that all occasions,
By which I may express the fervour of it,
Are most welcome to me.

Enter Flora *in great haste.*

Flor. O Madam... I'm out of breath with running.
Porc. What accident *Flora* brings you hither?
Flor. A sad one, Madam, and requiring haste,
To give you timely notice on't; *Don Carlos*
Assisted by the light o'th' rising Moon,
And by a mistake of some of your Train,
Has trac'd you to this House, and in my hearing,
Inform'd your Brother of the Place, and Manner
Of your Retreat; who is now coming hither
Accompani'd with the *Corrigidor*,
To seize on whomsoever shall be found

Within

Within theſe Walls, upon pretence of Murder.

Porc. Oh cruel Accident!

Flor. Madam, make haſt, get out at the back door;
Or you will certainly be met with.

Porc. How vile a Creature am I now become!
For though in my own Innocence ſecure;
To the cenſorious world (who like falſe Glaſſes
Mingling their own irregular Figures,
Mis-reflect the Object) I ſhall appear
Some ſinful Woman ſold to Infamy.

Ant. Your own clear mind's the Glaſs, which to your ſelf
Reflects your ſelf; and truſt me, Madam,
W'are only happy then when all our joys,
Flow from our ſelves not from the Peoples voice.

Flor. Madam, they'll inſtantly be here.

Porc. Oh that *Octavio* ſhould juſt now be abſent!
But to expect till he return were Madneſs.

Ant. Y'have Reaſon, Madam, and if you dare truſt
Your Perſon to the Conduct of a Stranger,
Upon my Honour, Lady, I'll ſecure you,
Or periſh in th' Attempt.

Porc. Generous Sir, How ſhall a wretched Maid,
Abandon'd by her Fate to the purſuite
Of an Inhumane Brother, e'er be able
Either to merit, or requite your Favours?

Ant. I am th' Oblig'd, if rightly underſtood,
Being o'er-paid by th' joy of doing good.

Porc. Sir, I reſign my ſelf to your Protection,
With equal Gratitude and Confidence.

Ant. Come Madam, we muſt loſe no time;
Diego, find out your Maſter preſently,
And tell him, that the Danger not allowing
Our ſtay till his return, I ſhall convey
His Miſtreſs Safely to a *Nunnery*.

Porc.

Porc. And *Flora*, ſtay you here to bring me word,
What he reſolves to do in this our deſparate
Condition. [*Exit* Diego.

Flor. Madam, I ſhall.

Ant. But ſtay; I ſwear, I'd like to have committed
[*Going out returns.*
A foul miſtake; the *Monaſtery* Gates
Will not be open'd at this time o'th' night,
Without a ſtrict Inquiry into the Cauſe;
Beſides, 'tis poſſible, that once lodg'd there,
She may be out of my Friends Power, or mine,
Ever to get her thence, if it be known.
[*He paweſes and thinks.*
It muſt not be ... I have thought better on't;
I will conveigh you to my Brother-in-Law's,
A perſon of ſuch Quality and Honour,
As may protect and ſerve you with his Credit:
And there my Wife may have the happineſs
T' accompany you; and pay the Offices
Due to your Vertue and diſtreſſed Condition.
And going to a Houſe that's ſo much mine,
Make account, Madam, 'tis to your own Home.
[*Turning to* Sancho.
Sancho, Stay you here, to attend *Octavio*,
And guide him the next way to my Apartment;
Here is the Key; I ſhall have little uſe on't,
Having *Erneſto* waiting for me there.
One word more, *Sancho*, Let *Octavio* know
'Tis my Advice, that he come in a Chair;
He by that means may poſſibily eſcape
Examination, if he ſhould be met with.

Porc. Flora, I pray do you continue here,
And if by any accident, *Octavio*
Should be hindred from coming after us,
Obſerve his motions well, and where he fixes;
Then return home, and I ſhall find ſome way
Of ſending to you, to inform my ſelf.

Flor.

Flor. I ſhall not fail t'obſerve your Orders, Madam.

Ant. Madam, I am ready to attend you.

Porc. Ah cruel Brother! Ah my dear *Octavio*! How am I tortur'd betwixt Love and Hate!

Ant. W'had better Suffer, than Deſerve our Fate.

[*Exeunt* Antonio, Porcia.

Sanch. 'Tis no ſmall Compliment my Maſter makes
Your Lady, and her Gallant, at this time
O'th' night to quit his Brother-in-Laws and leave
So fair a Bride as *Porcia* all alone.

Flor. What is his Miſtreſſes Name *Portia* too?

Sanch. Yes, and if ſhe has as fair a Handmaid
As your ſelf, I ſhall ſoon forget my Damſels
In the *Low-Countries*.

Flor. If your *Low-Country* Damſels reſemble us,
You would not be put to't to forget firſt.
But I believe that you are ſafe enough;
I have not heard ſuch praiſes of their wit,
But that we may ſuppoſe they have good memories.

Enter Diego.

Die. Is not my Maſter yet return'd?

Flor. No.

Die. Well; now have we an Honourable Cauſe
To wear the *Beadles* Livery; faith, *Flora*,
If your tender Sex had not been priviledg'd
From this harſh Diſcipline, how prettily
Would the *Beadles* Crimſon Lace ſhow upon
Your white back.

Flor. 'Twon't do ſo well as on a darker ground;
'Twill ſuit much better with your tawny hide.

San. I pray, *Camerade*, is it the Mode in *Sevil*
To be whip'd for Company.

Die. Oh Sir, a well-bred Soldier will ne'er refuſe
Such

Such a Civility to an old friend;
This is a new way of being a Second,
To ſhew your Paſſive Courage.

San. We Soldiers do not uſe to ſhew our Backs.

Die. Not to your Enemies; but, Sir, the *Beadle*
Will prove your Friend, for your Blood being heated
With Riding Poſt, the Breathing of a Vein
Is very requiſite.

San. Would t'Heaven that I were i'the Camp again,
There we are never ſtript till we are Dead.

Enter Octavio, *and the* Chair-men *appear at the Door.*

Oct. Be ſure you ſtir not thence till I return.
[*To the* Chair-men.
Sirrah, where's *Porcia*?

Die. She's fled away i'th' dark, with a young Man
Of your acquaintance.

Oct. Raſcal, leave your fooling.

Die. There's none i'th' caſe, Sir, 'tis the wiſeſt thing
She ever did, had ſhe ſtaid your return,
She would have fallen into thoſe very Clutches,
In which you will immediately be grip'd,
Unleſs you make more haſte; *Flora* is come
With all the ſpeed ſhe could, to let you know
Th're coming with the Juſtice, to lay hold
Of all within this Houſe; pray be quick, Sir,
And ſave your ſelf. She's ſafe in a *Nunnery*;
Conducted thither by *Antonio*.

Oct. Peace Screech-Owl; Fire conſume that Tongue of thine.
What ſayſt thou Villain? in a *Nunnery*?
Porcia in a *Nunnery*? O Heavens! nothing
But this was wanting to make me deſperate;
What hope's there left ever to get her thence,

After

After ſuch Accidents as theſe made publick?
Ah *Flora*, is it true, that my dear *Porcia*
Is gone into a *Nunnery*?

Flo. Once, Sir, 'twas ſo reſolv'd, and *Diego* ſent
To give you notice on't; but afterwards,
He being gone, they chang'd their Reſolutions:
There's one can tell you more... [*Pointing to* Sancho.

San. My Maſter bad me ſtay, to let you know
He has convey'd her to his own Apartment,
In his Brother-in-law's Houſe, a Perſon
So eminent in Quality and Credit,
That the ingaging him in her, and your
Protection, Sir, may much avail ye both;
Beſides, ſhe'll have the ſatisfaction there
Of being treated by my Maſters Bride.
There he'll expect you, and Adviſes you
To come in a Chair, to avoid Queſtioning
In caſe of any Encounter.

Oct. I'll take his Counſel, he's a generous Friend.
Come Chair-men away. Pray Friend, do you guide us. [*To* Sancho.

Die. Up with your Burden Beaſts, and fall forthwith
To your Half Trot. [*Exeunt.*

[*The Chair is carried over the Stage*, Diego, Sancho, *and* Flora *follow.*]
[*A noiſe within, Follow, follow, follow.*]

Enter Carlos, *the* Corrigidor, *and* Serjeants, *purſuing* Sancho, Flora *and* Diego.

Die. This is one of Don *Cupids* pretty Jeſts.
W'are ſtruck upon a ſhelf before we could
Put out to Sea.

Carl. You find, Sir, my Conjectures not ill grounded. [*To the* Corrigidor.

Corrig.

Corrig. What are you, Sirrah?

Die. A living Creature, very like a man.
Only I want a Heart.

Corrig. Y'are pleaſant, Sir, pray Heaven your Mirth continue.
Who is that Woman with the Vail?

Dieg. Let her anſwer for her ſelf, ſh' has a Tongue.
Set it but once a going, and ſhe'll tell
All that ſhe knows, and more.

Corrig. Make her uncover her face.

[*One of the Serjeants goes to lift up her Vail.*

Car. Hold Friend; Couſin, if it ſhould be *Porcia*,
It were not fit to expoſe her here.

[*Turning to the* Corrigidor.

Corrig. 'Tis very well conſider'd, go you to her,
And ſpeak to her in private.

[Carlos *goes towards* Flora.

Flo. 'Tis I Sir, *Flora*, who being commanded
By my Lady...

Car. Speak ſoftly, prethee *Flora*, 'tis enough;
I underſtand the reſt, and pity her;
Bid her ſit ſtill i' th' Chair, I'll do my beſt
To ſave her from diſhonour.

Flo. He thinks 'tis *Porcia* there, a good miſtake;
It may ſecure *Octavio* from the hands
Of this rude Rabble. [*Aſide.*
They take you for my Miſtriſs, Sir, ſit ſtill,
I'll follow the Chair, and watch all Occaſions
To further your eſcape. [*To* Octavio *in the Chair.*

Carl. We have found our Wandring *Nymph*, Sir.

Corrig. Was it *Porcia*?

Car. No, Sir, 'twas her Waiting Woman *Flora*,
Following the Chair; where in they were conveying
Her Lady to ſome other place.

Corrig. We arriv'd luckily, had we but ſtaid,
A moment longer they had all been fled.

Ser. Will you have us ſee, Sir, who's i' th' Chair?

Corrig.

Corrig. Forbear Fellow!
Her own folly is punishment enough [*To Carlos.*
T' a Woman of her Quality, without
Our adding that of Publick Shame.
Car. 'Twas happily thought on, when you oblig'd
Don *Henrique* to expect us at your House;
For had he come, and found his Sister here,
'Thad been impossible to have restrain'd
His Passion from some great Extravagance,
Corrig. I cou'd not think it fit to let him come;
For one of such a Spirit, would ne'er brook
The sight of those had done him these Affronts.
And's better that a business of this Nature,
Especially 'twixt Persons of such Quality,
Should be compos'd, if it were possible,
By th' Mediation of some chosen Friends,
Than brought t' a publick Trial of the Law;
Or, which is worse, some Barbarous Revenge.
Car. This Fellow, if I am not much mistaken,
Is Don *Octavios* Man. [*Looking upon* Diego.
Corrig. Who do you belong to, Friend?
Die. To no body, Sir.
Corrig. Do not you serve?
Die. Yes Sir, but my Master is not him self.
Corrig. Take his Sword from him, Serjeant.
[*The Serjeant goes to take away his Sword.*
Die. Diego disarm'd? By any other hand
Than by his own? Know Friend, it is a Weapon
Of such dire Execution, that I dare not
Give it up, but to the hands of Justice.
[*The* Corrigidor *receives the Sword, and gives it to one of his* Serjeants.
Pray call for't, Sir, assoon as you come home,
And hang't up in your Hall, then under-write,
This is bold *Diego's* Sword; O may it be
Ever from Rust, as 'tis from Slaughter free.
Corrig. Thou art a Fellow of a pleasant Humour.

Die. Faith Sir, I never pain my ſelf for Love,
Or Fame, or Riches; nor do I pretend
To that great Subtilty of Senſe, to feel
Before I am hurt; and for the moſt part,
I keep my ſelf out of Harms way.

Carl. The Definition of a Philoſopher.

Corrig. Come, leave your fooling, Sirrah, where's your Maſter?

Die. The only way to leave my fooling Sir,
Is to leave my Maſter; for without doubt
Whoever has but the leaſt Grain of Wit,
Would never ſerve a *Lover Militant*;
He had better wait upon a *Mountebank*,
And be run through the Body twice a Week,
To recommend his Balſam.

Corrig. This Fellow's an Original.

Die. But of ſo ill a hand, I am not worth
The hanging up, Sir, in my Maſters room,
Amongſt the worſt of your Collection.

Enter Serjeants *with two* Footmen, *and two* Maid-Servants.

Serj. An't pleaſe your Worſhip, we have ſearch'd the Houſe,
From the Cellars to the Garrets, and theſe
Are all the living Cattle we can find.

Corrig. Friends, take a ſpecial care of that ſame Varlet,
And the Waiting-Woman; we'll find a way
To make them tell the Truth, I warrant you.

Flo. O *Diego*! muſt we be Priſoners together?

Die. Why, that's not ſo bad as the Bands of Wedlock, *Flora*.

Corrig. Come, let's away; but whether to convey her...
To her own Houſe, certainly were not fit,

Be-

Becauſe of her incenſed Brother.

Car. If you approve on't, Couſin, I'll carry her
To mine; for ſince we ſeek, if poſſible,
To compoſe the Buſineſs, ſhe will be there
With much more decency and ſatisfaction;
Being in a Kinſmans Houſe, and where ſhe'll have
My Siſter to accompany her.

Corrig. This Buſineſs cannot be in better Hands,
Than yours; and there I'll leave it, and bid you
Good-night.

Car. Your Servant, Couſin, I wiſh you well at
home. [*As the* Corrigidor *goes out.*
You may be pleas'd to take your Serjeants with you;
There are without two Servants of Don *Henrique*'s.
They'l be enough to guard our Priſoners,
And with leſs notice.

Corrig. Come, Serjeants, follow me.

Car. Well ye may go about your buſineſs, Friends.
[*To the* Footmen *and* Maids.
I am glad we did not find *Octavio* here;
For though I might juſtly pretend Ignorance,
I would not have him ſuffer, though by chance.
[*Ex. Servants.*

San. Well, I am now ſufficiently inſtructed;
And ſince there is no notice ta'en of me,
I'll fairly ſteal away, and give my Maſter
An Account of this Misfortune. [*Ex.* Sancho.

Carl. Take up the Chair and follow me.
[*They take up the Chair.*

Die. A Lovely Dame they bear; 'tis true, ſhe's
ſomething
Hairy about the Chin, but that, they ſay's,
A ſign of Strength: It tickles me to think
How like an Aſs he'll look, when op'ning the Shell,
His Worſhip finds within ſo rough a Kernel. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *changes to Don* Antonios *Apartment in Don* Henriques Houſe.

Enter Antonio *and* Porcia.

Ant. Madam, Baniſh your fear, you are now ſafe
Within theſe Walls; be pleas'd to remain here,
Till I ſhall bring ſome Lights, and acquaint *Porcia*
With th'Honour ſhe'll receive in entertaining
So fair a Gueſt.

Porc. Who is't, you ſay, you will advertiſe, Sir?

An. My Wife *Porcia*; have but a little patience,
And ſhe'll attend you, Madam. [*Exit* Antonio.

Porc. Is her Name *Porcia* too? Pray Heaven ſend her
A better Fate than her diſtreſſed Names-ſake.
But whither am I brought? What Houſe is this?
What with my fears, and darkneſs of the Night,
I have loſt all my Meaſures, I can't gueſs
What Quarter of the Town it is, w'are in;
For to avoid the meeting with my Brother,
And his Revengeful Train, we have been forc'd
To make ſo many Turnings, I am giddy.
But, thanks to Providence, I have this comfort;
That, now, I'm in a Place out of his reach.

Enter Antonio *with two Lights, and ſets them on the Table.*

Ant. Madam, my Wife will ſuddenly attend you,
Pardon, I pray, my abſence for a moment.
[*Exit* Antonio.

Porc. Now I begin to hope my Sighs and Tears,
Have in ſome meaſure with juſt Heaven prevailed
At length to free me... But what do I ſee!
[*Looking about her ſhe ſtarts.*

Am

Am I awake, or is it an Illuſion?
Bleſs me is not this my Brothers Houſe? this
The Quarter joyning to my own Apartment?
There is no room for doubt, and my Misfortunes
Are always certain, and without redreſs.
Unerring Powers, Arbiters of Fate,
Teach me my Crimes, and how to expiate
Your wrath: Alas, I know not what I have done,
To merit this continued Perſecution?
But how came I here? brought by *Octavio*? Friend,
One, on whoſe Vertue, I did ſo relie,
That I my Brothers Malice durſt defie.
Can he betray me? Sure I'm in a Dream.
But if *Octavio*... O vile ſuſpicion!
Octavio falſe? No, Truth and he are one.
'Tis poſſible his Friend may guilty be;
But to what end ſo baſe a Treachery?
And if Perfidious, how could he be his Friend?
I am confounded with the various forms
Of my Misfortunes, heightned ſtill the more,
The leſs I can their Hidden Cauſe explore.
This only's evident, that I muſt flie
Immediately this fatal Place; But why
Struggle I thus with Fate? Since go or ſtay, } *She weeps.*
Death ſeems alike to wait me every way. }

Enter Antonio *and* Camilla.

Cam. I wonder much what Lady this can be
Antonio mentions. [*Aſide.*

Ant. Pardon, I beſeech you Madam, the liberty
Which I ſo eaſily take; but I preſume
Such is your generous Tenderneſs to thoſe,
Whoſe ſpiteful Fortunes, not their Fault, has brought
Into Diſtreſs, that you will think your ſelf

Oblig'd to him, who gives you the occaſion
T'exerciſe thoſe Vertues which only viſit
Others, but reſide with you; This fair Lady...
But ſhe will beſt relate her own ſad Story;
Whilſt I ſeek out Don *Henrique*, and engage him
T' employ his Power and Int'reſt for her ſervice.
[*Exit* Antonio.

[*Upon* Camillas *approach* Porcia *takes the Handkerchief from her Eyes.*

Cam. Ha! what's that I ſee? Stay, ſtay *Antonio*.
[*She runs after* Antonio.
It is not fit *Don Henrique*...but he's gone,
And we are loſt for ever.

Porc. O Heavens! Is this *Antonio*, the ſame Man
To whom I am betroath'd? then my Deſtruction
Is inevitable.

Cam. Are you an Apparition? or are you
Porcia her ſelf? ſpeak, that when y'have ſaid it thrice
I may not yet believe you.

Porc. You well may doubt, even what you ſee
Camilla:
Since my Diſaſters are ſo new and ſtrange,
They ſever Truth from Credibility.

Cam. How is it poſſible you ſhould be here?

Porc. I know not how; only of this I'm ſure,
I have not long to expect the diſmal end
Of my ſad Tragedy; ſince 'tis evident,
The Perſon that hath led me to this Place,
This fatal Place, is the abus'd *Antonio*;
Who has conſpir'd with my unnatural Brother,
To take away my wretched Life, and choſe
This *Scene* as fitteſt for their Cruelty.
And thus, ſtrange Fate! (through ignorance betray'd)
I have ſought Protection from the ſame Party,
Whom I have injur'd; and have made my Husband
Th' only Confident of his own Affront:
Who to accompliſh his too juſt Revenge,

As

As well upon my Family, as Perſon,
Gives me up to be murder'd by my Brother.
So, whilſt I'm branded as a Faithleſs Bride,
He'll be deteſted as a *Parricide*.

Cam. Prodigious Accident! but wer't thou blind
Not to know thine own Houſe, unhappy *Porcia*?

Porc. Alas, how could I? in ſo dark a Night,
In ſuch confuſion, and ſo full of fear?
Beſides, he brought me in by the Back-way,
Through his own Quarter, where was neither Light,
Nor any Creature of the Family.

Cam. Although I cannot comprehend the ſteps
Of this your ſtrange Adventure, yet dear Couſin,
Your caſe, as I conceive, is not ſo deſperate.

Porc. We eaſily perſuade our ſelves to hope
The things we wiſh.
But Couſin, my condition
Will not admit ſelf flattery; and what
Can you propoſe to temper my Deſpair?

Cam. Don't you remember, how this Afternoon
Antonios man finding me in your Quarter
Without a Vail (you having put on mine)
That he applied himſelf to me, and I,
By your command, aſſum'd your Perſon.

Porc. Yes very well.

Cam. The Maſter ſince has by the Mans miſtake
Been happily led into the ſame Error;
I have not diſabus'd him yet, in hopes
It might produce Advantage to us both.

Porc. Oh! he has ſpoken with my Brother ſince,
Who ſure has undeceived him long e'r this.
No, without doubt, they having found themſelves
Affronted both, have both conſpir'd my death.

Cam. How Couſin can that be? if Don *Antonio*
Has engag'd himſelf, in your Protection,
And is *Octavios* Friend.

Porc. Couſin, if you impartially reflect

On the Affront which I have done *Antonio*;
You will not wonder much, if he recede
From the ſcarce trodden Path of rigid Honour;
To meet with his Revenge; and to that end
Proceeds thus cautelouſly; ſtill pretending
He knows not me; that he may diſavow
Both to *Octavio* and to all the world
Th' Infamy of Betraying a poor Maid
To loſs of Life and Honour.

Cam. Misfortunes make you rave; this vile ſuſpicion
Is inconſiſtent with *Antonios* Fame;
You may as well believe, that Nature will
Reverſe the Order of the whole Creation;
As that *Antonio*, a Man whoſe Soul
Is of ſo ſtrong and perfect a Complexion,
Should e'er deſcend to ſuch a ſlaviſh ſin.
[*Spoken with heat.*
And if we had the leaſure, I could give you
Such Reaſons to convince you of your Error,
That you would both acknowledge and repent it.

Porc. Alas! I had forgot her near Concernments.
For *Antonio*. [*Aſide.*
Pardon and pity me *Camilla*;
My mind is ſo diſtracted by Afflictions,
I know not what I ſhou'd, or ſhou'd not Fear.

Cam. I pity thee with all my heart; but Couſin,
If *Antonio*, not knowing you, nor your
Relations, ſhould chance to find your Brother,
And tell him unawares all that has paſs'd,
And that h' has brought the diſtreſs'd Party hither;
He'll preſently imagine it is you;
And then, I fear, 'twill be impoſſible
(Though he ſhould interpoſe with all his power)
To ſtop the Torrent, or divert his Rage
From breaking in, and executing on us
That horrid *Parricide*, which, though too late,

It

It may be he himself would execrate.

Porc. There's too much ground for what you fear;
Camillo;
But if I could secure my self this night,
'Tis very possible, that to morrow
We might engage *Antonio* and your Brother
To find out some Expedient to relieve me.

Cam. Were you only in pain for your security
This night, I know an easie Remedy
For that.

Porc. Which way, my Dearest?

Cam. Why what does hinder us from making use,
On this occasion, of the secret door,
By which, you know, you have so often past
Into our House, upon more pleasing Errands?
By this we shall obtain these benefits
Of safety from your Brothers present Fury,
And time to try if *Carlos* and *Antonio*
May be engag'd to mediate in this business.
And I have cause to think you will not find
Antonio so implacable as you
Imagine.

Porc. I conceive you Cousin; Fool that I was;
To think a Heart once conquer'd by your Eyes;
Should e'er become another Virgins Prize.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. So late! a Guest in's House! that's come so far!
On such a business! and not yet come home;
There's something in't I cannot comprehend. [*Aside.*
Madam, I han't as yet found out your Brother;
But sure 't will not be long; e'r he return.
Then I'll acquaint him with the Accident
Has made his House this Ladies Sanctuary.

Porc. Here is a Glimpse of Comfort, for I see

He takes my Couſin for Don *Henriques* Siſter; [*Aſide.*
O bleſs'd miſtake, ſo luckily continu'd!

Cam. I am by his permiſſion Miſtreſs here,
And ſince that I am pleas'd Sir, 'tis enough,
Without our troubling him with the Account
Of her ſad Story.

Ant. True, Madam, as to her Reception here,
But yet 'twere very fit he knew it too,
That we might ſerve our ſelves of his Advice,
And Credit for this Ladies ſervice.

Enter Henrique.

Hen. Though I did promiſe the *Corrigidor*
Not to ſtir from his Houſe, till his return,
Yet I could not obtain it of my ſelf; [*Aſide.*
I'm ſo impatient to unfold the Riddle
Of Don *Antonios* ſeeing of my Siſter,
And entertaining her in her own Lodgings;
I ſhall not now be long i'th' dark. O Heavens!
[*He ſees her.*
'Tis ſhe, her ſelf, and *Camilla* with her:
Were all my ſervants mad; or all agreed
T'abuſe me in affirming ſhe was fled?
But Don *Carlos*, was he mad too, to ſwear
That he had trac'd her to another Houſe?
Certainly I or they muſt be poſſeſs'd;
Or ſome Enchantment reigns within theſe Walls.

Ant. O here comes Don *Henrique*, now I'll acquaint him
With your ſad Story, Madam.

Cam. I fear we are undone.

Ant. Don *Henrique*...

Porc. I'm dead if he proceed, but how to hinder him...

Ant. Here's a Lady with your Siſter *Porcia*,..

Hen. Yes, Sir, I ſee who 'tis.

Ant.

Ant. Since you know her, Sir, you will the eas'er
Excuſe my boldneſs.

Hen. Boldneſs! in what Sir?

Ant. To have been th'occaſion of your finding her
Here, with your Siſter, at this time o'th' night.

Hen. Lord Sir, what do you mean?

Ant. There was in truth ſuch a neceſſity in it,
That 'twill, I hope, excuſe my humble ſuit to you
In hers and my behalf.

Porc. Now all comes out.

Hen. I underſtand you, Sir, ſhe does deſire
To paſs this night with *Porcia* to aſſiſt her
In th' ordering of her Nuptial Ceremonies:
Let her ſtay a Gods Name.

Porc. If he does not diſſemble, my Condition
Is not ſo deſperate as I imagin'd. [*Aſide.*

Ant. I hope you'll pardon this great Liberty;
So early a Confidence will need it, Sir.

Hen. 'Tis more than enough, that you deſire it;
Th' occaſion too does juſtify her ſtay.

Ant. 'Tis moſt true, Sir, th'occaſion did inforce me
Thus boldly to preſume upon your Friendſhip.

Hen. Ha' done for Heavens ſake, is it a Novelty
Think you, for *Porcia* and her Couſin-Germain,
To paſs a night together?

Ant. Is ſhe ſo near a Kinſwoman of his? [*Aſide.*
Strange inadvertence in her, not to tell me.
Her Relation to him, when I nam'd him firſt.
I'd made fine work on't, had I told him all.

Henr. She knows I owe her many a good turn
Upon *Octavios* ſcore, and hope e'r long
To be able to repay her to the full.
[*Looking on the Ladies, and ſpoken aſide, that* Ant. *might not hear him.*

Porc. Can he declare his mind in plainer terms;

Cam.

Cam. I cannot tell which of us two he means,
Thoſe words may be applied to either of us;
But I begin to fear that he knows all.

Hen. Since 'tis ſo late, pray give the Ladies leave
To retire to their Chambers; Go in Sifter.

Ant. My Brothers Words and his Behaviour
Imply ſome Myſtery; but I muſt be ſilent
Till I diſcover more. [*Aſide.*

Porc. Let us be gone, w'are loſt if we ſtay here;
I'm confident he counterfeits this Calm
To cover his Revenge, until *Antonio*,
And the reſt of the Houſe are gone to Bed.

Cam. But we ſhall ne'er be able to get out
Whilſt they continue in the outward Rooms.

Porc. Yes, by the Garden door; but I'm afraid
'Tis ſhut.

Cam. No, now I think on't, *Flora* went that way,
And left it open.

Porc. Come, let's be gone; I hope Heaven will ordain
Eaſe by that door, which firſt let in my pain.
[*Exeunt* Portia *and* Camilla.

Ant. I'll only make a ſtep Sir, to my Chamber.
And then return to you immediately.

Hen. Pray, Sir, give me leave to wait on you.

Ant. I humbly thank you, Sir, I know the way,
And ſhall not ſtay above a moment from you.

Hen. What you pleaſe, Sir; you command here.

Ant. I'll now go ſee whether my ſervant *Sancho*
Has brought *Octavio* to my Lodgings,
As I directed him. [*Exit* Antonio.

Hen. Heavens! was there ever ſo ſtrange a Myſtery!
Don *Carlos* he affirm'd that thoſe we fought with
Had convey'd *Porcia* away; and when I come
To ſeek her in the Houſe, I find her miſſing;
To ſecond this, her Waiting-Woman *Flora*
Tells me that ſhe went down, about that time,

Into

Into the Garden; *Antonio* not long after,
Affirms that he both saw and entertain'd her,
In her own Apartment, where I now find her,
And *Camilla* with her: What can this be?
These sure are Riddles to pose an *Oedipus*;
But if, by my own sense, I am assur'd
My Honour's safe which was so much in doubt;
What matter is it how 'tis brought about?

ACT V.

The SCENE Don *CARLO's HOUSE.*

Enter Diego, Flora, *and* Pedro *accompanying the Chair, groaping as in the dark.*

Pedro.

DAme *Flora*, and Signior *Diego* go in there.
And you, my Friends, set down the Chair, and let
The Lady out; Go, there's Money for you.
I'll go fetch a Candle.

[Diego *and* Flora *go in, and the Chair being set in the door,* Octavio *goes out into the Room;* Pedro *claps to the door, and goes away.*

Enter Octavio, Diego, Flora *at another door.*

Oct. What! put in all alone here i'th' dark!
And the Door shut upon me! *Diego, Flora.*
[*groaping as i'th' dark.*

Die.

Die. Here am I Sir, and Miſtriſs *Flora* too.
Unleſs my ſenſe of feeling fails me.
Oct. I can't conjecture where we are; I durſt not
So much as peep out of the Chair, ſince *Flora*
Gave me the warning; but wheree'er I am,
'Tis better far than in the Serjeants Hands.
Flor. Though now i'th' dark, I know well where we are;
I have too often walk'd the Streets, *Octavio*
From your Houſe hither, upon *Cupids* Errands,
Not to know the Back-door of *Carlos* his
Apartment; 'tis there I am ſure w'are now.
Oct. Curſe on thee, *Flora*! had'ſt thou loſt thy wits,
Not to let me know it ſooner?
Die. A *Gypſie* told me by my Palm, long ſince,
A ſowre-fac'd Damſel ſhould be my undoing.
Flo. Suſpend a while your Apprehenſions, Sir;
You may eſcape before the Candles come;
The Door was wont to open on this ſide;
If not I have another way in ſtore.
[Octavio *goes to the Door.*
Oct. Flora, I cannot make the Lock go back.
[Pedro *unlocks it on the other ſide, and coming in with a Candle, meets with* Octavio, *and ſtarting back and ſtumbling, lets the Candle fall, then running out again, double-locks the door.*
Die. Nay then, i'faith, w'are faſt; I heard him give
The Key a double turn. [Diego *takes up the Candle.*
Here's a fair trial for your Maiden breath,
Flora blow't in again, let's owe your Mouth
More Light, than yet your Eyes could e'er impart.
Flor. Light's caſt away on ſuch an Owl as you.
But yet I'll try. [Flora *blows the Candle.*
Die. Thanks, gentle *Flora*, to your Virgin-Puff;
'Tis

'Tis a ſtrong breath, that can o'recome a Snuff.
[*Aſide.*

But I had rather 't had been let alone:
If I muſt needs be kill'd, unleſs it were
Behind my back, I'd have it i'the dark;
For I hate to be kill'd in my own preſence.

Oct. What muſt we do *Flora*? All my hope's in you.

Flo. W'have yet ſome room for hope; there's a Back-ſtair
Beyond that Inner Chamber, which goes down
Into the Garden, if the door be open,
As certainly it is, the way is eaſie.

Oct. Come, let's loſe no time; prethee guide us *Flora*, [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *changes to Don* Henriques *Houſe.*

Enter Don Henrique.

Hen. As well pleas'd as I am, to find my Honour
Leſs deſperate than I thought, I cannot reſt.
Till I have drawn from *Porcia* a Confeſſion
Of the whole Truth, before ſhe goes to bed;
She's in her Chamber now, unleſs by new
Enchantments carried thence.

Enter Carlos *in haſte.*
As he is going towards Porcias *Chamber.*

Car. Aſide.] I can't imagine what ſhould make Don *Henrique*
Quit the *Corrigidors* till we return'd:
One of his ſervants tells me he's come home.
O'here he is; Now ſhall I raiſe a ſtorm,

Which

Which if we do not take a ſpecial care
Will ſcarce b' allay'd without a ſhower of Blood;
Yet I muſt ventur't, ſince it ſo imports
Our Friendſhip and the Honour of our Houſe.
[*Addreſſing to* Henrique.
Happineſs is ſuch a ſtranger to Mankind,
That like forc'd Motion it is ever ſtrongeſt
At the firſt ſetting out, then languiſhing
With time, grows weary of our Company;
But to Misfortunes we ſo ſubject are,
That like to Natural Motion they acquire
More force in their Progreſſion.

Henr. What means this *Philoſophical Preamble*?

Car. You'll know too ſoon, I fear.

Hen. Don *Carlos*, I am now ſo well recover'd
From all m'Inquietudes, that for the future,
I dare defie the malice of my Stars,
To cauſe a new Relapſe into Diſtemper.

Car. Couſin, I'm much ſurpriz'd with this great change:
But ſince y'are ſuch a Maſter of your Paſſions,
I'll ſpare my *Ethicks*, and proceed to give you
In ſhort the Narrative of our ſucceſs.
Our worthy Kinſman the *Corregidor*
Forward to ſerve you, in th' Affair I mentioned,
Was pleas'd to go along with me in Perſon,
With a ſtrong Band of Sergeants to the place
Where I, attended by your Servants, led him.
Couſin, 'twas there; it wounds my heart to ſpeak it;
And I conjure you ſummon all your Patience,
'Twas there I found...

Hen. Whom, Couſin, did you find? For ſince I'm ſure
You found not *Porcia* there; my Concernments
In your Diſcoveries, are not very likely
To diſcompoſe me.

Car. I would to Heaven we had not found her there.

Hen.

Henr. What's that you ſay, *Don Carlos*? My Siſter there!

Car. Yes, Sir, your Siſter.

Henr. My Siſter? that's good i'faith; ha, ha, ha.

Car. Why do you laugh? Is the diſhonour of
Our Family become a Laughing Matter?
This is a worſe Extream, methinks, than t'other.

Henr. How can I chooſe but laugh to ſee you dream;
Awake for Heavens ſake; and recall your Senſes.
Porcia there ſaid you?

Car. Yes Sir, *Porcia* I ſay; your Siſter *Porcia*,
And which is more, 'twas in *Octavios* Houſe.

Henr. Why ſure y'are not in earneſt, Couſin.

Car. As ſure as y'are alive I found her there.

Henr. Then you tranſport me, Sir, beyond all Patience.
Why Couſin, if ſhe has been ſtill at home,
Antonio ſeen, and entertain'd her here,
Accompany'd by *Camilla*; if even now
I left them there within; Is't poſſible
You ſhould have found her in *Octavios* Houſe?
To be here, and there too at the ſame time;
None ſure but *Janus* with his double face
Can e'er unfold this Myſtery.

Car. Let me adviſe you, abuſe not your ſelf;
I tell you poſitively I found her there:
And by the ſame token, her Waiting-Woman
Flora was there attending her.

Henr. *Flora*? dear Couſin, do not ſtill perſiſt;
Thus to affirm impoſſibilities.

Car. Sure you are making ſome Experiment
Upon my Temper, and would fain provoke
My Patience, to ſome ſuch high Diſorder,
That I ſhould ne'er hereafter have the face,
When you are in your Fits, to play the *Stoick*.

Henr. Couſin, I ſwear to you upon my Honour,

'Tis not above a quarter of an hour
Since I did ſpeak with *Porcia* and your Siſter,
In that very Apartment, and am now
Returning to them in my Siſters Chamber.

Car. And Sir, I ſwear to you upon my Honour,
'Tis not above a quarter of an hour,
Since I left *Porcia* carrying in a Chair,
From Don *Octavios* Houſe, and your Man *Pedro*
Leading the Chair-men to mine, and followed
By *Flora*, whilſt I came to find you out,
To acquaint you with this unpleaſing News;
But fit for you to know as ſoon as might be.

Henr. This Queſtion, Couſin, may be ſoon decided;
Pray come along, her Chamber's not far off.

Car. And my Houſe but the next door, let's go thither.

Henr. You'll quickly find your Error, Couſin.

Car. And you'll as ſoon be undeceived; but ſtay
Here comes your Servant, whom I left to guard her;
He'll inſtantly convince you of the truth.

Enter Pedro.

Pedr. O Sir! ...

Henr. What brings you hither, *Pedro*?

Pedr. Give me my *Albricias*, Sir, I bring you
The rareſt News, your Enemy, *Octavio*,
I'm quite out of Breath...

Henr. What does the Varlet mean?

Pedr. Sir, I ſuppoſe Don *Carlos* has informed you,
'That he left me to ſee your Siſter *Porcia*,
With *Flora*, and *Diego*, *Octavios* Man,
Safely convey'd t'his Houſe.

Car. See now Don *Henrique*, who was i'the right.

Pedr. I did as he commanded me, and put them
All three into Don *Carlos*'s Anti-Chamber,

Porcia

Porcia in the ſame Chair, which brought her thither;
And for more ſafety double-lock'd the door,
Whilſt I went down in haſt to fetch ſame Candles.

Henr. As ſure as Death this Madneſs is infectious,
My Man is now in one of *Carlos*'s Fits.

Pedr. Returning with ſome Lights a moment after,
I no ſooner open'd the door, but Heavens!
Who ſhould I ſee, there; ſtanding juſt before me,
In the ſelf-ſame place, where I left *Porcia*,
But *Octavio*, your Enemy *Octavio*.

Henr. Here is ſome Witch-craft, ſure; what can this mean?

Pedr. Amaz'd at this ſight, I let the Candle fall;
And clapt the door to, then double-lock'd it,
And brought away the Key.

Car. But how could he get in, if you be ſure
You lock'd the door, when you went out for Lights?

Pedr. I know not whether he was there before,
Or got in after, but of this I'm ſure,
That there I have him now, and ſafe enough.

Henr. Let's not, Don *Carlos*, now perplex our ſelves
With needleſs Circumſtances, when? and how?
Thoſe *Queries* are too flegmatick for me;
If the Beaſt be i'th' Toil it is enough;
Let us go ſeize him; for he muſt die.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Pray Brother, what unhappy man is he,
Whom you ſo poſitively doom to death?
I have a Sword to ſerve you, in all occaſions,
Worthy of you, and me.

Henr. His intervening, *Carlos*, is unlucky,
How ſhall we behave our ſelves towards him
In this Buſineſs, ſo unfit for his knowledge?

[Carlos *draws* Henr. *aſide.*

Car. Couſin, you ſhould conſider with your ſelf,
What anſwer to return him; he's not a Man
To be put off with any ſlight Pretences;
Nor yet to be engag'd in ſuch an Action,
As bears th'appearance rather of Brutality
Than true Honour; you know, *Antonio* needs
No freſh Occaſions to ſupport his Name;
Who Dangers ſeek, are indigent of Fame.
[Henrique *addreſſing himſelf to* Ant.
Henr. I beg your patience Sir, but for one word
With this Gentleman, my Friend.
Ant. I'll attend your leaſure.
I find my coming has diſorder'd 'em, [*Aſide.*
There's ſomething they would fain conceal from me;
All here is diſcompos'd, what e'er's the matter.
Henr. I am a Rogue if I know what to do.
Car. Since the Event's ſo dangerous and doubtful,
'Tis beſt, in my Opinion, Sir, to temporize.
Henr. How eaſily men get the name of Wiſe!
To fear t' engage, is call'd to temporize:
Sure Fear and Courage cannot be the ſame,
Yet th'are confounded by a ſpecious Name;
And I muſt tamely ſuffer, becauſe Fools
Are rul'd by nice Diſtinctions of the Schools.
How I hate ſuch Cold Complexions. [*He ſtamps.*
Car. Why ſo tranſported, as if Vehemence
Were for your Paſſion an approv'd defence.
Henr. Who condemns Paſſions, Nature he arraigns.
Car. Th'are uſeful ſuccors, when they ſerve in Chains;
But he who throws the Bridle on their Necks,
From a good Cauſe, will produce ill Effects.
Henr. Be th'Effects what they will, I am reſolv'd.
[*Addreſſing to* Antonio.
I doubt not of your kind Concurrence, Sir,
In all the near Concernments of a Perſon
Ally'd to you, as I am; but noble Brother,

It

It were againſt the Laws of Hoſpitality
And Civil Breeding, to engage a Gueſt,
Newly arriv'd after ſo long a Journey
In an occaſion, where there may be danger.

Ant. If ſuch be the occaſion, I muſt then
Acquaint you freely, that I wear a Sword,
Which muſt not be excluded from your Service;
I'm ſure you are too Noble to employ yours
In any Cauſe, not juſtifi'd by Honour.

Henr. Though with regret, I ſee, Sir, I muſt yield
To your exceſs of Generoſity;
This only I ſhall ſay, to ſatisfie
Your juſt Reflections; that my Reſentments
Are grounded on Affronts of ſuch a Nature,
That as nothing but the Offenders life
Can e'er repair 'em, ſo as to the Forms
Of taking my Revenge, they can't admit
Of the leaſt ſcruple.

Ant. Honour's my Standard, and 'tis true, that I
Had rather Fall, than Bluſh for Victory;
But you are ſuch a Judge of Honours Laws,
That 'twere Injurious to ſuſpect your Cauſe.
Allow me, Sir, th'honour to lead the way.

[*Exit* Antonio *and* Henrique.

Car. If *Porcia* be there too (as I believe)
'Twill prove, I fear, a fatal Tragedy.
But ſhould ſhe not be there; yet 'tis too much
For ſuch a Heart as mine through Ignorance
To have betray'd a Gentleman, though faulty,
Into ſuch cruel hands; I muſt go with them;
But ſo reſolv'd, as in this Bloody ſtrife,
I'll ſave my Honour, or I'll looſe my life.

[*Exit* Carlos.

The SCENE *changes to Don* Carlos's *Houſe.*

Enter Octavio, Diego, Flora *with a Candle.*

Flor. O th'unluckineſs! I vow t'you Sir,
I have ſcarce known that door e'er lock'd before.
Oct. There's no Remedy *Flora*, I am now
At the mercy of my Enemies.
Dieg. Having broken into anothers ground,
'Tis juſt, i'faith, you ſhould be put i'th' Pound.
Oct. The Tide of my ill fate is ſwoln ſo high,
'Twill not admit encreaſe of miſery;
Since amongſt all the Curſes, there is none
So wounds the ſpirit, as Privation.
For 'tis not where we lie, but whence we fell,
The loſs of Heaven's the greateſt Pain in Hell.
When I had ſail'd the doubtful Courſe of Love,
Had ſafely gain'd my Port, and far above
My Hopes, the precious Treaſure had ſecur'd,
For which ſo many ſtorms I had endur'd;
To be ſo ſoon from this great Bleſſing torn,
That's hard to ſay, if 'twere firſt Dead or Born,
May doubtleſs ſeem ſuch a tranſcendent Curſe,
That even the Fates themſelves, could do no worſe.
Yet this I bore with an erected face,
Since Fortune, not my Fault caus'd my Diſgrace.
But now my Eyes unto the Earth are bent,
Conſcious of meriting this Puniſhment:
For truſting a fond Maids officious Care,
My life and Honour's taken in this Snare.
And thus I periſh, on this unſeen Shelf,
Purſu'd by Fate, and falſe unto my ſelf.
Flora, When I am dead, I pray preſent
[*He pulls out his Tablets.*
Theſe

Theſe Tablets to your Lady, there ſhe'll find,
My laſt Requeſt, with Reaſons which I give
That for my ſake, ſhe would vouchſafe to live.
Give me the Candle, *Flora*.

[Octavio *ſets the Candle on a Table, and ſits down to write in his Tablets.*

Die. A double Curſe upon all Love in earneſt,
All Conſtant Love; 'tis ſtill accompany'd
With ſtrange Diſaſters; or elſe ends in that
Which is the worſt of all Diſaſters, Marriage.

Flo. Sure you could wiſh that every body living
Had ſuch a Soul of Quick ſilver, as yours,
That can fix no where.

Die. Why 'twould not be the worſe for you, dear *Flora*,
You then might hope in time to have your turn,
As well as thoſe who have much better Faces.

Flo. You, I preſume Sir, would be one o'th' lateſt
Which I ſhould hear of, yet 'tis poſſible
That one might ſee you, before you ſhould be welcom.

Die. She has Wit and good Humor, excellent
Ingredients to paſs away the time;
And I have kindneſs for her Perſon too;
But that will end with Marriage, and poſſibly
Her good Humor; for I have ſeldom known
The Husband and the Wife make any Muſick,
Though when aſunder they can play their parts.
Well, friend *Diego*, I adviſe you to look
Before you leap, for if you ſhould be coupled
To a Yoak, inſtead of a Yoak fellow,
'Tis likely you may wear it to your Grave.
Yet, honeſt *Diego*, now I think on't better,
Your Dancing and your Vaulting days are done,
Faith, all your Pleaſures are three Stories high,
They are come up to your Mouth; you are now
For Eaſe and Eating, the only Joys of Life;
And there's no Cook, nor Dry-Nurſe like a Wife.

Oct. Here take my Tablets, *Flora*; ſure they'l ſpare
Thy life for thy Sexes ſake; but for poor *Diego*...

Die. Why Sir, they'l never offer to kill me,
There's nothing in the World I hate like death.

Oct. Since Death's the paſſage to Eternity,
To be for ever happy we muſt die.

Die. 'Tis very true; but moſt that die would live,
If to themſelves they could new Leaſes give.

Oct. We muſt poſſeſs our Souls with ſuch Indifference.
As not to Wiſh nor Fear to part from hence.

Die. The firſt I may pretend to, for I ſwear
I do not wiſh to part; 'tis true I fear.

Oct. Fear! *why, Death's only cruel when he flies,*
And will not daign to cloſe the Weeping Eyes.

Die. That is a Cruelty I can forgive,
For I confeſs I'm not afraid to live.

Oct. We ſhall ſtill live, though 'tis by others breath,
By our good Fame, which is ſecured by Death.

Die. But we ſhall catch ſuch Colds, Sir, under ground.
That we ſhall never hear Fames Trumpet ſound.

Oct. 'Tis but returning, when from hence we go,
As Rivers to their Mother Ocean flow.

Die. We know our Names and Channels whilſt w'are here,
W'are ſwallow'd in that dark *Abyſs* when there.

Oct. Ingulph'd in endleſs Joys and perfect Reſt,
Unchangeable, i'th' Center of the Bleſs'd.

Die. Hark, I hear a noiſe.

[*The noiſe of the opening of a door.*

[Diego *runs to the door, looks into the next Room, then comes running to* Octavio.]

Die. O Sir, w'are loſt, I ſee two Female Giants
Coming moſt terribly upon us.

Oct. Away you fearful Fool.

Enter Camilla *and* Porcia, *the one with a Key, the other with a Candle.*

Porc. I'm confident no body ſaw us paſs
From th'other Houſe,
Cam. However, let's go through my Brothers Quarter,
And open the Back-door into the Street,
'Tis good in all Events t'have a Retreat
More ways than one.
[*A door claps behind, and both look back.*
Porc. O Heavens! our paſſage is cut off,
The wind has ſhut the door through which we came.
Cam. The Accident's unlucky, 'tis a Spring-Lock,
That opens only on the other ſide.
Porc. Let's on the faſter, and make ſure of th' other.
[*Seeing* Octavio *ſhe ſtarts.*
Octavio here!
[Octavio *hearing them ſtarts up.*
Oct. Porcia in this place! may I truſt my Senſes,
Or does my Fancy form theſe Chimeras?
Dio. Either we ſleep, and dream extravagantly,
Or elſe the *Fairies* govern in this Houſe.
[Flora *runs to* Porcia.
Flor. Ah! deareſt Miſtriſs, you ſhall never make me
Quit you ſo again.
Porc. But can that be *Octavio?*
Oct. I was *Octavio*, but I am at preſent
So much aſtoniſh'd, I am not my ſelf.
Cam. What can the meaning of this Viſion be?
[Octavio *approaches* Porcia.
Oct. My deareſt *Porcia*, how it's poſſible
To find you in this place; my Friend *Antonio*
Having ſo generouſly undertaken
Your Protection?
Porc. Did he not yours ſo too? And yet I find

Octavio here, where he is more expos'd
Than I, to certain Ruin; I am loth
To say 'tis he, who has betray'd us both.

Oct. *Antonio* false? It is impossible.

Die. 'Tis but too evident.

Oct. Peace Slave; he is my Friend, of Noble Blood,
Whose Fame's above the level of those Tongues,
That bark by Custom at the brightest Vertues,
As Dogs do at the Moon.

Porc. *How hard it is for Vertue to suspect.*
Ah *Octavio*! we have been both deceiv'd;
This vile *Antonio* is the very Man,
To whom my Brother, without my consent,
Or knowledge, has contracted me in *Flanders*.

Oct. *Antonio* the Man to whom y'are contracted?
Porcia the Bride, whom he is come to marry?

Porc. The very same.

Oct. Why did you not acquaint me with it sooner?

Porc. Alas, I have not seen you since I knew it;
But those few hours such wonders have produc'd,
As exceed all belief; and ask more time
Than your unsafe condition in this place,
Will allow me, to make you comprehend it.

Cam. Cousin, I cannot blame your apprehensions,
Nor your Suspicion of *Antonios* Friendship:
But I am so possess'd with the opinion
Of his Vertue, I shall as soon believe
Impossibilities, as his Apostacy
From Honour.

Oct. What's her Concernment in *Antonio*, *Porcia*?

Porc. O that's the strangest part of our sad Story,
And which requires most time to let you know it.

[*A Blaze of Light appears at the Window, and a noise without.*

Porc. See *Flora*, at the Window, what's that Light,

And

And noiſe we hear. [Flora *goes to the Window.*

Flor. O Madam; we are all undone, I ſee *Henrique*, *Carlos*, and their Servants, with Torches, All coming hither; and which is wonderful, *Antonio* leading them with his Sword drawn.

Cam. Thou dream'ſt, diſtracted Wench; *Antonio* falſe?
It is impoſſible. [Camilla *runs to the Window, and turning back ſays.*
All ſhe has ſaid, is in appearance true,
There's ſure ſome hidden Myſtery which thus
Abuſes us; for I ſhall ne'er believe
Antonio can tranſgreſs the Rules of Friendſhip.

Oct. Friendſhip's a ſpecious Name, made to deceive
Thoſe, whoſe good Nature tempts them to believe;
The Traffique of good Offices 'mongſt Friends,
Moves from our ſelves, and in our ſelves it ends.
When Competition brings us to the teſt,
Then we find Friendſhip is ſelf-intereſt.

Porc. Ye Powers above! What pleaſure can ye take
To perſecute ſubmitting Innocence?

Oct. Retire, dear *Porcia*, to that inner Room,
For ſhould thy cruel Brother find thee here,
He's ſo revolted from Humanity,
He'll mingle thine, with my impurer Blood.'

Porc. That were a kind of Contract; let him come,
We'll meet at once Marriage and Martyrdom.

Oct. Soul of my life, retire.

Porc. I will not leave you.

Oct. Thou preſerv'ſt me by ſaving of thy ſelf;
For they can murder only half of me,
Whilſt that my better part ſurvives in thee.

Porc. I will die too, *Octavio*, to maintain,
That different Cauſes form the ſame Effects;
'Tis Courage in you Men, Love in our Sex.

Oct. Though Souls no Sexes have, when w'are above, If

If we can know each other, we may love.

Porc. I'll meet you there above, here take my word. [Octavio *takes her hand and kisses it.*

This *Porcia* knows the way of joyning Souls,
As well as th'other when she swallow'd Coals.

[*They retire to th' other Room*, Porcia *leaning on* Camilla, *and* Octavio *waits on them to the door.*

Die. Nay if y'are good at that, the Devil take
The hindmost; 'tis for your sake fair *Flora*
[*Taking* Flora *by the hand.*
I shun these honourable occasions.
Having no Weapon, Sir, 'tis fit that I
March off with the Baggage. [*Turning to* Octavio.

[*Exeunt* Diego, Flora.

Oct. I'm now upon the Frontiers of this Life,
There's but one step to Immortality;
And since my cruel Fortune has allow'd me
No other witness of my Tragick end,
But a false Friend and Barbarous Enemy,
I'll leave my *Genius* to inform the World,
My Life and Death was uniform; as I
Liv'd firm to Love and Honour, so I die.
[*Draws his Sword.*
Look down ye Spirits above, for, *If there be*
A sight on Earth worthy of you to see,
'Tis a brave Man pursu'd by injust hate,
Bravely contending with his adverse Fate.
(*Waving his Sword.*
Stay till this Heaven-born Soul puts off her Earth,
And she'll attend ye to her place of Birth.

Enter Antonio, Henrique, Carlos, *and* Pedro, *their Swords drawn*, Antonio *before the rest.*

Ant. Where is the Man whose Insolence and Folly
Has so misled him to affront my Friend

Oct.

Oct. Here is the Man thou ſeek'ſt, and he, whom thou
So baſely has betray'd.

Ant. Oh Heavens! what is't I ſee? it is *Octavio*, My Friend.

Oct Not thy Friend, *Antonio*, but 'tis *Octavio*, Who by thy Perfidy has been betray'd
To this forlorn Condition; but Vile Man,
Thou now ſhalt pay thy Treachery with thy Life.
[Octavio *makes at* Antonio.

Ant. Hold *Octavio*, though thy Injurious Error May tranſport thee, it ſhall not me, beyond
The Bounds of Honour; Heaven knows I thought
Of nothing leſs, than what I find, *Octavio*, In this place.

Henr. What pauſe is this, *Antonio*? All your Fervour
In the Concernments of a Brother-in-Law,
Reduc'd to a tame Parly with our Enemy?
Do all the Promiſes you have made to me,
T'aſſiſt my juſt Revenge conclude in this?

Oct. Do all the Promiſes you have made to me,
T'aſſiſt my vertuous Love, conclude in this?

Henr. Where is your wonted Bravery? Where your Kindneſs?
To ſuch a near Allie?

Oct. Where is your former Honour? Where your Firmneſs?
To ſuch an ancient Friend?

Ant. What courſe ſhall my Diſtracted Honour ſteer, [*aſide.*
Betwixt theſe equal oppoſite Engagements?

Henr. What, demur ſtill? Nay then I'll right my ſelf.
[Henrique *makes at* Octavio, Antonio *turns on* Octavios *ſide.*]

Ant. Who attacques *Octavio* muſt paſs through me.

Car.

Car. I must lay hold on this occasion. [*Aside.*
Good Cousin, I conjure you to restrain
Your Passion for a while, there lies conceal'd
Some Mystery in this, which once unfolded,
May reconcile this difference.

Henr. Sweetly propos'd, Sir, an Accomodation?
Think'st thou my Anger's like a Fire of Straw,
Only to Blaze, and then Expire in Smoak?
Think'st thou I can forget my Name and Nation,
And barter for Revenge when Honour bleeds?
His Life must pay this Insolence, or mine.

[*He makes at* Octavio *again*, Antonio *interposes.*

Ant. Mine must protect his, or else perish with him.

Henr. Since neither Faith nor Friendship can prevail,
'Tis time to try what proof you are, *Antonio*,
Against your own near Interest; Know that Man,
Whom you protect against my just Revenge,
Has seconded his Insolence to me
By foul Attempts upon my Sisters honour;
Your *Porcias*, Sir, if this will not enflame you?

[Antonio *turns from* Octavio, *and beholds him with a stern Countenance.*

Oct. How! I attempt your Sisters Honour, *Henrique*?
The Parent of your black Designs, the Devil,
Did ne'er invent a more malicious Falshood.

[Antonio *turns and looks sternly upon* Henrique.

'Tis true, that I have serv'd the Vertuous *Porcia*,
With such Devotion, and such spotless Love,
That, though unworthy, yet she has been pleas'd
To recompence my Passion, with Esteem;

[Antonio *turns and looks sternly upon* Octavio.

By which, she has so chain'd me to her service,
That here I vow either to live her Prize,
Or else in Death to fall Loves Sacrifice.

Ant.

Ant. O Heavens! what's that I hear? Thou
blessed Angel,
Guardian of my Honour, I now implore
Thy powerful assistance to preserve
That Reputation, which I hitherto
By vertuous Actions have maintain'd unblemish'd.
[*He pauses a little, and rubs his Fore-head.*
In vain, Don *Henrique*, you design to change
My Resolutions; it must ne'er be said,
That Passion could deturn *Antonio*
From the strict Rules of Honour; Sir, I tell you
Nothing can make me violate my first
Engagement.

Henr. Nay, then, thou shalt die too, Perfidious
Man;
Ho! *Geraldo*, *Pedro*, *Leonido*.

Enter Geraldo, Pedro, Leonido, *with their Swords drawn, and joyn with* Henrique. Carlos *interposes.*

Car. For Heavens sake, Cousin, draw not on
your self
The horrid Infamy of Assassinating
Persons of Noble Blood, by servile hands.

Henr. Do you defend them too? Kill 'em I say.

Ant. Retire *Octavio*, I'll sustain their shock.

Oct. *Octavio* retire!

Ant. Trust me you must, they will surround us
else;
Thorough that narrow Passage they'l assail us
With less Advantage.
[*They retire fighting off the Stage*; Henrique *and his Men pursuing them, and* Carlos *endeavouring to stop Don* Henrique.

Henr. What d'ye give back, ye men of mighty
Fame?

Ant. Don *Henrique*, you shall quickly find, 'tis
Honour, Not

Not Fear, makes me retire. [*Exeunt.*

Enter presently Antonio *and* Octavio *at another Door, which* Antonio *bolts.*

Ant. Now we shall have a breathing while at least, *Octavio*, and time to look about us;
Pray see yon other Door be fast.

[Octavio *steps to the Door where they went out, and* Henrique *bounces at the Door they came in at.*

Hen. Geraldo, fetch an Iron Bar to force
The Door.

[*Within. Aloud.*

[Antonio *goes to both the Doors, to see if they be fast.*]

Ant. So, 'tis now as I could wish it;

Oct. What do you mean, most Generous *Antonio*?

Ant. To kill thee now my self; having perform'd
What my Engagement did exact from me
In your defence 'gainst others; my Love now
Requires its Dues, as Honour has had his.
There's no Protection for you from my Sword,
But in your own, or in your frank Renouncing
All Claim to *Porcia*; she is so much mine,
That none must Breath, and have the Vanity
Of a Pretender to her, whil'st I live.

Oct. I never will Renounce my Claims to *Porcia*;
But still assert them by all noble wayes:
Yet, Sir, this hand shall never use a Sword,
Without the last Compulsion, 'gainst that Man
Who has so much oblig'd me; no *Antonio*,
You are securely guarded by the Favours
Which you so frankly have confer'd upon me.

Ant. Pray, Sir, let not pretended Gratitude
Enervate your Defence; 'tis not my Custom
To serve my Friends with Prospects of Return.

Oct. And, Sir, 'tis not my Custom to receive
An Obligation, but with a purpose,

And

And within the Power of my Return.
Friendſhip, Antonio, *is reciprocal*,
He that will only give, and not receive,
Enſlaves the Perſon whom he would Relieve.

Ant. Your Rule is right, but you apply it wrong,
It was *Octavio* my *Camerade* in Arms,
And ancient Friend, whom I deſign'd to ſerve;
Not that Diſloyal Man, who has invaded
My Honour and my Love: *'Tis the Intent*
Which forms the Obligation, not th' Event.

Oct. I call thoſe Powers, which both diſcern and puniſh
To witneſs for me, that I never knew
You e'er pretended to Don *Henriques* Siſter,
Before I came within theſe fatal Walls:
This I declare, only to clear my ſelf,
From th'Imputation of Diſloyalty,
And to prevent the progreſs of your Error.

Ant. How can I think you ſhould ſpeak truth to me,
Who am a witneſs y'have been falſe to her,
To whom you now profeſs ſo high Devotion.

Oct. I falſe to *Porcia*! take heed, *Antonio*,
So foul an Injury provokes too much.
But, Sir, I muſt confeſs I owe you more,
Than the Forgiveneſs of one groſs Miſtake.

Ant. Rare Impudence! I muſt not truſt my Senſes.

Oct. If we cannot adjuſt this Competition,
Let's charge our envious Fortunes, not our Paſſions,
With this fatal breach of Friendſhip.

Ant. Leave your diſcourſes and defend your ſelf.
Either immediately renounce all Claims
To *Porcia*, or this muſt ſpeak the reſt.
[*Shaking his Sword.*

Oct. Nay, then, this muſt reply. [*They fight.*
[*A noiſe as if the Door were broken open.*]

Enter Henrique, Carlos, Leonido, Geraldo, *with their Swords drawn.*

Henr. What's this! *Antonio* fighting with *Octavio*?
This Bravery is exceſſive, Gallant Friend,
Not to allow a ſhare in your Revenge
To him, who's moſt concern'd; he muſt not fall
Without ſome Marks of mine.

[Henrique *makes at* Octavio, *and* Antonio *turns to* Octavios *ſide.*

Ant. Nay, then my Honour you invade anew,
And by aſſaulting him, revive in me
My pre-engagements to protect and ſerve him
Againſt all others.

Hen. Why, were not you, *Antonio*, fighting with him?
Were you not doing all you could, to kill him?

Ant. Henrique, 'tis true, but finding in my Breaſt
An equal ſtrife 'twixt Honour and Revenge,
I do in juſt compliance with them both
Preſerve him from your Sword, to fall by mine.

Car. Brave Man, how nicely he does Honour weigh!
Juſtice her ſelf holds not the Scales more even.

Hen. My Honour ſuffers more, as yet, than yours,
And I muſt have my ſhare in the Revenge.

Ant. My Honour, Sir, is ſo ſublim'd by Love,
'Twill not admit Compariſon or Rival.

Hen. Either he muſt renounce all Claims to *Porcia*,
Or die immediately.

Ant. Y'are i'the right, that he muſt do, or die:
But by no other hand than mine.

Oct. Ceaſe your Contention, and turn all your Swords
Againſt this Breaſt; whilſt *Porcia* and I have breath,
She muſt be mine, there's no Divorce but Death.

Hen.

Hen. I'll hear no more, protect him if thou canſt;
Kill the Slave, kill him, I ſay.

[Henrique *makes at him, and* Carlos *endeavours to interpoſe.*

Car. For Heavens ſake hold a Moment, certainly
There's ſome miſtake lies hidden here, which clear'd
Might hinder theſe Extreams.

[Henrique *and his Servants preſs* Antonio
and Octavio.

[Flora *peeps out, and ſeeing them fight cries out* Camilla, Porcia!

[Camilla *and* Porcia *look in out both ſtarts back, and then run out upon the Stage.*

Enter Porcia *and* Camilla *from the Inner Room.*

Porc. Don *Henrique!*
Cam. Antonio! Carlos!
Camilla and *Porcia* together. } Hear us but ſpeak, hear us but ſpeak.
Hen. By Heavens 'tis *Porcia!* Why how came ſhe here?
Car. Why did not I tell you ſhe was brought hither
By my Directions? You would not believe me.
Hen. But how then could *Octavio* come hither?
Car. Nay that Heaven knows, you heard as well as I
Your Mans Relation.
Hen. Ah, thou Vile Woman, that I could deſtroy
Thy Memory, with thy Life.

[*He offers to run at* Porcia, Antonio *interpoſes.*

Ant. Hold, Sir, that muſt not be.
Hen. What may not I do Juſtice upon her
Neither?
Ant. No Sir; although I have not yet the Honour
To know who this Lady is, I have this Night
Engag'd my ſelf both to ſecure and ſerve her.

Carl. He knows not *Porcia*; who was i'the right,
Don *Henrique*, you or I?

Hen. He not know *Porcia*! why 'tis not an hour
Since I ſaw him entertaining her at home;
Sure w'are enchanted, and all we ſee 's illuſion.

Cam. Allow me, *Henrique*, to unſpel theſe Charms.
Who is't, *Octavio*, you pretend to? Speak.

Oct. You might have ſpar'd that queſtion, Madam, none
Knows ſo well as you, 'tis *Porcia* I adore.

Ant. *Porcia*'s my Wife; Diſloyal Man thou dy'ſt.
[*Offers to make at* Octavio.

Cam. Hold Sir, which is the *Porcia* you lay claim to?

Ant. Can you doubt that? Why ſure you know too well
The Conqueſt that you made ſo long ago,
Of my poor heart in *Flanders*,

Carl. Conqueſt! poor heart! *Flanders*! what can this mean?

Hen, New Riddles every moment do ariſe,
And Myſteries are born of Myſteries.

Car. Sure, 'tis the Paſtime of the Deſtinies
To mock us, for pretending to be wiſe.

Cam. Thanks be to Heaven, our work draws near an end,
Couſin, it belongs to you to finiſh it.

Porc. To free you from that *Labyrinth*, *Antonio*,
In which a ſlight miſtake, not rectifi'd,
Involv'd us all; know the ſuppoſed *Porcia*,
Whom you ſo long have lov'd 's the true *Camilla*.

Cam. And you, Don *Henrique*, know, that Don *Octavio*
Has always been your Siſters faithful Lover,
And only feign'd a Gallantry to me,
To hide his real Paſſion for my Couſin
From your diſcerning Eyes.

Ant. Generous *Octavio*,

Oct.

Oct. Brave *Antonio*, how happy are we both,
[*They embrace.*
Both in our Loves and Friendſhips!
Ant. Ah! how the memory of our Croſſes paſt,
Heightens our joys when we ſucceed at laſt.
Oct. Our pleaſures in this world are always mix'd,
'Tis in the next where all our joys are fix'd.
[Camilla *takes* Antonio *by the hand, and leads him to Don* Carlos. [*mander,*
Cam. This, my dear Brother, is that brave *Com-*
To whom you owe your Life and Liberty;
And I much more, the ſafety of my Honour.
Car. Is this that Gallant Leader, who redeem'd us
With ſo much Valour from the Enemy,
Cam. The very ſame?
Car. Why did you not acquaint me with it ſooner?
'Twas ill done *Camilla.*
Cam. Alas, my deareſt Brother, Gratitude
[*Drawing* Carlos *aſide.*
Conſpiring with the Graces of his Perſon,
So ſoon poſſeſs'd him of my heart, that I
Aſham'd of ſuch a Viſionary Love,
Durſt never truſt my Tongue with my own Thoughts.
Car. 'Tis enough, Here Sir, take from me her
hand [*Addreſſing to* Antonio.
Whoſe Heart, your Merit has long ſince made yours.
[Antonio *takes* Camillas *hand and kiſſes it.*
Ant. Sir, with your leave, and hers, I ſeal the Vows
Of my Eternal Faith, unto you both.
Car. But let's take heed; *Antonio*, leaſt whilſt we
Are joying in our mutual happineſs,
Don *Henriques* ſcarcely yet compos'd Diſtemper
Revive not, and diſorder us a freſh;
I like not his grim poſture.
Ant. 'Tis well thought on; let's approach him.
[Octavio *holding* Porcia *by the hand, advances towards* Henrique.

Oct. Here, with respect, we wait your Confirmation
Of that, which seems to be decreed above,
Though travers'd by unlucky Accidents.
This Lady, your Incomparable Sister,
Can witness, that I never did invade
Your passion for *Camilla*; and *Pedros* death
Happen'd by your mistaken Jealousie.
The causes of your Hate being once remov'd,
'Tis just Don *Henrique*, the Effects should cease.

Hen. I shall consult my Honour.

Car. You cannot take a better Councellor
In this Case, than your own and Sisters Honour;
What to secure them both, could have been wish'd
Beyond what Fate has of it self produc'd?

Hen. [*Aside. How hard it is to act upon Constraint!*
That which I could have wish'd, I now would fly,
Since 'tis obtruded by Necessity.
'Tis fit that I consent, but yet I must
Still seem displeas'd, that m'Anger may seem just.

Ant. Noble Don *Henrique* you may reckon me
To be as truly yours, by this Alliance,
As if a Brothers Name subsisted still.

Henr. Well, I must yield, I see, or worse will follow. [*Aside.*

He is a Fool who thinks by force or skill,
To turn the Current of a Womans Will.
Since fair *Camilla* is *Antonios* Lot,
I *Porcia* yield to Don *Antonios* Friend.
Our Strength and Wisdom must submit to Fate.
Stript of my Love, I will put off my Hate.
Here take her hand, and may she make you, Sir,
Happier than she has done me.

[Henrique *takes* Porcia *by the hand and gives her to* Octavio.

Diego

Diego *and* Flora *advance.*

Flor. Had e'er Diſorders ſuch a rare come off?
Methinks 'twould make a fine Plot for a Play.
Die. Faith *Flora*, I ſhould have the worſt of that;
For by the Laws of *Comedy*, 'twould be
My Lot to marry you.
Oct. Well thought on, *Diego*, tho' 'tis ſpoke in jeſt;
We cannot do a better thing in earneſt
Than to joyn theſe, who ſeem to have been made
For one another: what ſayſt thou to it, *Flora*?
Flor. Troth I have had ſo many frights this night,
That I am e'en afraid to lie alone.
[Diego *takes her by the hand.*
Die. Give me thy hand ſweet *Flora*, 'tis a Bargain;
I promiſe thee, dear Spouſe, I'll do my beſt
To make thee firſt repent this earneſt jeſt.
Flo. You may miſtake; we have a certain way
By going halves to match your fouleſt play.
Car. Since this laſt happy *Scene* is in my Houſe,
You'll make Collation with me e'r ye part.
Ant. } Agreed, agreed, agreed.
Oct. }
Ant. Thus end the ſtrange *Adventures of Five Hours*
As ſometimes Bluſtring Storms, in gentle Showres.
[*Addreſſing to the Pit,*
Oct. Thus *Noble Gallants*, after Bluſtring Lives,
You'll end, as we have done, in taking Wives.
Die. Hold Sirs! there's not an end as yet, for then
Comes your own Brats, and thoſe of other Men.
Hen. Beſides the cares of th' honour of your Race,
Which, as you know, is my accurſed Caſe.
[*Addreſſing to the Boxes.*
Cam. You *Ladies*, whilſt unmarried, tread on ſnares,
Marri'd, y'are cumber'd with Domeſtick Cares.

Perc.

Porc. If handſome, y'are by Fools and Fame attack'd;
If ugly, then, by your own Envy rack'd.
Flor. We, by unthrifty Parents forc'd to ſerve,
When fed are Slaves; and when w'are free we ſtarve.
Carl. Which put together, we muſt needs confeſs,
This World is not the Scene of Happineſs.

FINIS.

THE PLAIN-DEALER,

A COMEDY.

Written by Mr. WYCHERLEY.

——————Ridiculum acri
Fortius & melius magnas plerumque secat res.
Horat.



LONDON
Printed for the Company.


MUSEUM

To my LADY B...

MADAM,

THo' I never had the Honour to receive a Favour from you, nay, or be known to you, I take the confidence of an Author to write to you a Billetdoux Dedicatory: which is no new thing; for by moſt Dedications it appears, that Authors, though they praiſe their Patrons from top to toe, and ſeem to turn 'em inſide out, know 'em as little as ſometimes their Patrons their Books, tho' they read them out; and if the Poetical Daubers did not write the Name of the Man or Woman on top of the Picture, 'twere impoſſible to gueſs whoſe it were. But you, Madam, without the help of a Poet, have made your ſelf known and famous in the World; and becauſe you do not want it, are therefore moſt worthy an Epiſtle Dedicatory. And this Play claims naturaly your Protection, ſince it has loſt its Reputation with the Ladies of ſtricter lives in the Playhouſe; and (you know) when Men's Endeavours are diſcountenanc'd and refus'd by the nice coy Women of Honour, they come to you To you the Great and Noble Patroneſs of rejected and bashful Men, of which number I profeſs my ſelf to be one, though a Poet, a Dedicating Poet: To you I ſay, Madam, who have as diſcerning a Judgment, in what's obſcene or not, as any quick ſighted civil Perſon of em all; and can make as much of a double meaning ſaying as the beſt of 'em; yet would not, as ſome do, make nonſenſe of a Poet's Jeſt, rather than not make it bawdy: by which they ſhew, they as little value Wit in a Play, as in a Lover, provided they can bring t'other thing about. Their ſenſe indeed lies all one way, and therefore are only for that in a Poet which is moving, as they ſay: but what do they mean by that word moving? Well, I muſt not put 'em to the bluſh, ſince I find I can do't. In ſhort, Madam, you wou'd not be

one of thoſe who raviſh a Poet's innocent words, and make 'em guilty of their own naughtineſs (as'tis term'd) in ſpight of his teeth; nay, nothing is ſecure from the power of their imaginations; no, not their Husbands, whom they Cuckold with themſelves, by thinking of other Men, and ſo make the lawful matrimonial embraces, adultery; wrong Husbands and Poets in thought and word, to keep their own Reputations; but your Ladyſhip's Juſtice, I know, wou'd think a Woman's arraigning and damning a Poet for her own obſcenity, like her crying out a Rape, and hanging a Man for giving her pleaſure, only that ſhe might be thought not to conſent to't; and ſo to vindicate her Honour, forfeits her Modeſty. But you, Madam, have too much Modeſty to pretend to't; tho' you have as much to ſay for your Modeſty as many a nicer She; for you never were ſeen at this Play, no not the firſt day: and 'tis no matter what People's lives have been, they are unqueſtionably modeſt who frequent not this Play. For, as Mr. Bays ſays of his, That it is the only Touchſtone of Men's Wit and Underſtanding; mine is, it ſeems, the only Touchſtone of Women's Virtue and Modeſty. But hold, that Touchſtone is equivocal, and by the ſtrength of a Lady's imagination, may become ſomething that is not civil; but your Ladyſhip, I know ſcorns to miſapply a Touchſtone. And, Madam, tho' you have not ſeen this Play, I hope (like other nice Ladies) you will the rather read it: yet, leſt the Chambermaid, or Page ſhou'd not be truſted, and their indulgences cou'd gain no further admittance for it, than to their Lady's Lobbies or outward Room, take it into your care and protection; for by your recommendation and procurement, it may have the honour to get into their Cloſets: For what they renounce in publick, often entertains 'em there, with your help eſpecially. In fine, Madam, for theſe and many other reaſons, you are the fitteſt Patroneſs or Judge of this Play; for you ſhew no partiality to this or that Author; for from ſome, many Ladies will take a broad jeſt as chearfully as from the Watermen, and ſit at ſome downright filthy Plays (as they call 'em) as well ſatisfied, and as ſtill, as a Poet could wiſh 'em elſewhere; therefore it muſt be the doubtful obſcenity of

my

my Plays alone they take exceptions at, becauſe it is too baſhful for 'em; and indeed, moſt Women hate Men for attempting by halves on their Chaſtity: and Baudy, I find, like Satyr, ſhou'd be home, not to have it taken notice of. But, now I mention Satyr, ſome there are who ſay, 'Tis the Plain-dealing of the Play, not the obſcenity; 'tis taking off the Ladies Masks, not offering at their Petticoats, which offends 'em: and generally they are not the handſomeſt, or moſt innocent, who are the moſt angry at being diſcovered:

.... Nihil eſt audacius illis
Deprehenſis; iram, atque animos a crimine ſumunt.

Pardon, Madam, the Quotation, for a Dedication can no more be without ends of Latin, than Flattery; and 'tis no matter whom it is writ to; for an Author can as eaſily (I hope) ſuppoſe People to have more Underſtanding and Languages than they have, as well as more Virtues: But, why the Devil ſhou'd any of the few modeſt and handſome be alarm'd! (For ſome there are who as well as any deſerve thoſe Attributes, yet refrain not from ſeeing this Play; nor think it any addition to their Virtue to ſet up for it in a Play-Houſe, leſt it ſhou'd look too much like acting) But why, I ſay, ſhou'd any at all of the truly Virtuous be concern'd, if thoſe who are not ſo are diſtinguiſh'd from 'em? For by that Maſk of Modeſty which Women wear promiſcuouſly in publick, they are all alike; and you can no more know a kept Wench from a Woman of Honour by her looks than by her dreſs; for thoſe who are of Quality without Honour (if any ſuch there are) they have their Quality to ſet off their falſe Modeſty, as well as their falſe Jewels, and you muſt no more ſuſpect their Countenances for counterfeit, than their Pendants; though as the Plain-dealer Montagne ſays, Elles envoyent leur conſcience au Bordel, & tiennent leur contenence en regle. But thoſe who act as they look, ought not to be ſcandalized at the reprehenſion of other's faults, leſt they tax themſelves with 'em, and by too delicate and quick an apprehenſion not only make that obſcene which I meant

innocent, but that Satyr on all which was intended only on thoſe who deſerved it. But, Madam, I beg your pardon for this digreſſion, to civil Women and Ladies of Honour, ſince you and I ſhall never be the better for 'em; for a Comic Poet, and a Lady of your Profeſſion, make moſt of the other ſort; and the Stage, and your Houſes, like our Plantations, are propagated by the leaſt nice Women; and us with the Miniſters of Juſtice, the Vices of the Age are our beſt buſineſs. But now I mention publick Perſons, I can no longer defer doing you the Juſtice of a Dedication, and telling you your own; who are, of all publick ſpirited People, the moſt neceſſary, moſt communicative, moſt generous and hoſpitable. Your Houſe has been the Houſe of the People; your Sleep ſtill diſturb'd for the Publick, and when you aroſe, 'twas that others might lie down, and you waked that others might reſt. The good you have done is unſpeakable. How many young unexperienc'd Heirs have you kept from raſh fooliſh Marriages? And from being jilted for their Lives by the worſt ſort of Jilts, Wives? How many unbewitch'd Widower's Children have you preſerv'd from the Tyranny of Stepmothers? How many old Doaters from Cuckoldage, and keeping other Men's Wenches and Children? How many Adulteries and unnatural Sins have you prevented? In fine, you have been a conſtant ſcourge to the old Lecher, and often a terror to the young; you have made Concupiſcence its own puniſhment, and extinguiſhed Luſt with Luſt, like blowing up of Houſes to ſtop the Fire.

Nimirum propter continentiam incontinentia
Neceſſaria eſt; incendium ignibus extinguitur.

There's Latin *for you again, Madam; I proteſt to you, as I am an Author, I cannot help it; nay, I can hardly keep my ſelf from quoting* Ariſtotle *and* Horace, *and talking to you of the Rules of Writing (like the* French *Authors) to ſhew you and my Reader I underſtand 'em, in my Epiſtle, leſt neither of you ſhou'd find it out by the Play; and according to the Rules of Dedications, 'tis no matter whether you underſtand or no, what I quote or ſay to you, of Writing; for an Author*

can

can as eaſily make any one a Judge or Critick, in an Epiſtle as a Hero in his Play: But, Madam, that this may prove to the end a true Epiſtle Dedicatory, I'd have you know 'tis not without a deſign upon you, which is in the behalf of the Fraternity of Parnaſſus, that Songs and Sonnets may go at your Houſes, and in your Liberties, for Guineys and half Guineys; and that Wit, at leaſt with you, as of old, may be the price of Beauty: and ſo you will prove a true encourager of Poetry; for Love is a better help to it than Wine; and Poets, like Painters, draw better after the Life, than by Fancy. Nay, in juſtice, Madam, I think a Poet ought to be as free of your Houſes, as of the Play Houſes; ſince he contributes to the ſupport of both, and is as neceſſary to ſuch as you, as a Ballad ſinger to a Pick-purſe, in convening the Cullies at the Theatres, to be pick'd up, and carry'd to a Supper and Bed at your Houſes. And, Madam, the reaſon of this motion of mine is, becauſe poor Poets can get no favour in the Tyring Rooms, for they are no Keepers, you know; and Folly and Money, the old Enemies of Wit, are even too hard for it on it's own Dunghill: and for other Ladies, a Poet can leaſt go to the price of them; beſides his Wit, which ought to recomend him to 'em, is as much an obſtruction to his Love, as to his Wealth or Preferment; for moſt Women now adays, apprehend Wit in a Lover, as much as in a Husband; they hate a Man that knows 'em; they muſt have a blind eaſie Fool, whom they can lead by the noſe; and as the Scythian Women of old, muſt baffle a Man, and put out his Eyes, e're they will lie with him; and then to, like Thieves, when they have plunder'd and ſtript a Man, leave him. But if there ſhou'd be one of an hundred of thoſe Ladies generous enough to give her ſelf to a Man that has more Wit than Money, (all things conſider'd) he would think it cheaper coming to you for a Miſtreſs though you made him pay his Guiney; as a Man in a Journey (out of good husbandry) had better pay for what he has in an Inn, then lie on free coſt at a Gentleman's Houſe.

In fine, Madam, like a faithful Dedicator, I hope I have done my ſelf right in the firſt place; then you, and your Profeſſion, which in the wiſeſt and moſt Religious Government in

the World, is honour'd with the publick allowance; & in thoſe that are thought the moſt unciviliz'd and barbarous, is protected, & ſupported by the Miniſters of Juſtice; and of you, Madam, I ought to ſay no more here, for your Virtues deſerve a Poem rather than an Epiſtle, or a Volume intire to give the World your Memoirs, or Life at large, and which (upon the word of an Author that has a mind to make an end of his Dedication) I promiſe to do, when I write the Annals of our Britiſh *Love, which ſhall be dedicated to the Ladies concern'd, if they will not think them ſomething too obſcene too; when your Life, compar'd with many that are thought innocent, I doubt not may vindicate you, and me, to the World, for the confidence I have taken in this Addreſs to you; which then may be thought neither impertinent nor immodeſt; and, whatſoever your Amorous Misfortunes have been, none can charge you with that heinous, and worſt of Women's Crimes, Hypocriſie; nay, in ſpight of Misfortunes or Age, you are the ſame Woman ſtill; though moſt of your Sex grow* Magdalens *at Fifty, and as a ſolid* French *Author has it,*

Après le plaiſir, vient la peine,
Après la peine la vertu;

But ſure an old Sinner's continency is much like a Gameſter's for ſwearing Play, when he had loſt all his Money; and Modeſty is a kind of a youthful dreſs, which as it makes a young Woman more amiable, makes an old one more nauſeous; a baſhful old Woman is like a hopeful old Man, and the affected Chaſtity of antiquated Beauties is rather a reproach than an honour to 'em, for it ſhews the Men's Vertue only, not their's. But you, in fine Madam, are no more a Hypocrite than I am when I praiſe you; therefore I doubt not will be thought (even by your's and the Play's Enemies, the niceſt Ladies) to be the fitteſt Patroneſs for,

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient, faithful, humble Servant,

THE PLAIN-DEALER.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by the

PLAIN-DEALER.

I The PLAIN-DEALER *am to act to-day,*
And my rough part begins before the Play.
First, you who Scribble, yet hate all that Write,
And keep each other company in ſpite,
As Rivals in your common Miſtreſs Fame,
And with faint Praiſes, one another damn:
'Tis a good Play (we know) you can't forgive,
But grudge your ſelves, the pleaſure you receive,
Our Scribler therefore bid me bluntly ſay,
He wou'd not have the Wits pleas'd here to-day.
Next, you, the fine loud Gentlemen, o' th' Pit,
Who damn all Plays; yet, if y'ave any Wit,
'Tis but what here you ſpunge, and daily get.
Poets, like Friends to whom you are in debt,
You hate; and ſo Rooks laugh, to ſee undone
Thoſe puſhing Gameſters whom they live upon.
Well, you are Sparks, and ſtill will be i' th' fashion;
Rail then at Plays, to hide your obligation.
Now, you ſhrewd Judges, who the Boxes ſway,
Leading the Ladie's Hearts and Senſe aſtray,
And, for their ſakes, ſee all, and hear no Play;
Correct your Cravats, Foretops, Lock behind;
The Dreſs and Breeding of the Play ne'er mind.

Plain-

PROLOGUE.

Plain-Dealing is, you'll say, quite out of fashion;
You'll hate it here, as in a Dedication.
And your fair Neighbours, in a Limning Poet,
No more than in a Painter will allow it.
Pictures too like, the Ladies will not please:
They must be drawn too here, like Goddesses.
You, as at Lely's *too, wou'd Truncheon wield,*
And look like Heroes in a painted Field:
But the course dauber of the coming Scenes,
To follow Life and Nature *only means.*
Displays you as you are: makes his fine Woman
A mercenary Jilt, and true to no Man;
His Men of Wit and pleasure of the Age,
Are as dull Rogues as ever cumber'd Stage.
He draws a Friend, only to Custom just.
And makes him naturally break his Trust.
I only act a Part, like none of you;
And yet you'll say, it is a Fool's Part too.
An honest Man, who like you, never winks
At Faults; but unlike you, speaks what he thinks.
The only Fool, who ne'er found Patron yet;
For Truth is now a fault as well as Wit,
And where else but on Stages do we see
Truth pleasing, or rewarded Honesty;
Which our bold Poet does this day in me.
If not to th' Honest, be to th' Prosp'rous kind,
Some Friends at Court let the PLAIN-DEALER *find.*

DRA-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the *Widow Blackacre*.

TO you the Judges learned in Stage-Laws,
Our Poet now, by me, submits his Cause;
For with young Judges, such as most of you,
The Men by Women best, their business do.
And, truth on't is, if you did not sit here,
To keep for us a Term throughout the Year,
We cou'd not live by'r tongues: nay, but for you,
Our Chamber practice wou'd be little too.
And 'tis not only the Stage-practicer
Who, by your meeting, gets her living here;
For, as in Hall of Westminster,
Sleek Sempstress vents, amidst the Courts, her Ware;
So, while we baul, and you in Judgment sit,
The Visor-Mask sells Linen too i'th Pit.
O, many of your Friends, besides us here,
Do live by putting off their sev'ral Ware.
Here's daily done the great affair o'th' Nation;
Let Love & us then, ne're have long-Vacation.
But hold; like other pleaders, I have done
Not my poor Client's bus'ness, but my own;
Spare me a word then, now for him. First know;
Squires of the Long Robe, he does humbly show,
He has a just right in abusing you,
Because he is a Brother-Templar *too:*
For at the Bar you rally one another;
Nay, Fool and Knave, is swallow'd from a Brother;
If not the Poet here, the Templar *spare,*
And maul him, when you catch him at the Bar.
From you, our common modish Censurers,
Your favour, not your judgment, 'tis he fears:
Of all loves begs you then to rail, find fault:
For Plays, like Women, by the World are thought
(When you speak kindly of 'em, very naught.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

MEN.

MANLY. Of an honeſt, ſurly, nice humour, ſuppos'd firſt in the time of the *Dutch* War, to have procur'd the Command of a Ship, out of Honour, not Intereſt; and chuſing a Sea-life only to avoid the World.

FREEMAN. *Manly*'s Lieutenant, a Gentleman well educated, but of a broken Fortune, a Complier with the Age.

VERNISH. *Manly*'s boſom and only Friend.

NOVEL. A pert railing Coxcomb, and an Admirer of Novelties, makes love to *Olivia*.

MAJOR OLDFOX. An old impertinent Fop, given to ſcribling, makes love to the *Widow Blackacre*.

LORD PLAUSIBLE. A ceremonious, ſupple, commending Coxcomb, in love with *Olivia*.

JERRY BLACKACRE. A true raw Squire, under Age, and his Mother's Government, bred to the Law.

WOMEN

OLIVIA. *Manly*'s Miſtreſs.

FIDELIA. In love with *Manly*, and follow'd him to Sea in Man's cloaths.

ELIZA. Couſin to *Olivia*.

LETTICE. *Olivia*'s Woman.

WIDOW BLACKACRE. A petulant, litigious Widow, always in Law, and Mother to Squire *Jerry*.

Lawyers, Knights of the Poſt, Bayliffs and Aldermen, a Bookſeller's Prentice, a Footboy, Sailers, Waiters, and Attendants.

The SCENE,

LONDON.

THE PLAIN-DEALER.

ACT I.

SCENE. *Captain* Manly's *Lodging.*

Enter Captain Manly *ſurlily; My* Lord Plauſible *following him: & two Sailors behind.*

MANLY.

TEll not me, my good Lord *Plauſible*, of your *decorums*, ſupercilious forms, and ſlaviſh ceremonies; your little Tricks, which you the Spaniels of the world do daily over and over, for and to one another, not out of love or duty, but your ſervile fear.

L. Plauſ. Nay, i'faith, i'faith, you are too paſſionate; and I muſt humbly beg your pardon and leave to tell you, they are the Arts and Rules the Prudent of the world walk by.

Man. Let 'em. But I'll have no leading-ſtrings, I can walk alone; I hate a harneſs, and will not tug on in a faction, kiſſing my leader behind, that another Slave may do the like to me.

L. Plauſ. What, will you be ſingular then, like no body? follow, love and eſteem no body?

Man. Rather than be general, like you; follow every body, court and kiſs every body; though perhaps at the ſame time you hate every body.

L. Plauſ. Why, ſeriouſly with your pardon, my dear Friend...

Man. With your pardon, my no Friend, I will not, as you do, whiſper my hatred, or my ſcorn, call a Man Fool or Knave, by ſigns or mouths over his ſhoulder, whilſt you have him in your arms; for ſuch as you, like common Whores and Pickpockets, are only dangerous to thoſe you embrace.

L. Plauſ. Such as I! Heavens defend me.., upon my Honour....

Man. Upon your Title, my Lord, if you'd have me believe you.

L. Plauſ. Well then, as I am a Perſon of honour, I never attempted to abuſe, or leſſen any Perſon in my life.

Man. What, you were afraid?

L. Plauſ. No; but ſeriouſly, I hate to do a rude thing; no faith, I ſpeak well of all Mankind.

Man. I thought ſo: but know, that ſpeaking well of all Mankind, is the worſt kind of detraction; for it takes away the reputation of the few good Men in the world. by making all alike. Now, I ſpeak ill of moſt Men, becauſe they deſerve it; I that can do a rude thing, rather than an unjuſt thing.

L. Plauſ. Well, tell not me, my dear Friend, what people deſerve; I ne'er mind that I, like an Author in a Dedication, never ſpeak well of a Man for his ſake, but my own: I will not diſparage any Man, to diſparage my ſelf; for to ſpeak ill of people behind their backs, is not like a Perſon of Honour; and truly to ſpeak ill of 'em to their faces, is not like a complaiſant Perſon. But if I did ſay, or do an ill thing to any, it ſhou'd be ſure to be behind their backs, out of pure good manners.

Man.

Man. Very well, but I that am an unmannerly Sea fellow, if I ever ſpeak well of people (which is very ſeldom indeed) it ſhou'd be ſure to be behind their backs; and if I wou'd ſay or do ill to any, it ſhou'd be to their faces. I wou'd juſtle a proud, ſtrutting, overlooking Coxcomb, at the head of his Sycophants, rather than put out my tongue at him when he were paſt me; wou'd frown in the arrogant, big, dull face of an over grown Knave of buſineſs, rather than vent my ſpleen againſt him, when his back were turn'd; wou'd give fawning Slaves the lie whilſt they embrace or commend me; Cowards whilſt they brag; call a Raſcal by no other title, tho' his Father had left him a Duke's; laugh at Fools aloud before their Miſtreſſes: And muſt deſire people to leave me, when their viſits grow at laſt as troubleſom as they were at firſt impertinent.

L. Plauſ. I wou'd not have my viſits troubleſom.

Man. The only way to be ſure not to have 'em troubleſom, is to make 'em when people are not at home; for your viſits, like other good turns, are moſt obliging, when made, or done to a Man in his abſence. Pox, why ſhou'd any one, becauſe he has nothing to do, go and diſturb another Mans buſineſs?

L. Plauſ I beg your pardon, my dear Friend: What you have buſineſs?

Man If you have any, I wou'd not detain your Lordſhip.

L. Plauſ. Detain me, dear Sir, I can never have enough of your company.

Man. I'm afraid I ſhou'd be tireſome: I know not what you think.

L. Plauſ Well, dear Sir, I ſee you'd have me gone.

Man. But I ſee you won't. (*Aſide.*

L. Plauſ. Your moſt faithful....

Man, God be wye my Lord.

L. Plauſ. Your moſt humble...

Man. Farewel.

L. Plauſ. And eternally...

Man. And eternally ceremony... then the Devil take thee eternally. (*Aside.*

L. Plauſ. You ſhall uſe no ceremony: by my life.

Man. I do not intend it.

L. Plauſ. Why do you ſtir then?

Man. Only to ſee you out of doors, that I may ſhut 'em againſt more welcomes.

L Plauſ. Nay, Faith, that ſhall not paſs upon your moſt faithful, humble Servant.

Man. Nor this any more upon me. (*Aſide.*

L. Plauſ. Well, you are too ſtrong for me.

Man. I'd ſooner be viſited by the Plague; for that only wou'd keep a Man from viſits, and his doors ſhut. (*Aſide.*

(*Exit thruſting out my* Lord Plauſible. *Manent* Sailors.

1 *Sail.* Here's a finical Fellow, *Jack*! What a brave fair weather Captain of a Ship he wou'd make;?

2 *Sail.* He a Captain of a Ship! it muſt be when ſhe's in the dock then; for he looks like one of thoſe that gets the King's Commiſſions for Hulls, to ſell a King's Ship, when a brave Fellow has fought her almoſt to a Long-boat.

1 *Sail.* On my Conſcience then, *Jack*, that's the reaſon our Bully *Tar* ſunk our Ship: not only that the *Dutch* might not have her, but that the Courtiers, who laugh at wooden legs, might not make her Prize.

2 *Sail.* A pox of his ſinking, *Tom* we have made a baſe, broken, ſhort voyage of it.

1 *Sail.* Ay, your brisk dealers in Honour always make quick returns with their Ship to the dock, and their Men to the Hoſpitals. 'Tis, let me ſee, juſt a Month ſince we ſet out of the River, and the wind was almoſt as croſs to us as the *Dutch*.

2 *Sail.* Well, I forgive him ſinking my own poor trunk, if he wou'd but have given me time and leave to have ſav'd black *Kate* of *Wapping*'s ſmall venture.

1. *Sail.* Faith, I forgive him, ſince, as the Purſer told me, he ſunk the value of five or ſix thouſand Pounds of his

own,

own, with which he was to ſettle himſelf ſomewhere in the *Indies*; for our merry Lieutenant was to ſucceed him in his Commiſſion for the Ship back, for he was reſolv'd never to return again for *England*.

2 *Sail*. So it ſeem'd, by his fighting.

1 *Sail*. No, but he was a weary of this ſide of the world here, they ſay.

2 *Sail*. Ay, or elſe he wou'd not have bid ſo fair for a paſſage into t'other.

1 *Sail*. *Jack*, thou think'ſt thy ſelf in the Forecaſtle, thou'rt ſo waggiſh; but I tell you then, he had a mind to go live and bask himſelf on the ſunny ſide of the Globe.

2 *Sail*. What, out of any diſcontent? For he's always as dogged as an old Tarpaulin, when hinder'd of a Voyage by a young Pantaloon Captain.

1 *Sail*. 'Tis true, I never ſaw him pleas'd but in the Fight; and then he look'd like one of us coming from the Pay-table, with a new lining to our hats, under our arms.

2 *Sail*. A Pox, he's like the *Bay* of *Biſcay*, rough and angry, let the Wind blow where t'will.

1 *Sail*. Nay, there's no more dealing with him, than with the Land in a Storm; No near.

2 *Sail*. 'Tis a hurry durry Blade; doſt thou remember, after we had tugg'd hard the old leaky Longboat, to ſave his life, when I welcom'd him aſhore, he gave me a box on the ear, and call'd me fawning Water-dog.

Enter Manly *and* Freeman.

1 *Sail*. Hold thy peace, *Jack*, and ſtand by, the foul Weather's coming.

Man. You Raſcals, Dogs, how cou'd this tame thing get through you?

1 *Sail*. Faith, to tell yoor Honour the truth, we were at Hob in the hall, and whilſt my Brother and I were quarelling about a caſt, he ſlunk by us.

2 *Sail*. He's a ſneaking Fellow I warrant for't.

Man Have more care for the future, you Slaves; go, and with drawn Cutlaces, ſtand at the ſtair-foot, and keep all that ask for me from coming up; ſuppoſe you are guarding the ſcuttle to the powder-room: let none enter here, at your & their peril.

1 *Sail.* No, for the danger wou'd be the ſame; you wou'd blow them and us up, if we ſhou'd.

2 *Sail.* Muſt no one come to you, Sir?

Man. No Man, Sir

1 *Sail.* No Man, Sir, but a Woman then, an't like your Honour....

Man. No Woman neither, you impertinent Dog. Wou'd you be pimping? A Sea Pimp is the ſtrangeſt Monſter ſhe has.

2 *Sail.* Indeed, an't like your Honour, 't will be hard for us to deny a Woman any thing, ſince we are ſo newly come on ſhore.

1 *Sail.* We'll let no old Woman come up, though it were our truſting Landlady at *Wapping*.

Man. Wou'd you be witty, you Brandy-caſks you? You become a jeſt as ill as you do a horſe. Be gone, you Dogs, I hear a noiſe on the ſtairs. (*Ex. Sail.*

Free. Faith, I am ſorry you wou'd let the Fop go, I intended to have had ſome ſport with him.

Man. Sport with him! A Pox then, why did you not ſtay? You ſhou'd have enjoy'd your Coxcomb, and had him to your ſelf for me.

Free. No, I ſhou'd not have car'd for him without you neither; for the pleaſure which Fops afford, is like that of drinking, only good when 'tis ſhar'd; and a Fool like a bottle, which wou'd make you merry in company, will make you dull alone. But how the Devil cou'd you turn a Man of his Quality down ſtairs? You uſe a Lord with very little ceremony, it ſeems.

Man. A Lord! What, thou art one of thoſe who eſteem Men only by the marks and value Fortune has ſet upon 'em; and never conſider intrinſick worth. But counterfeit Honour will not be current with me; I weigh

weigh the Man, not his Title; 'tis not the King's ſtamp can make the Metal better or heavier. Your Lord is a leaden Shilling, which you may bend every way, and debaſes the ſtamp he bears, inſtead of being rais'd by it. Here again, you Slaves?

Enter Sailors.

1 *Sail.* Only to receive further inſtructions, an't like your Honour: What if a Man ſhou'd bring you money, ſhou'd we turn him back?

Man. All men, I ſay; muſt I be poſter'd with you too? You Dogs, away.

2 *Sail.* Nay, I know one Man your Honour won't not have us hinder coming to you, I'm ſure.

Man. Who's that? Speak quickly, Slaves.

2 *Sail.* Why, a Man that ſhou'd bring you a challenge; for though you refuſe money, I'm ſure you love fighting too well to refuſe that.

Man. Rogue, Raſcal, Dog. [*Kicks the Sailors out.*

Free. Nay, let the poor Rogues have their Forecaſtle jeſts; they cannot help 'em in a fight, ſcarce when a Ship's ſinking.

Man. Damn their untimely jeſts, a Servants jeſt is more ſaucineſs than his counſel.

Free. But what, will you ſee no body? not your Friends?

Man. Friends.... I have but one, and he, I hear, is not in Town; nay, can have but one Friend; for a true heart admits but of one Friendſhip, as of one Love; but in having that Friend, I have a thouſand, for he has the courage of Men in deſpair, yet the diffidency and caution of Cowards; the ſecreſie of the revengeful, and the conſtancy of Martyrs; one fit to adviſe, to keep a ſecret, to fight and die for his Friend. Such I think him, for I have truſted him with my Miſtreſs in my abſence; and the truſt of Beauty is ſure the greateſt we can ſhew.

Free. Well, but all your good thoughts are not for him alone, I hope? pray what d'ye think of me for a Friend?

Man. Of thee! Why, thou art a *Latitudinarian* in Friendſhip, that is no Friend; thou doſt ſide with all Mankind, but wilt ſuffer for none. Thou art indeed like your Lord *Plauſible*, the Pink of courteſie, & therefore haſt no Friendſhip; for ceremony and great profeſſing, renders Friendſhip as much ſuſpected, as it does Religion.

Free. And no profeſſing, no ceremony at all in Friendſhip, were as unnatural and as undecent as in Religion: and there is hardly ſuch a thing as an honeſt Hypocrite, who profeſſes himſelf to be worſe than he is, unleſs it be your ſelf; for, though I cou'd never get you to ſay you were my Friend, I know you'll prove ſo.

Man. I muſt confeſs, I'm ſo much your Friend, I wou'd not deceive you; therefore muſt tell you, not only becauſe my heart is taken up, but according to your rules of Friendſhip, I cannot be your Friend.

Free. Why, pray?

Man. Becauſe he that is, you'll ſay, a true Friend to a Man, is a Friend to all his Friends; but you muſt pardon me, I cannot wiſh well to Pimps, Flatterers, Detracters, and Cowards; ſtiff nodding Knaves, and ſupple pliant kiſſing Fools: now, all theſe I have ſeen you uſe, like the deareſt Friends in the world.

Free. Ha, ha, ha.... What, you obſerv'd me, I warrant, in the galleries at *White-hall*, doing the buſineſs of the place. Pſhaw, Court-profeſſions, like Cout-promiſes, go for nothing, Man. But, Faith, cou'd you think I was a Friend to all thoſe I hugg'd, kiſs'd, flatter'd, bow'd to? Ha, ha...

Man. You told 'em ſo, and ſwore it too; I heard you.

Free. Ay, but when their backs were turn'd, did I not tell you they were Rogues, Villains, Raſcals, Whom I deſpis'd and hated?

Man. Very fine! But what reaſon had I to believe you ſpoke your heart to me, ſince you profeſs'd deceiving ſo many?

Free. Why, don't you know, good Captain, that telling truth is a quality as prejudicial to a Man that wou'd thrive in the world, as ſquare play to a Cheat, or true love to a Whore? Wou'd you have a Man ſpeak truth to his ruin? You are ſeverer than the Law, which requires no Man to ſwear againſt himſelf; you wou'd have me ſpeak truth againſt my ſelf, I warrant, and tell my promiſing Friend, the Courtier, he has a bad memory?

Man. Yes.

Free. And ſo make him remember to forget my buſineſs. And I ſhou'd tell the great Lawyer too, that he takes oftner Fees to hold his tongue, than to ſpeak?

Man. No doubt on't.

Free. Ay, and have him hang or ruin me, when he ſhou'd come to be a Judge, and I before him. And you wou'd have me tell the new Officer, who bought his Employment lately, that he is a Coward?

Man. Ay.

Free. And ſo get my ſelf caſhier'd, not him, he having the better Friends, though I the better Sword. And I ſhou'd tell the Scribler of Honour, that Heraldry were a prettier and fitter ſtudy for ſo fine a Gentleman than Poetry?

Man. Certainly,

Free. And ſo find my ſelf maul'd in his next hir'd Lampoon. And you wou'd have me tell the holy Lady too, ſhe lies with her Chaplain?

Man. No doubt on't.

Free. And ſo draw the Clergy upon my back, and want a good table to dine at ſometimes. And by the ſame reaſon too, I ſhou'd tell you that the World thinks you a Mad-Man, a Brutal, and have you cut my throat, or yet worſe, hate me! What other good ſucceſs of all my *Plain-dealing* cou'd I have, than what I've mention'd?

Man. Why, firſt your promiſing Courtier wou'd keep his word out of fear of more reproaches; or at leaſt wou'd give you no more vain hopes: your Lawyer

wou'd ſerve you more faithfully; for he, having no honour but his intereſt, is trueſt ſtill to him he knows ſuſpects him. The new Officer wou'd provoke thee to make him a Coward, and ſo be caſhier'd, that thou, or ſome other honeſt Fellow, who had more courage than money, might get his place. The noble Sonneteer wou'd trouble thee no more with his Madrigals: the praying Lady wou'd leave off railing at wenching before thee, and not turn away her Chamber-maid, for her own known frailty with thee: And I inſtead of hating thee, ſhou'd love thee for thy *Plain-dealing*; and in lieu of being mortifi'd, am proud that the World and I think not well of one another.

Free Well, Doctors differ. You are for *Plain-dealing*, I find; but againſt your particular notions, I have the practice of the whole World. Obſerve but any morning what people do when they get together on the *Exchange*, in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, or the galleries in *Whitehall*.

Man. I muſt confeſs, there they ſeem to rehearſe *Bays*'s grand dance: here you ſee a Biſhop bowing low to a gaudy Atheiſt; a Judge to a Door-keeper; a great Lord to a Fiſhmonger, or Scrivener with a Jack-chain about his neck, a Lawyer to a Sergeant at Arms: a Velvet Phyſician to a thread bare Chymiſt; and a ſupple Gentleman-Uſher, to a ſurly Beef-eater: and ſo tread rounds in a prepoſterous huddle of ceremony to each other, whilſt they can hardly hold their ſolemn falſe countenances.

Free. Well, they underſtand the World.

Man. Which I do not, I confeſs.

Free. But, Sir, pray believe the Friendſhip I promiſe you, real, whatſoever I have profeſt to others: try me, at leaſt.

Man. Why, what wou'd you do for me?

Free. I wou'd fight for you.

Man. That you wou'd do for your own Honour ut what elſe?

Free. I wou'd lend you money, if I had it.

Man

Man. To borrow more of me another time. That were but putting your money to intereſt; an Uſurer wou'd be as good a Friend. But what other piece of friendſhip?

Free. I wou'd ſpeak well of you to your Enemies.

Man. To encourage others to be your Friends, by a ſhew of gratitude: but what elſe?

Free. Nay, I wou'd not hear you ill ſpoken of behind your back, by my Friend.

Man. Nay, then thou'rt a Friend indeed; but it were unreaſonable to expect it from thee, as the world goes now; when new Friends, like new Miſtreſſes, are got by diſparaging old ones.

Enter Fidelia.

But here comes another, will ſay as much at leaſt. Doſt thou not love me deviliſhly too, my little Volunteer, as well as he, or any Man can?

Fid. Better than any Man can love you, my dear Captain.

Man. Look you there, I told you ſo.

Fid. As well as you do Truth or Honour, Sir, as well.....

Man. Nay, good young Gentleman, enough, for ſhame; thou haſt been a Page, by thy flattering and lying, to one of thoſe praying Ladies, who love Flattery ſo well, they are jealous of it, and wert turn'd away for ſaying the ſame things to the old Houſe-keeper for Sweet meats, as you did to your Lady; for thou flattereſt every thing, and every body alike.

Fid. You, dear Sir, ſhou'd not ſuſpect the truth of what I ſay of you, though to you; Fame, the old Lyar, is believ'd when ſhe ſpeaks wonders of you; you cannot be flattered, Sir, your merit is unſpeakable.

Man. Hold, hold, Sir, or I ſhall ſuſpect worſe of you, that you have been a Cuſhion-bearer to ſome State Hypocrite, and turn'd away by the Chaplain, for out-flattering their probation Sermons for a Benefice.

Fid.

Fid. Suſpect me for any thing, Sir, but the want of Love, Faith and Duty to you, the braveſt, worthieſt of Mankind: believe me, I could die for you, Sir.

Man. Nay, there you lie, Sir; did not I ſee thee more afraid in the Fight, than the Chaplain of the Ship, or the Purſer that bought his place?

Fid. Can he be ſaid to be afraid that ventures to Sea with you?

Man. Fie, fie, no more, I hate thy flattery worſe than thy cowardiſe, nay, than thy bragging.

Fid Well, I own then I was afraid; mightily afraid; yet for you I wou'd be afraid again, an hundred times afraid: dying is ceaſing to be afraid, and that I cou'd do ſure for you, & you'll believe me one day. (*Weeps.*

Free. Poor Youth! believe his eyes if not his tongue: he ſeems to ſpeak truth with them.

Man. What, does he cry? A Pox on't, a maudlin Flatterer is as nauſeouſly troubleſom as a maudlin Drunkard. No more, you little Milk-ſop, do not cry; I'll never make thee afraid again; for of all Men, if I had occaſion, thou ſhou'dſt not be my Second; and when I go to Sea again, thou ſhalt venture thy life no more with me.

Fid. Why, will you leave me behind then?
(If you wou'd preſerve my life, I'm ſure you ſhou'd not) (*Aſide.*

Man. Leave thee behind! Ay, ay, thou art a hopeful Youth for the ſhore only; here thou wilt live to be cheriſh'd by Fortune, and the Great-ones; for thou may'ſt eaſily come to out-flatter a dull Poet, out-lie a Coffee-houſe, or Gazet-writer, out-ſwear a Knight of the Poſt, out-watch a Pimp, out-fawn a Rook, out-promiſe a Lover, out-rail a Wit, and out-brag a Sea-Captain: All this thou canſt do, becauſe thou'rt a Coward, a thing I hate, therefore thou'lt do better with the world than with me; and theſe are the good courſes you muſt take in the world. There's good advice, at leaſt, at parting: go, and be happy with't.

Fid.

Fid. Parting, Sir! O let me not hear that dismal word.

Man. If my words frighten thee, be gone the sooner; for to be plain with thee, Cowardice and I cannot dwell together.

Fid. And Cruelty and Courage never dwelt together sure; Sir, do not turn me off to shame and misery, for I am helpless and friendless.

Man. Friendless! there are half a score Friends for thee then; [*Offers her Gold.*] I leave my self no more: they'll help thee a litle. Be gone, go, I must be cruel to thee, if thou call'st it so, out of pity.

Fid. If you wou'd be cruelly pitifull, Sir, let it be with your Sword, and not Gold. (*Exit.*

Enter first Sailer.

1 *Sail.* We have, with much ado, turn'd away two Gentlemen, who told us forty times over, their names were Mr *Novel*, and Major *Oldfox*.

Man. Well, to your post again. (*Exit Sailor.* But how come those Puppies coupled always together?

Free. O, the Coxcombs keep each other company, to shew each other, as *Novel* calls it; or as *Oldfox* says, like two knives to whet one another.

Man. And set other peoples teeth on edge.

Enter second Sailor.

2 *Sail.* Here is a Woman, an't like your Honour, scolds and buffles with us, to come in, as much as a Seamans widow at the *Navy-Office*: her name is Mrs *Blackacre*.

Man. That Fiend too!

Free. The Widow *Blackacre*, is it not? that litigious She-petty-fogger, who is at Law and difference with all the World; but I wish I cou'd make her agree with me in the Church: they say she has fifteen hundred pounds a year Joynture, and the care of her Son, that is, the destruction of his Estate.

Man.

Man. Her Lawyers, Attornies and Solicitors, have fifteen hundred Pound a year, whilſt ſhe is contented to be poor, to make other people ſo; for ſhe is as vexatious as her Father was, the great Attorney, nay as a dozen *Norfolk* Attorneys, and as implacable an adverſary, as a Wife ſuing for Alimony, or a Parſon for his Tythes; and ſhe loves an *Eaſter* Term, or any Term, not as other Country Ladies do, to come up to be fine, cuckold their Husbands, and take their pleaſure; for ſhe has no pleaſure but in vexing others, and is uſually cloath'd and dagled like a Bawd in diguiſe, purſu'd through alleys by Serjeants. When ſhe is in Town, ſhe lodges in one of the Inns of Chancery, where ſhe breeds her Son, and is her ſelf his Tutoreſs in Law French; and for her Country-abode, tho' ſhe has no Eſtate there, ſhe chuſes *Norfolk*. But, bid her come in, with a pox to her; ſhe is *Olivia*'s Kinſwoman, and may make me amends for her viſit, by ſome diſcourſe of that dear Woman.

(Exit Sailor.

Enter Widow Blackacre *with a Mantle, and a green Bag, and ſeveral Papers in the other hand*: Jerry Blackacre *her Son, in a gown, laden with green Bags following her.*

Wid. I never had ſo much to do with a Judges doorkeeper, as with yours; but...

Man. But the incomparable *Olivia*, how does ſhe ſince I went?

Wid. Since you went, my Suit...

Man. Olivia, I ſay, is ſhe well?

Wid. My Suit, if you had not return'd...

Man. Damn your Suit, how does your Couſin *Olivia*?

Wid. My Suit, I ſay, had been quite loſt; but now...

Man. But now where is *Olivia*? In Town? For...

Wid. For to-morrow we are to have a hearing.

Man. Wou'd you wou'd let me have a hearing to-day.

Wid. But why won't you hear me?

Man.

Man. I am no Judge, and you talk of nothing but Suits; but, pray tell me, when did you see *Olivia*?

Wid. I am no Viſiter, but a Woman of buſineſs; or if I ever viſit, 't is only the *Chancery lane* Ladies, Ladies towards the Law; and not any of your lazy, good-for-nothing flirts, who cannot read Law-French, tho' a Gallant writit. But, as I was telling you, my Suit....

Man. Damn theſe impertinent, vexatious people of buſineſs, of all ſexes; they are ſtill troubling the world with the tedious recitals of their Law ſuits: and one can no more ſtop their mouths, than a Wit's, when he talks of himſelf; or an Intelligencers, when he talks of other people.

Wid. And a Pox of all vexatious impertinent Lovers; they are ſtill perplexing the world with the tedious narrations of their Love-ſuits, and diſcourſes of their Miſtreſſes: you are as troubleſom to a poor Widow of buſineſs, as a young coxcomb lyrhming Lover.

Man. And thou art as troubleſom to me, as a Rook to a loſing Gameſter, or a young putter of Caſes to his Miſtreſs or Sempſtreſs, who has Love in her head for mother.

Wid. Nay, ſince you talk of putting of Caſes, and will not hear me ſpeak, hear our *Jerry* a little; let him put our caſe to you, for the Tryal's to-morrow; and ſince you ate my chief Witneſs, I would have your memory refreſh'd and your judgment inform'd, that you may not give your evidence improperly. Speak out, Child.

Jer. Yes, forſooth. Hemh! Hemh! *John-a-Stiles*....

Man. You may talk, young Lawyer, but I ſhall no more mind you, than a hungry Judge does a cauſe after the Clock has ſtruck One.

Free. Nay, you'll find him as peeviſh too.

Wid. No matter. *Jerry*, go on. Do you obſerve it then, Sir, for I think I have ſeen you in a Gown once. Lord, I cou'd hear our *Jerry* put Caſes all day long; Mark him, Sir.

Jer.

Jer. *John-a-Stiles*,... no.... There are firſt, *Fitz*, *Pere*, and *Ayle*;... No, no, *Ayle*, *Pere*, and *Fitz*; *Ayle* is ſeized in fee of *Blackacre*; *John-a-Stiles* diſſeiſes *Ayle*; *Ayle* makes claim, and the Diſſeiſor dies; then the *Ayle*... no, the *Fitz*.

Wid. No, the *Pere*, Sirrah.

Jer. O, the *Pere*: ay, the *Pere*, Sir, and the *Fitz*.. no, the *Ayle*; no, the *Pere* and the *Fitz*, Sir, and...

Man. Damn *Pere*, *Mere*, and *Fitz*, Sir.

Wid. No, you are out, Child; hear me, Captain, then; there are *Ayle*, *Pere* and *Fitz*; *Ayle* is ſeiſed in fee of *Blackacre*; and being ſo ſeiſed, *John-a-Stiles* diſſeiſes the *Ayle*; *Ayle* makes Claim, and the Diſſeſſor dies; and then the *Pere* re-enters; the *Pere*, Sirrah, the *Pere*.. [*to* Jerry] and the *Fitz* enters upon the *Pere*, and the *Ayle* brings his Writ of Diſſeiſin in the *Poſt*; and the *Pere* brings his Writ of Diſſeiſin in the *Pere*, and...

Man. Canſt thou hear this ſtuff, *Freeman*? I cou'd as ſoon ſuffer a whole noiſe of Flatterers at a great Mans Levy in the morning; but thou haſt ſervile complacency enough to liſten to a quibling Stateſman in diſgrace, nay, and be beforehand with him, in laughing at his dull no-jeſt; but I... [*Offering to go out.*

Wid. Nay, Sir, hold. Where's the *Sub pœna*, *Jerry*? I muſt ſerve you, Sir. You are requir'd by this, to give your teſtimony..

Man. I'll be forſworn, to be reveng'd on thee.

[*Ex.* Manly *throwing away the* Sub pœna.

Wid. Get you gone, for a lawleſs companion. Come, come, *Jerry*, I had almoſt forgot we were to meet at the Maſters at three: let us mind our buſineſs ſtill, Child.

Jer. Ay forſooth, e'en ſo let's.

Free. Nay, Madam, now I wou'd beg you to hear me a little, a little of my buſineſs.

Wid. I have buſineſs of my own calls me away, Sir.

Free. My buſineſs wou'd prove yours too, dear Madam.

Wid Yours wou'd be ſome ſweet buſineſs, I warrant: What, 'tis no *Weſtminſter Hall* buſineſs? wou'd you have my advice?

Free.

Free. No, faith, tis a little *Weſtminſter Abby* buſineſs I wou'd have your conſent.

Wod. O fie, fie, Sir, to me ſuch diſcourſe, before my dear Minor there!

Jer. Ay, ay, Mother, he wou'd be taking Livery and Seiſin of your Joynture, by digging the turf; but I'll watch your waters, Bully, i'fac. Come away, Mother.

[*Ex.* Jerry, *hauling away his Mother.*

Manet Freeman: *Enter to him* Fidelia.

Fid. Dear Sir, you have pity; beget but ſome in our Captain for me

Free. Where is he?

Fid. Within; ſwearing as much as he did in the great Storm; and curſing you, and ſometimes ſinks into calms and ſighs, and talks of his *Olivia.*

Free. He wou'd never truſt me to ſee her: is ſhe handſom?

Fid. No if you'll take my word; but I am not a proper Judge.

Free. What is ſhe?

Fid. A Gentlewoman, I ſuppoſe, but of as mean a Fortune as Beauty: but her Relations wou'd not ſuffer her to go with him to the *Indies*: and his averſion to this ſide of the world, together with the late opportunity of commanding the Convoy, wou'd not let him ſtay here longer, tho' to enjoy her.

Free. He loves her mightily then.

Fid. Yes, ſo well, that the remainder of his fortune, I hear about five or ſix thouſand pounds, he has left her, in caſe he had dy'd by the way or before ſhe cou'd prevail with her Friends to follow him which he expected ſhe ſhou'd do; and has left behind, him his great Boſom-Friend to be her Convoy to him.

Free. What charms has ſhe for him, if ſhe be not handſome?

Fid. He fancies her, I ſuppoſe, the only Woman of truth and ſincerity in the world.

Free. No common Beauty, I confeſs.

Fid. Or elſe ſure he wou'd not have truſted her with ſo great a ſhare of his fortune, in his abſence; I ſuppoſe, ſince his late loſs, all he has.

Free. Why, has he left it in her own cuſtody?

Fid. I am told ſo.

Free. Then he has ſhewed love to her indeed, in leaving her; like an old Husband that dies as ſoon as he has made his wife a good Jointure. But I'll go in to him, and ſpeak for you, and know more from him of his *Olivia*. *Exit.*

Manet Fidelia *ſola.*

Fid. His *Olivia* indeed, his happy *Olivia*!
Yet ſhe was left behind, when I was with him;
But ſhe was ne'er out of his mind or heart.
She has told him ſhe lov'd him; I have ſhew'd it,
And durſt not tell him ſo, till I had done,
Under this habit, ſuch convincing acts
Of loving Friendſhip for him, that through it
He firſt might find out both my ſex and love.
And when I'd had him from his fair *Olivia*,
And this bright World of artful Beauties here,
Might then have hop'd, he wou'd have look'd on me
Amongſt the ſooty *Indians*; and I cou'd
To chooſe, there live his Wife, where Wives are forc'd
To live no longer, when their Husbands die.
Nay, what's yet worſe, to ſhare 'em whilſt they live
With many Rival Wives But here he comes,
And I muſt yet keep out of his ſight, not to loſe it for ever. [*Exit*

Enter Manly *and* Freeman.

Free. But pray what ſtrange charms has ſhe that cou'd make you love?

Man. Strange charms indeed! She has Beauty enough to call in queſtion her Wit or Vertue, and her Form wou'd

wou'd make a ſtarv'd Hermit a Raviſher, yet her Vertue and Conduct, wou'd preſerve her from the ſubtil luſt of a pamper'd Prelate. She is ſo perfect a Beauty, that Art cou'd not better it, nor Affectation deform it. Yet all this is nothing, her tongue as well as face ne'er knew artifice: nor ever did her word or looks contradict her heart. She is all Truth, and hates the lying, masking, daubing world, as I do; for which I love her, and for which I think ſhe diſlikes not me: for ſhe has often ſhut out of her converſation, for mine, the gaudy flutterirg Parrots of the Town; Apes and Ecchos of Men only, and refus'd their common place, pert, chat, flattery and ſubmiſſions, to be entertain'd with my ſullen bluntneſs, and honeſt Love. And, laſt of all, ſwore to me, ſince her parents wou'd not ſuffer her to go with me, ſhe wou'd ſtay behind for no other Man; but follow me without their leave, if not to be obtain'd. Which Oath.....

Free. Did you think ſhe wou'd keep it?

Man. Yes; for ſhe is not, I tell you, like other Women; but can keep her promiſe, tho' ſhe has ſworn to keep it. But, that ſhe might the better keep it, I left her the value of five or ſix thouſand Pounds: for Womens wants are generally the moſt importunate Solicitor to love or Marriage.

Free. And Money ſummons Lovers more than Beauty, & augments but their importunity, and their number; ſo makes it the harder for a Woman to deny 'em. For my part, I am for the *French* Maxim, if you wou'd have your Female Subjects loyal, keep 'em poor. But, in ſhort, that your Miſtreſs may not marry, you have given her a portion.

Man. She had given me her heart firſt, and I am ſatisfied with the ſecurity; I can never doubt her truth and conſtancy.

Free. It ſeems you do, ſince you are fain to bribe it with money. But how come you to be ſo diffident of the Man that ſays he loves you, and not doubt the Woman that ſays it?

Man. I shou'd, I confess, doubt the Love of any other Woman but her, as I do the Friendship of any other Man but him I have trusted: but I have such Proofs of their Faith, as cannot decive me.

Free. Cannot!

Man. Not but I know, that generally, no Man can be a great Enemy, but under the name of Friend; and if you are a Cuckold, it is your Friend only that makes you so; for your Enemy is not admitted to your house: if you are cheated in your fortune, 'tis your Friend that does it; for your Enemy is not made your Trustee: if your Honour, or good-name be injur'd, 'tis your Friend that does it still, because your Enemy is not believ'd against you. Therefore I rather chuse to go where honest downright Barbarity is profest, where Men devour one another like generous hungry Lions and Tygers, not like Crocodiles; where they think the Devil white, of our complexion, and I am already so far an *Indian*. But if your weak Faith doubts this Miracle of a Woman, come along with me, and believe; and thou wilt find her so handsom, that thou, who art so much my Friend, will have a mind to lie with her, and so will not fail to discover what her Faith and thine is to me.

When we're in Love, the great adversity,
Our Friends and Mistresses at once we try.

ACT. II.

SCENE Olivia's *Lodgings.*

Enter Olivia, Eliza, Lettice.

OLIVIA.

AH Cousin, what World 'tis we live in! I am so weary of it.

Eliz.

Eliz. Truly, Couſin, I can find no fault with it, but that we cannot always live in't, for I can never be weary of it.

Oliv. O hideous! you cannot be in earneſt ſure when you ſay you like the filthy World.

Eliz. You cannot be in earneſt ſure, when you ſay you diſlike it.

Oliv. You are a very cenſorious creature, I find.

Eliz. I muſt confeſs, I think we Women as often diſcover where we love by railing, as Men when they lie, by their ſwearing; and the World is but a conſtant keeping Gallant, whom we fail not to quarrel with, when any thing croſſes us, yet cannot part with it for our hearts.

Let. A Gallant indeed, Madam, whom Ladies firſt make jealous, and then quarrel with it for being ſo: for if, by her indiſcretion, a Lady be talk'd of for a Man, ſhe cries preſently, *'Tis a cenſorious World*; if, by her vanity the Intrigue be found out, *'Tis a prying malicious World*; if by her overfondneſs the Gallant prove unconſtant, *'Tis a falſe World*: and if, by her nigardlineſs, the Chamber-maid tells, *'Tis a perfidious World*; but that, I'm ſure, your Ladyſhip cannot ſay of the World yet, as bad as t'is.

Oliv. But I may ſay, *'Tis a very impertinent World.* Hold your peace. And, Couſin, if the World be a Gallant, 'tis ſuch an one as is my averſion. Pray name it no more.

Eliz. But is it poſſible the World, which has ſuch variety of charms for other Women, can have none for you? Let's ſee... firſt, what d'ye think of dreſſing and fine cloaths?

Oliv. Dreſſing! fie, fie, 'tis my averſion. But, come hither, you Dowdy, methinks you might have open'd this toure better: O hideous! I cannot ſuffer it! D'ye ſee how't ſits?

Eliz. Well enough, Couſin, if dreſſing be your averſion.

Oliv. 'Tis ſo: and for variety of rich cloaths, they are more my averſion.

Let. Ay, 'tis becauſe your Ladyſhip wears 'em too long; for indeed a Gown, like a Gallant, grows, one's averſion, by having too much of it.

Oliv. Inſatiable Creature! I'll be ſworn I have had this not above three days, Couſin, and within this Month have made ſome ſix more.

Eliz. Then your averſion to 'em is not altogether ſo great.

Oliv. Alas! 'Tis for my Woman only I wear 'em, Couſin.

Let. If it be for me only, Madam, pray do not wear 'em.

Eliz. But what d'ye think of viſits... balls...

Oliv. O, I deteſt 'em.

Eliz. Of Plays.

Oliv. I abominate 'em: filthy, obſcene, hideous things.

Eliz. What ſay you to *Maſquerading* in the Winter, and *Hide park* in the Summer?

Oliv. Inſipid pleaſures I taſte not.

Eliz. Nay, if you are for more ſolid pleaſures, what think you of a rich young Husband?

Oliv. O horrid! Marriage! What a pleaſure you have found out! I nauſeate it of all things.

Let. And what does your Ladyſhip think then of a liberal, handſom young Lover?

Oliv. A handſom, young Fellow, you impudent! Be gone, out of my ſight; name a handſome young Fellow to me! Foh, a hideous handſom young Fellow I abominate. [*Spits.*

Eliz. Indeed! But let's ſee... will nothing pleaſe you? What d'ye think of the Court?

Oliv. How? The Court! The Court, Couſin! My averſion, my averſion, my averſion of all averſions.

Eliz. How? The Court! where...

Oliv. Where Sincerity is a quality as out of faſhion, and as unproſperous, as baſhfulneſs. I cou'd not laugh at a quibble, tho' it were a fat Privy Councellor's; nor praiſe

praiſe a Lords ill verſes, tho' I were my ſelf the ſubject; nor an old Lady's young looks, tho' I were her Woman; nor ſit to a vain young *Simile-maker*, tho' he flatter'd me. In ſhort, I cou'd not glote upon a Man when he comes into a room, and laugh at him when he goes out; I cannot rail at the abſent, to flatter the ſtanders by; ...

Eliz. Well, but railing now is ſo common, that 'tis no more malice but the faſhion; and the abſent think they are no more the worſe for being rail'd at, than the preſent think they're the better for being flatter'd: and for the Court....

Oliv. Nay, do not defend the Court; for you'll make me rail at it, like a truſting Citizen's Widow.

Eliz. Or like a *Holborn*-Lady, who cou'd not get in to the laſt Ball, or was out of countenance in the Drawing-room the laſt Sunday of her appearance there: for none rail at the Court, but thoſe who cannot get into it, or elſe who are ridiculous when they are there; and I ſhall ſuſpect you were laugh'd at when you were laſt there; or wou'd be a Maid of Honour.

Oliv. I a Maid of Honour! To be a Maid of Honour were yet of all things my averſion.

Eliz. In what ſenſe am I to underſtand you? But, in fine, by the word Averſion, I'm ſure you diſſemble; for I never knew a Woman yet that us'd it, who did not. Come, our tongues bely our hearts, more than our pocket-glaſſes do our faces. But methinks we ought to leave off diſſembling, ſince 'tis grown of no uſe to us; for all wiſe obſervers underſtand us now a-days, as they do dreams, Almanacks, and *Dutch Gazettes*, by the contrary: And a Man no more believes a Woman, when ſhe ſays ſhe has an averſion for him, than when ſhe ſays ſhe'll cry out.

Oliv. O filthy, hideous! Peace, Couſin, or your diſcourſe will be my averſion; and you may believe me.

Eliz. Yes; for, if any thing be a Woman's averſion

?tis *Plain-dealing* from another Woman: and perhaps that's your quarrel to the World, for that will talk, as your Woman says.

Oliv. Talk, not of me sure; for what Men do I converse with? What Visits do I admit?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here's the Gentleman to wait upon you, Madam.

Oliv. On me! You little unthinking Fop, d'ye know what you say?

Boy. Yes, Madam, 'tis the Gentleman that comes every day to you, who...

Oliv. Hold your peace, you heedless little Animal, and get you gone. This Country-Boy, Cousin, takes my Dancing-Master, Taylor, or the spruce Milliner, for Visiters. [*Exit Boy.*

Let. No, Madam, 'tis Mr. *Novel*, I'm sure. by his talking so loud; I know his voice too, Madam.

Oliv. You know nothing, you buffle-headed, stupid creature you; you would make my Cousin belive I receive Visits: But if it be Mr ... what did you call him?

Let. Mr. *Novel*, Madam, he that...

Oliv. Hold your peace, I'll hear no more of him; but if it be your Mr... (I can't think of his name again) I suppose he has follow'd my Cousin hither.

Elix. No, Cousin, I will not rob you, of the honour of the visit: 'tis to you Cousin, for I know him not.

Oliv. Nor did I ever hear of him before, upon my Honour, Cousin; besides, han't I told you, that Visits, and the business of Visits, Flattery and Detraction, are my aversion? D'ye think then I wou'd admit such a Coxcomb as he is? Who, rather than not rail, will rail at the dead, whom none speak ill of; rather than not flatter, will flatter the Poets of the Age, whom none will flatter; who affects novelty as much as the fashion;

faſhion; and is as fantaſtical, changeable, and as well known as the faſhion; who likes nothing but what is new; nay, wou'd chuſe to have his Friend, or his Title a new one: In fine, he is my averſion.

Eliz. I find you do know him, Couſin; at leaſt, have heard of him.

Oliv. Yes, now I remember, I have heard of him.

Eliz. Well; but ſince he is ſuch a Coxcomb, for Heaven's ſake, let him not come up; tell him, Mrs. *Lettice*! your Lady is not within.

Oliv. No, *Lettice*, tell him, my Couſin is here, and that he may come up; for notwithſtanding I deteſt the ſight of him, you may like his converſation; and tho' I wou'd uſe him ſcurvily, I will not be rude to you, in my own lodging; ſince he has follow'd you hither, let him come up, I ſay.

Eliz. Very fine! Pray let him go to the Devil, I ſay, for me: I know him not, nor deſire it. Send him away, Mrs. *Lettice*.

Oliv. Upon my word, ſhe ſhan't: I muſt diſobey your commands, to comply with your deſires. Call him up, *Lettice*.

Eliz. Nay, I'll ſwear ſhe ſhall not ſtir on that errand. [*Holds* Lettice.

Oliv. Well then, I'll call him my ſelf for you, ſince you will have it ſo. Mr. *Novel*. [*Calls out at the Door*] Sir, Sir.

Enter Novel.

Nov. Madam, I beg your pardon, perhaps you were buſie: I did not think you had company with you.

Eliz. Yet he comes to me, Couſin! [*Aſide.*

Oliv. . . . Chairs there. [*They ſit.*

Nov. Well; but, Madam, d'ye know whence I come now?

Oliv. From ſome melancholy place, I warrant Sir, ſince they have loſt your good company.

Eliz. So.

Nov. From a place, where they have treated me, at dinner, with ſo much civility and kindneſs, a pox on 'em, that I cou'd hardly get away to you, dear Madam.

Oliv. You have a way with you ſo new, and obliging, Sir.

Eliz. You hate flattery, Couſin. [*Apart to* Olivia.

Nov. Nay, faith, Madam, d'y think my may new? Then you are obliging, Madam. I muſt confeſs, I hate imitation, to do any thing like other people: all that know me, do me the honour to ſay, I am an Original, Faith; but as I was ſaying, Madam, I have been treated to-day, with all the ceremony and kindneſs imaginable, at my Lady *Autum's*; but the nauſeous old Woman at the upper end of her Table...

Oliv. Revives the old *Grecian* cuſtom, of ſerving in a Deaths-head with their Banquets.

Nov. Hah! Hah! Fine, juſt i'faith; nay, and new: 'tis like eating with the Ghoſt in the *Libertine*; ſhe wou'd frighten a Man from her dinner with her hollow invitations, and ſpoil one's ſtomach...

Oliv. To meat or Women. I deteſt her hollow cherry cheeks; ſhe looks like an old Coach new painted: affecting an unſeemly ſmugneſs, whilſt ſhe is ready to drop in pieces.

Eliz. You hate detraction, I ſee, Couſin.

[*Apart to* Olivia.

Nov. But the ſilly old Fury, whilſt ſhe affects to look like a Woman of this Age, talks---

Oliv. Like one of the laſt; and as paſſionately as an old Courtier, who has out-liv'd his Office.

Nov. Yes, Madam; but pray let me give you her Character. Then ſhe never counts her age by the years, but---

Oliv. By the Maſques ſhe has liv'd to ſee.

Nov. Nay then, Madam, I ſee you think a little harmleſs

leſs railing too great a pleaſure for any but your ſelf, and therefore I've done.

Oliv. Nay, faith, you ſhall tell me who you had there at dinner.

Nov. If you wou'd hear me, Madam.

Oliv. Moſt patiently: ſpeak, Sir.

Nov. Then, we had her Daughter---

Oliv. Ay her Daughter, the very diſgrace to good cloaths, which ſhe always wears, but to heighten her deformity, not mend it; for ſhe is ſtill moſt ſplendidly, gallantly, ugly, and looks like an ill piece of daubing in a rich frame.

Nov. So! But have you done with her, Madam? And can you ſpare her to me a little now?

Oliv. Ay, ay, Sir.

Nov. Then, ſhe is like---

Oliv. She is, you'd ſay, like a City-Bride, the greater Fortune, but not the greater Beauty, for her dreſs.

Nov. Well: yet have you done, Madam Then ſhe---

Oliv. Then ſhe beſtows as unfortunately on her face, all the graces in faſhion, as the languiſhing eye, the hanging or pouting lip. But as the Fool is never more provoking than when he aims at wit, the ill favour'd of our Sex are never more nauſeous than when they wou'd be Beauties; adding to their natural deformity, the artificial uglineſs of affectation.

Eliz. So, Couſin, I find one may have a Collection of all ones Acquaintances Pictures, as well at your houſe, as at Mr. *Lely*'s; only the difference is, there we find'em much handſomer than they are, and like; here, much uglier, and like; and you are the firſt of the Profeſſion of Picture drawing I ever knew without flattery.

Oliv. I draw after the life; do no-body wrong, Couſin.

Eliz. No, you hate Flattery and Detraction!

Oliv.

Oliv. But, Mr. *Novel* who had you beſides at dinner?

Nov. Nay, the Devil take me if I tell you, unleſs you will allow me the privilege of railing in my turn; but, now I think on't, the women ought to be your Province, as the Men are mine: and you muſt know we had him whom---

Oliv. Him, whom---

Nov. What, invading me already? And giving the Character, before you know the Man?

Eliz. No, that is not fair, tho'it be uſual.

Oliv. I beg your Pardon, Mr. *Novel*, pray go on.

Nov. Then, I ſay, we had that familiar Coxcomb, who is at home whereſoe're he comes.

Oliv. Ay, that Fool--

Nov. Nay, then Madam, your Servant: I'm gone. Taking the Fool out of ones mouth, is worſe than taking the bread out of ones mouth.

Oliv. I've done; your pardon, Mr. *Novel*, pray proceed.

Nov. I ſay, the Rogue, that he may be the only wit in the company, will let no-body elſe talk, and---

Oliv. Ay, thoſe Fops who love to talk all themſelves, are of all things my averſion

Nov. Then you'll let me ſpeak, Madam, ſure. The Rogue, I ſay, will force his jeſt upon you; and I hate a jeſt that's forc'd upon a Man, as much as a glaſs.

Eliz. Why, I hope, Sir, he does not expect a Man of your temperance in jeſting ſhou'd do him reaſon?

Nov. What? Interruption from this ſide too? I muſt then--- [*Offers to riſe*, Olivia *holds him.*

Oliv. No, Sir, you muſt know, Coulin, that Fop he means, tho' he talks only to be commended, will not give you leave to do't.

Nov. But, Madam---

Oliv. He a Wit! Hang him; he's only an adopter of

of ſtragling jeſts, and fatherleſs Lampoons; by the credit of which, he eats at good Tables; and ſo like the barren Beggar - Woman, lives by borrow'd Children.

Nov. Madam---

Oliv. And never was Author of any thing but his news; but that is ſtill all his own.

Nov. Madam, pray---

Oliv. An eternal babler; and makes no more uſe of his ears, than a Man that ſits at a Play by his Miſtreſs, or in Fop-corner: he's, in fine, a baſe detracting Fellow, and is my averſion. But who elſe prithee, Mr. *Novel*, was there with you? Nay, you ſhan't ſtir.

Nov. I beg your pardon, Madam, I cannot ſtay in any place, where I'm not allow'd a little Chriſtian liberty of railing.

Oliv. Nay, prithee Mr. *Novel*, ſtay; and tho' you ſhou'd rail at me, I wou'd hear you with patience: prithee who elſe was there with you?

Nov. Your Servant, Madam.

Oliv. Nay, prithee tell us, Mr. *Novel*; prithee do.

Nov. We had no-body elſe.

Oliv. Nay, faith I know you had. Come, my Lord *Plauſible* was there too, who is Couſin, a---

Eliz. You need not tell me what he is, Couſin, for I know him to be a civil, good-natur'd, harmleſs Gentleman, that ſpeaks well of all the World, and is always in good humour, and---

Oliv. Hold, Couſin, hold; I hate detraction; but I muſt tell you, Couſin, his civility, is cowardiſe; his good nature, want of wit; he has neither courage nor ſenſe to rail: And for his being always in humour, 'tis becauſe he is never diſſatisfied with himſelf: In fine, he is my averſion, and I never admit his Viſits beyond my Hall.

Nov. No, he viſit you! Damn him, cringing, grinning

grinning Rogue; if I ſhou'd meet him coming up to you, I wou'd make bold to kick him down again. Ha!--?

Enter my Lord Plauſible.

My dear Lord! you moſt humble Servant.

[*Riſes, and ſalutes* Plauſible, *and kiſſes him.*

Eliz. So, I find kiſſing and railing ſucceed each other with the angry Men, as well as with the angry Women; and their quarrels are like Love-quarrels, ſince abſence is the only cauſe of them; for as ſoon as the Man appears again, they are over. [*Aſide.*

L. Plauſ. Your moſt faithful, humble Servant; generous Mr. *Novel*; and Madam, I am your eternal Slave, and kiſs your fair hands; which I had done ſooner, according to your commands, but--

Oliv. No excuſes, my Lord.

Eliz. What, you ſent for him then, Couſin? [*Apart.*

Nov. Ha! Invited! [*Aſide.*

Oliv. I know you muſt divide your ſelf; for your good company is too general a good to be ingroſs'd by any particular Friend.

L. Plauſ. O Lord, Madam, my company! Your moſt obliged, faithful, humble Servant; but I cou'd have brought you good Company indeed, for I parted at your door with two of the worthieſt, braveſt Men---

Oliv. Who were they, my Lord?

Nov. Who do you call the worthieſt, braveſt Men, pray?

L. Plauſ. O the wiſeſt, braveſt Gentlemen! Men of ſuch Honour and Vertue! Of ſuch good qualities! Ah--

Eliz. This is a Coxcomb that ſpeaks ill of all People a different way; and libels every body with dull praiſe, and commonly in the wrong place; ſo makes his Panegyricks abuſive Lampoons. [*Aſide.*

Oliv.

Oliv. But pray let me know who they were?

L. Plauſ. Ah! Such patterns of Heroick Vertue! ſuch---

Nov. Well, but who the Devil were they?

L. Plauſ. The Honour of our Nation, the glory of our Age! Ah, I cou'd dwell a twelvemonth on their praiſe; which indeed I might ſpare by telling their names: Sir *John Current*, and Sir *Richard Court-Title*.

Nov. Court Title! Ha, ha.

Oliv. and Sir *John Current*! Why will you keep ſuch a wretch company, My Lord?

L. Plauſ. O, Madam, ſeriouſly you are a little too ſevere; for he is a Man of unqueſtion'd reputation in every thing.

Oliv. Yes, becauſe he endeavours only with the Women, to paſs for a Man of courage; and with the Bullies for a Wit; with the Wits for a Man of buſineſs; and with the men of buſineſs, for a Favourite at Court: and at Court, for good City ſecurity.

Nov. And for Sir *Richard*, he---

L. Plauſ. He loves your choice, pick'd company; Perſons that---

Oliv. He loves a Lord indeed; but---

Nov. Pray, dear Madam, let me have but a bold ſtroke or two at his Picture. He loves a Lord, as you ſay, tho'---

Oliv. Tho' he borrow'd his money, and ne'er paid him again.

Nov. And would beſpeak a place three days before at the back end of a Lord's Coach to *Hide-Park*.

L. Plauſ. Nay, i'faith, i'faith, you are both too ſevere.

Oliv. Then, to ſhew yet more his Paſſion for Quality, he makes love to that fulſome Coach-load of Honour, my Lady *Goodly*; for he's always at her lodging.

L. Plauſ. Becauſe it is the Conventicle gallant, the Meeting-houſe of all the fair Ladies, and glorious ſuperfine Beauties of the Town.

Nov. Very fine Ladies! There's firſt---

Oliv. Her Honour, as fat as an Hoſteſs.

L. Plauſ. She is ſomething plump indeed, a goodly, comely, graceful perſon.

Nov. Then there's my Lady *Frances*, what d'ye call her? Ugly---

Oliv. As a Citizens lawfully begotten Daughter.

L. Plauſ. She has wit in abundance; and the handſomeſt heel, elbow, and tip of an ear, you ever ſaw.

Nov. Heel and elbow! Ha! Ha! And there's my Lady *Betty* you know---

Oliv. As ſluttiſh and flatternly, as an *Iriſh* Woman bred in *France*.

L. Plauſ. Ah! All ſhe has hangs with a looſe air indeed, and becoming negligence.

Eliz. You ſee all faults with Lovers eyes, I find my Lord.

L. Plauſ. Ah, Madam, your moſt obliged, faithful, humble Servant to command! but you can ſay nothing ſure againſt the ſuperfine Miſtreſs---

Oliv. I know who you mean. She is as cenſorious and detracting a Jade, as a ſuperannuated ſinner.

L. Plauſ. She has a ſmart way of Railery, t'is confeſt.

Nov. And then for Mrs. *Grideline*

L. Plauſ. She I'm ſure is---

Oliv. One that never ſpoke ill of any body, 'tis confeſt, for ſhe is as ſilent in converſation as a Country Lover, and no better company than a Clock, or a Weather-glaſs; for if ſhe ſounds, 'tis but once an hour, to put you in mind of the time of day, or tell you 'twill be cold or hot, rain or ſnow.

L. Plauſ. Ah, poor Creature! ſhe's extreamly good and modeſt.

Nov. And for Mrs. *Bridlechin*, ſhe's---

Oliv. As proud as a Churchman's Wife.

L. Plauſ. She's a Woman of great ſpirit and honour, and will not make her ſelf cheap, 'tis true.

Nov. Then Mrs. *Hoyden*, that calls all people by their Sirnames, and is---

Oliv.

Oliv. As familiar a duck---

Nov. As an Actreſs in the Tyring-room. There I was once before hand with with you, Madam.

L. Plauſ. Mrs. *Hoyden*! A poor, affable, good-natur'd Soul: But the divine Mrs. *Triſte* comes thither too: ſure her beauty, vertue, and conduct yon can ſay nothing to.

Oliv. No!

Nov. No!--- Pray let me ſpeak, Madam.

Oliv. Firſt, can any one be call'd beautiful that ſquints?

L. Plauſ. Her eyes languiſh a little, I own.

Nov. Languiſh! ha, ha.

Oliv. Languiſh! Then, for her conduct, ſhe was ſeen at the *Country Wife* after the firſt day. There's for you, my Lord.

L. Plauſ. But, Madam, ſhe was not ſeen to uſe her Fan all the Play long, turn aſide her head, or by a conſcious bluſh diſcover more guilt than modeſty.

Oliv. Very fine! Then you think a Woman modeſt, that ſees the hideous *Country-Wife*, without bluſhing, or publiſhing her deteſtation of it? D'ye hear him, Couſin?

Eliz. Yes; and am, I muſt confeſs, ſomething of his opinion; and think that as an over-captious Fool at a Play, by endeavouring to ſhew the Author's want of wit expoſes his own to more cenſure; ſo may a Lady call her own modeſty in queſtion, by publickly cavilling with the Poet's. For all thoſe grimaces of honour and artificial modeſty, diſparage a Woman's real vertue, as much as the uſe of white and red does the natural complexion; & you muſt uſe very, very little, if you wou'd have it thought your own.

Oliv. Then you wou'd have a Woman of Honour with paſſive looks, ears and tongue, undergo all the hideous obſcenity ſhe hears at naſty Plays.

Eliz. Truly I think a Woman betrays her want of Modeſty, by ſhewing it publickly in a Play-Houſe,

as much as a Man does his want of Courage by a Quarre there; for the truly Modeſt and Stout ſay leaſt, and are leaſt exceptious, eſpecially in publick.

Oliv. O hideous! Couſin, this cannot be your opinion; but you are one of thoſe who have the confidence to pardon the filthy Play.

Eliz. Why, what is there of ill in't, ſay you?

Oliv. O fie, fie, fie, wou'd you put me to the bluſh anew? Call all the Blood into my Face again! But to ſatisfie you then firſt the clandeſtine obſcenity in the very Name of *Horner*.

Eliz. Truly, 'tis ſo hidden, I cannot find it out, I confeſs.

Oliv. O horrid! Does it not give you the rank conception, or image of a Goat, or Town-Bull, or a Satyr? Nay, what is yet a filthier image than all the reſt, that of an *Eunuch*?

Eliz. What then? I can think of a Goat, a Bull, or a Satyr, without any hurt.

Oliv. I, but Couſin, one cannot ſtop there.

Eliz. I can, Couſin.

Oliv. O no; for when you have thoſe filthy Creatures in your Head once, the next thing you think, is what they do; as their defiling of honeſt Mens beds and couches, Rapes upon ſleeping and waking Country-Virgins, under Hedges and on Hay-cocks: nay, further...

Eliz. Nay, no farther Couſin; we have enough of your Comment on the Play; which will make me more aſham'd than the Play it ſelf.

Oliv. O, believe me, 'tis a filthy Play; and you may take my word for a filthy Play, as ſoon as another's: but the filthieſt thing in that Play, or any other Play, s---

Eliz. Pray keep it to your ſelf, if it be ſo.

Oliv. No faith, you ſhall know it, I'm reſolv'd to make you out of love with the Play. I ſay, the lewdeſt, filthieſt thing, is his *China*: nay, I will never forgive the beaſtly Author his *China*: He has quite taken away the reputation of poor *China* it ſelf, and ſully'd the moſt in-

innocent and pretty Furniture of a Lady's Chamber; insomuch, that I was fain to break all my defil'd Vessels. You see I have none left: nor you, I hope?

Eliz. You'll pardon me, I cannot think the worse of my *China*, for that of the Play-House.

Oliv. Why, you will not keep any now sure! 'tis now as unfit an ornament for a Ladies Chamber, as the Pictures that come from *Italy*; and other hot Countries, as appears by their nudities, which I always cover, or scratch out, wheresoe're I find 'em. But *China*! Out upon't, filthy *China*! Nasty, debauch'd *China*!

Eliz. All this will not put me out of conceit with *China*, nor the Play, which is acted to-day, or another of the same beastly Author's, as you call him, which I'll go see.

Oliv. You will not sure! Nay, you sha' not venture your Reputation by going, and mine by leaving me alone with two Men here: nay, you'll disoblige me for ever, if--- [*Pulls her back.*

Eliz. I stay--- your Servant. [*Exit* Eliza.

Oliv. Well--- but, my Lord, though you justifie every Body, you cannot in earnest uphold so beastly a Writer, whose ink is so smutty, as one may say.

L. Plausi. Faith, I dare swear the poor Man did not think to disoblige the Ladies, by any amorous, soft, passionate, luscious saying in his Play.

Oliv. Fie, my Lord; but what think you, Mr. *Novel*, of the Play? Tho' I know you are a Frirnd to all that are new.

Nov. Faith, Madam, I must confess, the new Plays wou'd not be the worse for my advice, but I cou'd never get the silly Rogues, the Poets, to mind what I say: But I'll tell you what counsel I gave the surly Fool you spoke of.

Oliv. What was't?

Nov. Faith, to put his Play into Rhyme; for Rhyme, you know, often makes mystical nonsense pass with the Criticks for Wit, and a double meaning saying with the

Ladies, for ſoft, tender, and moving Paſſion. But now I talk of paſſion, I ſaw your old Lover this Morning, Captain . . [*Whiſpers.*

Oliv. Whom?--- Nay, you need not whiſper.

Enter Captain Manly, Freeman *and* Fidelia *ſtanding behind.*

Man We are luckily got hither unobſerv'd: How! in a cloſe converſation with theſe ſupple Raſcals, the outcaſts of Sempſtreſſes Shops.

Free. Faith, pardon her, Captain, that ſince ſhe cou'd no longer be entertain d with your manly bluntneſs, and honeſt love, ſhe takes up with the pert chat and common place flattery of theſe fluttering Parrots of the Town, Apes and Ecchos of Men only.

Man Do not you, Sir, play the Eccho too; mock me, dally with my own words, and ſhew your ſelf as impertinent as they are.

Free. Nay, Captain---

Fid. Nay, Lieutenant, do not excuſe her; methinks ſhe looks very kindly upon 'em both, and ſeems to be pleas'd with what that Fool there ſays to her

Man. You lye, Sir, and hold your peace, that I may not be provok'd to give you a worſe reply.

Oliv. Manly return'd, d'ye ſay! And is he ſafe?

Nov. My Lord ſaw him too. Hark you, my Lord. [*Whiſpers to* L. Plauſible.

Man. She yet ſeems concern'd for my ſafety, and perhaps they are admitted now here but for their News of me; for Intelligence indeed is the common Paſsport of nauſeous Fools, when they go their round of good Tables and Houſes. [*Aſide.*

Oliv. I heard of his fighting only, without particulars, and confeſs I always lov'd his brutal Courage, becauſe it made me hope it might rid me of his more brutal Love.

Man. What's that? [*Apart.*

Oliv.

Oliv. But is he at laſt return'd, d'ye ſay, unhurt?

Nov. Ay, faith, without doing his buſineſs; for the Rogue has been theſe two years pretending to a wooden Leg, which he wou'd take from Fortune, as kindly as the Staff of a *Marſhal* of *France*, and rather read his name in a *Gazet*.

Oliv. Than in the Entail of a good Eſtate

Man. So!--- [*Aſide.*

Nov. I have an Ambition, I muſt confeſs, of loſing my Heart before ſuch a fair Enemy as your ſelf Madam; but that ſilly Rogues ſhou'd be ambitious of loſing their Arms, and---

Oliv. Looking like a pair of Compaſſes.

Nov But he has no uſe of his Arms, but to ſet 'em on kimbow; for he never pulls off his Hat, at leaſt not to me, I'm ſure; for you muſt know, Madam, he has a fanatical hatred to good company: he can't abide me.

L. Plauſ. O, be not ſo ſevere to him, as to ſay he hates good Company; for I aſſure you, he has a great reſpect, eſteem and kindeſs for me.

Man That kind, civil Rogue has ſpoken yet ten thouſand times worſe of me, than t'other. *Aſide.*

Oliv. Well, if he be return'd, Mr. *Novel*, then ſhall I be peſter'd again with his boiſterous Sea Love; have my Alcove ſmell like a Cabin, my Chamber perfum'd with his Tarpaulin Brandenburg; and hear vollies of Brandy Sighs, enough to make a Fog in one's Rooms. Foh, I hate a Lover that ſmells like *Thames-ſtreet*

Man. I can bear no longer, and need hear no more. [*Aſide.*

But, ſince you have theſe two Pulvillio Boxes, theſe Eſſence Bottles, this pair of Musk-Cats here, I hope I may venture to come yet nearer you.

Oliv. Over-heard us then!

Nov. I hope he heard me not. [*Aſide.*

L. Plauſ. Moſt Noble and Heroick Captain, your moſt oblig'd, faithful, humble Servant.

Nov. Dear Tar, thy humble Servant

Man. Away--- Madam---

[*Thruſts* Novel *and* Plauſible *on each ſide.*

Oliv. Nay, I think I have fitted you for liſtning.

Man. You have fitted me, for believing you cou'd not be fickle, tho' you were young; cou'd not diſſemble Love, tho' 'twas your intereſt; nor be vain, tho' you were handſome; nor break your promiſe, tho' to a parting Lover; nor abuſe your beſt Friend, tho you had Wit: but I take not your contempt of me worſe, than your eſteem, or civility for theſe things here, tho' you know 'em,

Nov. Things!

L. Plauſ. Let the Captain railly a little.

Man. Yes, things; canſt thou be angry, thou thing?

[*Coming up to* Novel.

Nov. No, ſince my Lord ſays you ſpeak in Raillery; for though your Sea-raillery be ſomething rough, yet I confeſs, we uſe one another to as bad every day, at *Locket*'s, and never quarrel for the matter.

L. Plauſ. Nay, noble Captain, be not angry with him: a word with you, I beſeech you---

Whiſpers to Manly.

Oliv. Well, we Women, like the reſt of the Cheats of the World, when our Cullies or Creditors have found us out, and will, or can truſt no longer, pay Debts, and ſatisfie Obligations, with a quarrel, the kindeſt Preſent a Man can make to his Miſtreſs, when he can make no more Preſents: for oftentimes in Love, as at Cards, we are forc'd to play foul, only to give over the Game; and uſe our Lovers like the Cards, when we can get no more by 'em, throw 'em up in a pet, upon the firſt diſpute. [*Aſide.*

Man. My Lord, all that you have made me know by your whiſpering, which I knew not before, is, that you have a ſtinking breath, there's a ſecret for your ſecret.

L. Plauſ. Pſhaw! Pſhaw!

Man. But, Madam, tell me, pray, what was 'about this

this Spark could take you? Was it the merit of his fashionable Impudence, the briskness of his Noise, the wit of his Laugh, his Judgment, or fancy in his Garniture? Or was it a well trim'd Glove, or the scent of it that charm'd you?

Nov. Very well, Sir, 'gad these Sea Captains make nothing of dressing: but let me tell you, Sir, a Man by his dress, as much as by any thing, shews his Wit and Judgment; nay, and his Courage too.

Free. How, his Courage, Mr. *Novel*?

Nov. Why, for example, by red breeches, tuck'd up Hair and Perruke, a greasie broad Belt, and now-a-days a short Sword.

Man. Thy Courage will appear more by thy Belt, than thy Sword, I dare swear. Then, Madam, for this gentle piece of Courtesie, this Man of tame Honour, what cou'd you find in him? Was it his languishing affected tone? His mannerly look? His second-hand flattery, the refuse of the Play-House Tyring-room? Or his slavish obsequiousness, in watching at the door of your Box at the Play-House, for your hand to your Chair? Or his janty way of playing with your fan? Or was it the Gun-powder spot on his hand, or the Jewel in his ear, that purchas'd your Heart?

Oliv. Good jealous Captain, no more of your---

L. Plaus. No, let him go on, Madam, for perhaps he may make you laugh: and I wou'd contribute to your pleasure any way.

Man. Gentle Rogue!

Oliv No, noble Captain, you cannot sure think any thing cou'd take me more than that Heroick Title of yours, Captain; for you know we Women love Honour inordinately.

Nov. Ha, ha, faith she is with thee, Bully, for thy Ranery.

Man. Faith so shall I be with you no-Bully for your ginning. [*Aside to* Nov

Oliv. Then that noble Lyon-like meen of yours, that

Soldier-like weather beaten complexion, and that manly roughneſs of your voice; how can they otherwiſe than charm us Women, who hate Effeminacy?

Nov. Ha, ha, faith I can't hold from laughing.

Man. Nor ſhall I from kic'king anon.

[*Aſide to* Novel.

Oliv. And then, that Captain-like careleſneſs in your dreſs, but eſpecially your Scarf: 'twas juſt ſuch another, only a little higher tied, made me in love with my Taylor, as he paſt by my Window the laſt Training day; for we Women adore a Martial Man; and you have nothing wanting to make you more one, or more agreeable, but a wooden Leg.

L. Plauſ. Nay, 'ifaith, there your Ladyſhip was a Wag; and it was fine, juſt, and well railly'd.

Nov. Ay, ay Madam, with you Ladies too, Martial men muſt needs be very killing.

Man. Peace, you *Bartholomew-Fair Buffoons*: and be not you vain that theſe laugh on your ſide, for they will laugh at their own dull jeſts; but no more of 'em, for I will only ſuffer now this Lady to be witty and merry.

Oliv. You wou'd not have your Panegirick interrupted. I go on then to your humour: Is there any thing more agreeable than the pretty ſullenneſs of that? Than the greatneſs of your Courage? which moſt of all appears in your Spirit of Contradicton; for you dare give all Mankind the Lie: and your Opinion is your only Miſtreſs; for you renounce that too, when it becomes another man's.

Nov. Ha, ha! I cannot hold, I muſt laugh at thee, Tar, faith!

L. Plauſ. And i'faith, dear Captain, I beg your pardon, and leave to laugh at you too; tho' I proteſt I mean you no hurt; but when a Lady raillies, a ſtander-by muſt be complaiſant, and do her reaſon in laughing. Aa, ha.

Man. Why, you impudent, pitiful Wretches, you preſume ſure upon your effeminacy to urge me; for

you are in all things ſo like Women, that you may think it in me a kind of cowardice to beat you.

Oliv. No Hectoring, good Captain.

Man. Or, perhaps, you think this Ladies preſence ſecures you; but have a care, ſhe has talk'd her ſelf out of all the reſpect I had for her; and by uſing me ill before you, has given me a priviledge of uſing you ſo before her: but if you wou'd preſerve your reſpect to her, and not be beaten before her, go, be gone immediately.

Nov. Be gone! What?

L. Plauſ. Nay, worthy, noble, generous Captain.

Man. Be gone, I ſay

Nov. Be gone again! To us be gone;

Man. No chattering, Baboons; inſtantly be gone Or-----

[Manly *puts 'em out of the Room*: Novel *ſtruts*, Plauſible *cringes*.

Nov. Well, Madam, we'll go make the Cards ready in your Bed-chamber: ſure you will not ſtay long with him. [*Ex.* Plauſ. Nov.

Oliv. Turn hither your rage, good Captain-Swagger-huff, and be ſaucy with your Miſtreſs, like a true Captain; but be civil to your Rivals and Betters, and do not threaten any thing but me here; no not ſo much as my Windows: nor do not think your ſelf in the Lodgings of one of your Suburb-Miſtreſſes beyond the Tower.

Man. Do not give me cauſe to think ſo; for thoſe leſs infamous Women part with their Lovers, juſt as you did from me, with unforc'd Vows of Conſtancy, and floods of willing tears; but the ſame Winds bear away their Lovers and their Vows: And for their grief if the credulous unexpected Fools return, they find new Comforters, freſh Cullies, ſuch as I found here. The mercenary love of thoſe Women too ſuffers ſhipwrack with their Gallant's fortunes. Now you have heard *Chance* has us'd me ſcurvily, therefore, you do too.

Well, perſevere in your Ingratitude Falſehood and Diſdain; have conſtancy in ſomething, and I promiſe you there as juſt to your real ſcorn, as I was to your feign'd love, And henceforward will deſpiſe, contemn, hate, loath, and deteſt you, moſt faithfully.

Enter Lettice.

Oliv. Gel the Hombre-Cards ready in the next room, *Lettice*, and--- [*Whiſpers to* Lettice.

Free. Bravely reſolv'd, Captain.

Fid. And you'l be ſure to keep your word, I hope, Sir.

Man I hope ſo too.

Fid. Do you but hope it, Sir? if you are not as good as your word, 'twill be the firſt time you ever brag'd, ſure.

Man. She has reſtor'd my Reaſon with my Heart.

Free. But now you talk of reſtoring, Captain, there are other things which, next to one's Heart, one wou'd not part with; I mean your Jewels and money, which it ſeems ſhe has, Sir.

Man. What's that to you, Sir?

Free Pardon me, whatſoever is yours, I have a ſhare in't, I'm ſure, which I will not loſe for asking, tho' you may be too generous, or too angry now to do't your ſelf.

Fid. Nay, then I'll make bold to make my claim too. [*Both going toward* Olivia.

Man. Hold, you impertinent, officious, Fops---- How have I been deciev'd! [*Aſide*

Free. Madam, there are certain appurtenances to a Lover's Heart, call'd Jewels, which always go along with it.

Fid And which, with Lovers, have no value in themſelves, but from the Heart they come with; our Captain's, Madam it ſeems you ſcorn to keep, and much more will thoſe worthleſs things without it. I am confident

Oliv.

Oliv. A Gentleman ſo well made as you are, may be confident----- us eaſie Women cou'd not deny you any thing you ask, if 'twere for your ſelf; but, ſince 'tis for another, I beg your leave to give him my anſwer. (An agreeable young Fellow this!---- and wou'd not be my averſion.) [*Aſide.*

Captain, your young Friend here has a very perſwading Face, I confeſs; yet you might have ask'd me your ſelf for thoſe trifles you left with me, which (hark you a little, for I dare truſt you with the ſecret; you are a Man of ſo much Honour I'm ſure) I ſay then, not expecting your return, or hoping ever to ſee you again, I have deliver'd your Jewels to----

[*Aſide to* Man.

Man. Whom?

Oliv. My Husband.

Man. Your Husband!

Oliv. Ay, my Husband; for ſince you cou'd leave me, I am lately and privately married to one, who is a Man of ſo much Honour and Experience in the World, that I dare not ask him for your Jewels again to reſtore 'em to you; leſt he ſhould conclude you never wou'd have parted with 'em to me, on any other ſcore, but the exchange of my Honour: which rather than you'd let me loſe, you'd loſe I'm ſure your ſelf, thoſe trifles of yours.

Man. Triumphant impudence! but married too!

Oliv. O, ſpeak not ſo loud, my Servants know it not: I am married; there's no reſiſting one's Deſtiny, or Love, you know.

Man. Why, did you love him too?

Oliv. Moſt paſſionately; nay, love him now, tho' I have married him and he me: which mutual love, I hope you are too good, too generous a Man to diſturb, by any future claim, or viſits to me. 'Tis true, he is now abſent in the Country, but returns ſhortly, therefore I beg of you, for your own eaſe and quiet, and my Honour, you will never ſee me more.

Man.

Man. I wiſh I had never ſeen you.

Oliv. But if you ſhould ever have any thing to ſay to me hereafter, let that young Gentleman there be your Meſſenger.

Man. You wou'd be kinder to him; I find he ſhou'd be welcome.

Oliv. Alas, his youth wou'd keep my Husband from ſuſpicions, and his viſits from ſcandal; for we Women may have pity for ſuch as he, but no love: And I already think you do not well to ſpirit him away to Sea; and the Sea already is but too rich with the ſpoils of the ſhoar.

Man. True perfect Woman?---- If I could ſay any thing more injurious to her now, I wou'd; for I cou'd out-rail a bilk'd Whore, or a kick'd Coward. But, now I think on't, that were rather to diſcover my love than hatred; and I muſt not talk, for ſomething I muſt do. [*Aſide.*

Oliv. I think I have given him enough of me now, never to be troubled with him again---- [*Aſide.*

Enter Lettice.

Well, *Lettice*, are the Cards and all ready within? I come then. Captain, I beg your pardon: You will not make one at Hombre?

Man. No, Madam, but I'll wiſh you a little good luck before you go.

Oliv. No, if you wou'd have me thrive, curſe me; for that you'l do heartily, I ſuppoſe.

Man. Then if you will have it ſo, May all the curſes light upon you, Women ought to fear, and you deſerve; Firſt may the Curſe of loving Play attend your ſordid Covetouſneſs, and Fortune cheat you, by truſting to her, as you have cheated me: the Curſe of Pride or a good Reputation, fall on your Luſt; the Curſe of Affectation on your Beauty; the Curſe of your Huſband's company on your Pleaſures; and the Curſe of your Gallant's

Gallant's diſappointments in his abſence; and the Curſe of Scorn, Jealouſie or Deſpair on your Love; and then the Curſe of loving on.

Oliv, And to requite all your Curſes, I will only return you your laſt May the Curſe of loving me ſtill fall upon your proud hard heart, that cou'd be ſo cruel to me in theſe horrid Curſes: but Heaven forgive you.

[*Exit* Oliv.

Man. Hell and the Devil reward thee.

Free. Well, you ſee now, Miſtreſſes. like Friends, are loſt by letting 'em handle your Money; and moſt Women are ſuch kind of Witches, who can have no power over a Man, unleſs you give 'em Money; but when once they have got any from you they never leave you till they have all: therefore I never dare give a Woman a Farthing.

Man. Well, there is yet this comfort by loſing one's Money with one's Miſtreſs, a Man is out of danger of getting another, of being made prize again by Love, who, like a Pirate, takes you by ſpreading falſe Colours: but when once you have run your Ship a-ground, the treacherous Picaroon loofs, ſo by your ruin you ſave your ſelf from Slavery at leaſt.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Mrs: *Lettice*, here's Madam *Blackacre* come to wait upon her Honour.

Man. D'ye hear that? let us be gone, before ſhe comes; for henceforward I'll avoid the whole damn'd Sex for ever, and Woman as a ſinking Ship.

[*Ex* Man *and* Fid.

Free. And I'll ſtay, to revenge on her your quarrel to the Sex; for out of love to her Jointure, and hatred to buſineſs, I wou'd marry her, to make an end of her thouſand Suits, and my thouſand engagements; to the comfort of two unfortunate ſorts of People, my Plaintifs, and her Defendants; my Creditors and her Adverſaries.

Enter

Enter Widow Blackacre, *led in by Major* Oldfox, *and* Jerry Blackacre *following, laden with green Bags.*

Wid. 'Tis an errant Sea-Ruffian; but I am glad I met with him at laſt, to ſerve him again, Major, for the laſt ſervice was not good in Law. *Boy, Duck, Jerry,* where is my paper of *Memorandams*! give me Child: ſo. Where is my Couſin *Olivia*, now my kind Relation?

Free. Here is one that wou'd be your kind relation Madam.

Wid. What mean you, Sir?

Free. Why, faith, to be ſhort, to marry you, Widow.

Wid. Is not this the wild, rude Perſon we ſaw at Captain *Manly's!*

Jerr. Ay, forſooth, an't pleaſe.

Wid. What wou'd you? what are you? Marry me!

Free. Ay, faith, for I am a younger Brother, and you are a Widow.

Wid. You are an impertinent perſon, and go about yor buſineſs.

Free. I have none, but to marry thee, Widow.

Wid. But I have other buſineſs, I'd have you to know.

Free. But you have no buſineſs a-nights, Widow; and I'll make you pleaſanter buſineſs than any you have: for a-nights, I aſſure you, I am a Man of great buſineſs; for the buſineſs....

Wid. Go, I'm ſure you're an idle Fellow.

Free. Try me but, Widow, and employ me as you find my abilities and induſtry.

Old. Pray be civil to the Lady, Mr.... ſhe is a Perſon of Quality, a perſon that is no perſon....

Free. Yes, but ſhe's a perſon that is a Widow: be you mannerly to her, becauſe you are to pretend only to be her Squire, to arm her to her Lawyer's Chambers; but I will be impudent and bawdy, for ſhe muſt love and marry me.

Wid.

Wid. Marry come up, you ſaucy familiar *Jack*! You think with us Widows, 'tis no more than up and ride. Gad forgive me, nowadays, ever idle, young, hectoring roaring Companion, with a pair of turn'd red breeches and a broad back thinks to carry away any Widow, of the beſt degree: but I'd have you to know, Sir, all Widows are not got, like places at Court, by Impudence and Importunity only.

Old. No, no, ſoft, ſoft, you are a young Man, and not fit...

Free. For a Widow? Yes ſure, old Man, the fitter.

Old. Go to, go to, if others had not laid in their claims before you...

Free. Not you, I hope.

Old. Why not I, Sir? Sure I am a much more portionable match for her than you, Sir; I who mean elder Brother, of a comfortable Fortune, and of equal years with her.

Wid. How's that you unmannerly perſon, I'd have you to know, I was born but in *Ann' decim. Caroli prim'*.

Old. Your pardon, Lady, your pardon; be not offended with your very Servant... But I ſay, Sir, you are a beggarly younger Brother, twenty years younger than her, without any Land or Stock, but your great ſtock of Impudence: therefore what pretenſion can you have to her?

Free. You have made it for me; firſt, becauſe I am a younger Brother.

Wid. Why, is that a ſufficient Plea to a Relict? How appears it, Sir? By what fooliſh Cuſtom?

Free. By Cuſtom, time out of mind only. Then Sir, becauſe I have nothing to keep me after her death, I am the likelier to take care of her life. And for my being twenty years younger than her, and having a ſufficient ſtock of impudence, I leave it to her where'er they will be valid exceptions to me, in her Widows Law, or Equity

Oliv.

Old. Well, she has been so long in *Chancery*, that 'Il stand to her Equity and Decree between us. Come, Lady, pray snap up this young Snap at first, or we shall be troubled with him; give him a City Widow's Answer: That is with all the ill breeding imaginable. [*Aside to the Wid.*

Come Madam.

Wid. Well then, to make an end of this foolish wooing, for nothing interrupts business more; first, for you, Major...

Old. You declare in my favour then?

Free. What, direct the Court? Come, young Lawyer, thou shalt be a Counsel for me. *To* Jerr.

Jerr. Gad I shall betray your Cause then, as well as an older Lawyer, never stir.

Wid. First, I say, for you, Major, my walking Hospital of an ancient Foundation, thou bag of Mummy, that wou'dst fall asunder it 'twere not for thy cere-cloaths...

Old. How, Lady?

Free. Ha, ha...

Jerr. Hey, brave Mother! Use all Suitors thus, for my sake.

Wid. Thou wither'd, hobling, distorted Cripple; nay, thou art a Cripple all over; wou'dst thou make me the Staff of thy Age, the Crutch of thy decrepidness? Me!

Free. well said, Widow! Faith, thou wou'dst make a Man love thee now, without dissembling.

Wid. Thou senseless, impertinent, quibling, driveling, feeble, paralitick, impotent, fumbling, frigid Nicompoop.

Jerr. Hey, brave Mother, for calling of names, i'fec!

Wid. Woud'st thou make a Caudlemaker, a Nurse of me? Can't you be bedrid witout a Bed-fellow? Won't your swan-skins, furrs, flannels, and the scorch'd trencher keep you warm there? Wou'd you have me your Scotch warming-pan, with a Pox to you! Me!

Old.

Old. O Heavens!

Free. I told you I shou'd be thought the fitter Man: Major.

Jerr. Ay, you old Fobus, and you wou'd have been my Guardian, wou'd you? To have taken care of my Estate, that half o't shou'd never come to me; by letting long leases at pepper corn rents.

Wid. If I wou'd have married an old Man, 'tis well known I might have marry'd an Earl, nay, what's more, a Judge, and been cover'd the Winternights with the Lam skins, which I prefer to the Ermins of Nobles: And dost thou think I wou'd wrong my poor Minor there, for you?

Free. Your Minor is a choppoing Minor, God blefs him. [*Strokes* Jerry *on the head.*

Old. Your Minor may be a Major of Horse or Foot, for his bigness; and it seems, you will have the cheating of your Minor to your self.

Wid. Pray, Sir, bear witness; cheat my Minor! I'll bring my Action of the case for the slander.

Free. Nay, I wou'd bear false witness for thee now, Widow, since you have done me justice, and have thought me the fitter Man for you.

Wid. Fair and softly, Sir, 'tis my Minor's case, more than my own: and I must do him justice now, on you.

Free. How?

Old. So then.

Wid. You are first, I warrant, some Renegado from the Inns of Court, and the Law; and thou'lt come to suffer for't by the Law; that is, be hang'd.

Jerr. Not about your neck, forsooth, I hope.

Free. But, Madam...

Old. Hear the Court.

Wid. Thou art some debauch'd, drunken, lewd, hectoring, gaming Companion; and want'st some Widow's old Gold to nick upon; but, I thank you, Sir, that's for my Lawyers.

Free. Faith, we ſhou'd ne'er quarrel about that; for Guineys wou'd ſerve my turn: but, Widow...

Wid. Thou art a foul-mouth'd boaſter of thy Luſt, a meer Bragadocio of thy ſtrength for wine and women, and wilt belie thy ſelf more than thou doſt women, and art every way a baſe deceiver of women: And wou'd deceive me too, wou'd you?

Free. Nay, faith, Widow, this is judging without ſeeing the Evidence.

Wid. I ſay you are a worn-out Whoremaſter, at five and twenty, both in body and fortune: And cannot be truſted by the common Wenches of the Town, leſt you ſhou'd not pay 'em; nor by the the Wives of the Town, leſt you ſhou'd pay 'em: ſo you want Women, and wou'd have me your Bawd to procure 'em for you.

Free. Faith, if you had any good acquaintance, Widow, 'twou'd be civily done of thee; for I am juſt come from Sea.

Wid. I mean, you wou'd have me keep you; that you might turn Keeper: for poor Widows are only us'd like Bawds by you; you go to Church with us, but to get other Women to lie with. In fine, you are a cheating, chouſing, Spendthrift: and having ſold your own Annuity, wou'd waſte my Jointure.

Ferr. And make havock of our Eſtate perſonal, and all our old gilt plate. I ſhou'd ſoon be picking up all our mortgag'd Apoſtle-ſpoons, bowls and beakers out of moſt of the Ale-houſes betwixt *Hercules Pillars* and the *Boatſwain* in *Wapping*: nay, and you'd be ſcouring amongſt my Trees, and make 'em knock down one another, like routed reeling Watchmen at midnight. Wou'd you ſo, Bully?

Free. Nay, prithee Widow, hear me.

Wid. No, Sir, I'd have you to know, thou pitiful, paltry, lath-back'd Fellow, if I wou'd have married a young Man, 'tis well known, I cou'd have had any young Heir in *Norfolk*; nay, the hopefull'ſt young Man this day at the *Kings Bench Bar*; I, that am a Relict

and

and Executrix of known plentiful Aſſits and Parts; who underſtand my ſelf and the Law: and wou'd you have m under Covert-Baron again? No, Sir, no Covert-Baron for me

Free. But, dear Widow, hear me. I value you only, not your Jointure.

Wid. Nay, Sir, hold there; I know your love to a Widow, is covetuoſneſs of her Jointure: And a Widow, a little ſtricken in years, with a good Jointure, is like an old Manſion-houſe in a good purchace, never valu'd: but take one, take t'other. And perhaps, when you are in poſſeſſion, you'd neglect it, let it drop to the ground, for want of neceſſary repairs or expences upon't.

Free. No, Widow, one wou'd be ſure to keep all tight, when one is to forfeit one's Leaſe, by dilapidation.

Wid. Fie, fie, I neglect my buſineſs with this fooliſh diſcourſe of Love. *Jerry*, Child, let me ſee the Liſt of the Jury: I'm ſure my Couſin *Olivia* has ſome Relations amongſt 'em. But where is ſhe?

Free. Nay, Widow, but hear me one word only.

Wid. Nay, Sir, no more pray. I will no more hearken again to your fooliſh Love motions, than to offers of Arbitration. [*Ex* Wid *and* Jer.

Free. Well, I'll follow thee yet, for he that has a pretenſion at Court, or to a Widow, muſt never give over for a little ill uſage.

Old. Therefor I'll get her by aſſiduity, patience and long ſufferings, which you will not undergo; for you idle young Fellows leave off Love when it comes to be buſineſs; and Induſtry gets more Women than Love.

Free. Ay, Induſtry the Fool's and old Man's merit; but I'll be induſtrious too, and make a buſineſs on't, and get her by Law, wrangling and conteſts, and not by ſufferings: And, becauſe you are no dangerous Rival, I'll give thee counſel, Major.

If you litigious Widow e'er won'd gain,
Sigh not to her, but by the Law complain:
To her, as to a Bawd, Defendant sue
With Statutes, and make Justice pimp for you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE. *Westminster-Hall.*

Enter Manly *and* Freeman, *two Sailers behind.*

MANLY.

I Hate this place, worse than a Man that has inherited a *Chancery*-Suit: I wish I were well out on't again.

Free. Why you need not be afraid of this place; for a Man without Money, needs no more fear a crowd of Lawyers, than a crowd of Pick-pockets.

Man. This, the Reverend of the Law wou'd have thought the Palace or Residence of Justice; but if it be, she lives here with the State of a *Turkish* Emperor, rarely seen, and besieg'd rather than defended, by her numerous black Guard here.

Free. Methinks, 'tis like one of their own Halls, in *Christmas* time, whither, from all parts, Fools bring their Money, to try, by the Dice, (not the worst Judges) whether it shall be their own, or no: But after a tedious fretting and wrangling, they drop away all their Money, on both sides; and finding neither the better, at last go emptily and lovingly away together; to the Tavern, joining their curses against the young Lawyer's box, that sweeps all, like the old one's.

Man.

Man. Spoken like a revelling *Chriſtmas* Lawyer.

Free. Yes, I was one, I confeſs; but was fain to leave the Law, out of Conſcience, and fall to making falſe Muſters: rather chuſe to cheat the King, than his Subjects; plunder, rather than take fees.

Man. Well, a Plague and a purſe-famine light on the Law; and that female limb of it, who drag'd me hither to-day: but prithee go ſee if; in that croud of dagled Gowns there, thou canſt find her.

[*Pointing to a crowd of Lawyers at the end of the Stage.* [*Exit* Freeman.

Manly *Solus*,

How hard it is to be a Hypocrite!
At leaſt to me, who am but newly ſo.
I thought it once a kind of knavery,
Nay, cowardice, to hide one's faults; but now
The common frailty, Love, becomes my ſhame.
He muſt not know I love th' ungrateful ſtill,
Leſt he contemn me, more than ſhe: for I,
It ſeems can undergo a Woman's ſcorn,
But not a Man's...

Enter to him Fidelia.

Fid. Sir, good Sir, generous Captain.

Man. Prithee, kind impertinence, leave me. Why ſhou'dſt thou follow me or flatter my generoſity now, ſince thou knoweſt I have no Money left? if I had it, I'd give it thee, to buy my quiet.

Fid. I never follow'd yet, Sir, Reward or Fame, but you alone; nor do I now beg any thing, but leave to ſhare your miſeries: You ſhou'd not be a Niggard of 'em; ſince, methinks, you have enough to ſpare. Let me follow you now, becauſe you hate me, as you have often ſaid.

Man. I ever hated a Coward's company, I muſt confeſs.

Fid. Let me follow you, till I am none then; for you, I'm ſure, will through ſuch worlds of dangers, that I ſhall be enur'd to 'em; nay, I ſhall be afraid of your anger more than danger, and ſo turn Valiant out of Fear. Dear Captain, do not caſt me off till you have try'd me once more: do not, do not go to Sea again without me.

Man. Thou to Sea! To Court, thou Fool. Remember the advice I gave thee: thou art a handſom Spaniel, and canſt fawn naturally; go, buſk about, and run thy ſelf into the next great Man's Lobby: firſt, fawn upon the Slaves without, and then run into the Lady's Bed-chamber; thou may'ſt be admitted at laſt, to tumble her bed. Go ſeek, I ſay, and loſe me; for I am not able to keep thee: I have not bread for my ſelf.

Fid. Therefore I will not go, becauſe then I may help and ſerve you.

Man. Thou!

Fid. I warrant you, Sir, for at worſt, I cou'd beg or ſteal for you.

Man. Nay, more bragging! Doſt thou not know there's venturing your life in ſtealing? Go prithee away: thou art as hard to ſhake off, as that flattering, effeminating miſchief, Love.

Fid love, did you name? why, you are not ſo miſerable as to be yet in love, ſure?

Man. No, no, prithee away, be gone.. or— I had almoſt diſcover'd my love and ſhame; well it I had; that thing cou'd not think the worſe of me:.. or of he did?... No... yes he he ſhall know it .. he ſhall.. but then I muſt never leave him; for they are ſuch ſecrets, that make Paraſites and Pimps Lords of their Maſters for any Slavery or Tyranny is eaſier than Love's. [*Aſide.*

Come hither, ſince thou art ſo forward to ſerve me: haſt thou but reſolution enough to endure the torture of a ſecret? For ſuch, to ſome, is inſupportable.

Fid.

Fid. I wou'd keep it as ſafe, as if your dear precious life depended ont't.

Man. Damn your dearneſs. It concerns more than my life; my Honour.

Fid. Doubt it not, Sir.

Man. And do not diſcover it, by too much fear of diſcovering it; but have a great care you let not *Freeman* find it out.

Fid. I warrant you; Sir, I am already all joy, with the hopes of your commands; and ſhall be all wings in the execution of 'em: ſpeak quickly Sir.

Man. You ſaid you'd beg for me?

Fid. I did, Sir.

Man. Then you ſhall beg for me.

Fid. With all my heart, Sir.

Man. That is, pimp for me.

Fid. How, Sir?

Man. D'ye ſtart? Think'ſt thou, thou c'oudſt do me any other ſervice? Come, no diſſembling Honour: I know you can do it handſomly; thou wert made for't. You have loſt your time with me at Sea, you muſt recover it.

Fid. Do not, Sir, beget your ſelf more reaſons for your averſion to me; and make my obedience to you a fault; I am the unfitteſt in the world to do you ſuch a ſervice.

Man. Your cunning arguing againſt it, ſhews but how fit you are for it. No more diſſembling: here, I ſay you muſt go uſe it for me to *Olivia*.

Fid. To her, Sir?

Man. Go flatter, lie, kneel, promiſe, any thing to get her for me: I cannot live unleſs I have her. Didſt thou not ſay thou wou'dſt do any thing to ſave my life? And ſhe ſaid you had a perſuading face.

Fid. But did not you ſay, Sir, your Honour was dearer to you than your life? And wou'd you have me contribute to the loſs of that, and carry Love from you, to the moſt infamous, moſt falſe, and...

Man. And most beautiful! ... [*Sighs Aside.*

Fid. Most ungrateful Woman that ever liv'd; for sure she must be so, that cou'd desert you so soon; use you so basely, and so lately too: do not, do not forget it, Sir, and think...

Man No, I will not forget it, but think of revenge: I will lie with her out of revenge. Go, be gone, and prevail for me, or never see me more.

Fid. You scorn'd her last-night.

Man. I know not what I did last-night, I dissembled last-night.

Fid. Heavens!

Man. Be gone, I say, and bring me Love or compliance back; or hopes at least, or I'll never see thy face again: by...

Fid. O do not swear, Sir, first hear me.

Man. I'm impatient, away, you'll find me here till Twelve. [*Turns away.*

Fid. Sir...

Man. Not one word, no insinuating argument more or soothing perswasion; you'll have need of all your Rhetorick with her: go, strive to alter her, not me; be gone. [*Ex.* Man, *at the end of the Stage.*

Manet Fidelia.

Fid Shou'd I discover to him now my Sex,
And lay before him his strange cruelty,
T'wou'd but incense it more... No, 'tis not time.
For his Love, must I then betray my own?
Were ever Love or Chance, till now, severe?
Or shifting Woman pos'd with such a task?
Forc'd to beg that which kills her, if obtain'd;
And give away her Lover, not to lose him. [*Ex.* Fid

Enter Widow Blackacre *in the middle of half a dozen Lawyers, whisper'd to by a Fellow in black*, Jerry Blackacre *following the Crowd.*

Wid. Offer me a Reference, you saucy Companion you!

you! D'ye know who you ſpeak to? Art thou a Solicitor in *Chancery*, and offer a Reference? A pretty Fellow! Mr. Serjeant *Pleadon*, here's a Fellow has the impudence to offer me a Reference.

Serj. Plod. Who's that has the impudence to offer a Reference within theſe Walls?

Wid. Nay, for a Splitter of Cauſes to do't!

Serj. Plod. No, Madam, to a Lady learned in the Law, as you are; the offer of a Reference were to impoſe upon you.

Wid. No, no, never fear me for a Reference, Mr. Serjeant. But come, have you not forgot your Brief? Are you ſure you ſhan't make the miſtake of.. Hark you.. (*Whiſpers*) Go then, go to your Court of *Common Pleas*, and ſay one thing over and over again: You do it ſo naturally, you'll never be ſuſpected for protracting time.

Serj. Plod. Come, I know the courſe of the Court, and your buſineſs. [*Ex* Serj Plod.

Wid. Let's ſee, *Jerry*, where are my Minutes? Come, Mr. *Quaint*, pray go talk a great deal for me in *Chancery*: let your words be eaſie, and your Senſe hard, my Cauſe requires it: Branch it bravely, and deck my Cauſe with Flowers, that the Snake may lie hidden, Go, go and be ſure you remember the Decree of my Lord Chancellor *Triceſimo quart'* of the Queen.

Quaint. I will, as I ſee cauſe, extenuate, or amplifie Matter of Fact; baffle Truth with Impudence; anſwer Exceptions with Queſtions, tho' never ſo impertinent; for reaſons give 'em words, for Law and Equity, Tropes, and Figures: And ſo relax and enervate the ſinews of their Argument, with the Oil of my Eloquence. But when my Lungs can reaſon no longer, and not being able to ſay any thing more for our Cauſe, ſay every thing of our Adverſary; whoſe Reputation, tho' never ſo clear and evident in the Eye of the World, with ſharp Invectives....

Wid. Alias *Billingſgate*.

Quaint. With poinant and ſower Invectives, I ſay, I will deface, wipe out, and obliterate his fair Reputation, even as a Record with the Juice of Lemons; and tell ſuch a Story, (for the truth on't is, all that we can do for our Client, in *Chancery*, is telling a Story) a fine Story, a long Story, ſuch a Story.

Wid. Go, ſave thy breath for the Cauſe; talk at the Bar, Mr. *Quaint*. You are ſo copiouſly fluent, you can weary any one's ears, ſooner than your own tongue. Go, weary our Adverſary's Counſel, and the Court: Go, thou art a fine ſpoken Perſon: Adad, I ſhall make thy Wife jealous of me: if you can but court the Court into a Decree for us. Go, get you gone, & remember... [*Whiſpers*] *Ex.* Quain. Come, Mr. *Blunder*, pray baul ſoundly for me, at the *Kings-Bench*, bluſter ſputter, queſtion, cavil; but be ſure your Argument be intricate enough to confound the Court: And then you do my buſineſs talk what you will, but be ſure your Tongue never ſtand ſtill; for your own Noiſe will ſecure your Senſe from Cenſure: 'tis like coughing or heming when one has got the Belly-ake, which ſtifles the unmannerly noiſe. Go, dear Rogue, and ſucceed; and I'll invite thee, e're it be long, to more ſouz'd Veniſon.

Blund. I'll warrant you, after your Verdict, your Judgment ſhall not be arreſted upon ifs and ands.

Wid. Come, Mr. *Petulant*, let me give you ſome new inſtructions, for our Cauſe in the *Exchequer*: Are the Barons ſate?

Pet. Yes, no; may be they are, may be they are not: what! now I? What care I?

Wid. Hey day! I wiſh you wou'd but ſnap up the Counſel on t'other ſide anon, at the Bar, as much; and have a little more patience with me, that I might inſtruct you a little better.

Pet. You inſtruct me! What is my Brief, for Miſtreſs?

Wid. Ay, but you ſeldom read your Brief, but at the Bar, if you do it then.

Pet. Perhaps I do, perhaps I don't, and perhaps 'tis time

time enough: pray hold your ſelf contented, Miſtreſs.

Wid. Nay, if you go there too, I will not be contented, Sir; tho' you, I ſee, will loſe my Cauſe for want of ſpeaking. I wo not: You ſhall hear me, and ſhall be inſtructed. Let's ſee your Brief.

Pet. Send your Solicitor to me; inſtructed by a Woman! I'd have you to know, I do not wear a Bar-gown...

Wid. By a Woman! And I'd have you to know, I am no common Woman; But a Woman converſant in the Laws of the Land, as well as your ſelf, tho' I have no Bar-gown.

Pet. Go to, go to, Miſtreſs, you are impertinent, and there's your Brief for you: inſtruct me!

[*Flings her Breviate at her.*

Wid. Impertinent to me, you ſaucy *Jack* you! You return my Breviate, but where's my Fee? You 'll be ſure to keep that, and ſcan that ſo well, that if there chance to be but a braſs Half-crown in't, one's ſure to hear on't again: wou'd you wou'd but look on your Breviate half ſo narrowly. But pray give me my Fee too, as well as my Brief.

Pet. Miſtreſs, that's without Precedent. When did a Counſel ever return his Fee, pray? And you are impertinent, and ignorant to demand it.

Wid. Impertinent again, and ignorant to me! Gads-bodikins, you puny Upſtart in the Law, to uſe me ſo; you Green-Bag Carrier, you Murderer of unfortunate Cauſes; the Clark's Ink is ſcarce off o your Fingers, you that newly come from lamblacking the Judges Shoes, and are not fit to wipe mine; you call me impertinent and ignorant! I wou'd give thee a Cuff on the Ear, ſitting the Courts, if I were ignorant Marry gep; if it had not been for me, thou had'ſt been yet but a hearing Counſel at the Bar. [*Ex* Petulant.

Enter Mr. Buttongown, *croſſing the Stage in haſte.*

Mr. *Buttongown*, Mr. *Buttongown*, whither ſo faſt? What

What, won't you ſtay till we are heard?

Butt. I cannot, Mrs. *Blackacre*, I muſt be at the Council, my Lord's Cauſe ſtays there for me.

Wid. And mine ſuffers here.

Butt. I cannot help it.

Wid. I'm undone.

Butt. What's that to me?

Wid. Conſider the five pound Fee, if not my Cauſe that was ſomething to you.

Butt. Away, away pray be not ſo troubleſome, Miſtreſs, I muſt be gone.

Wid. Nay, but conſider a little, I am your old Client, my Lord but a new one; or, let him be what he will, he will hardly be a better Client to you than my ſelf: I hope you believe I ſhall be in Law as long as I live: Therefore am no deſpicable Client. Well, but go to your Lord, I know you expect he ſhou'd make you a Judge one day; but I hope his promiſe to you will prove a true Lord's promiſe: But, that he might be ſure to fail you, I wiſh you had his Bond for't.

Butt. But what, will you be thus impertinent, Miſtreſs?

Wid. Nay, I beſeech you, Sir, ſtay; if it be but to tell me my Lord's Caſe; come, in ſhort...

Butt. Nay then... [*Ex.* Buttongown.

Wid. Well, *Jerry*, obſerve Child, and lay it up for hereafter: Theſe are thoſe Lawyers, who, by being in all Cauſes, are in none; therefore if you wou'd have 'em for you, let your Adverſary fee 'em; for he may chance to depend upon 'em: and ſo, in being againſt thee, they'll be for thee.

Jerr. Ay, Mother, they put me in mind of the unconſcionable Wooers of Widows, who undertake briskly their Matrimonial buſineſs for their Money; but when they have got it once, let who's will drudge for them; therefore have a care of 'em, forſooth: there's Advice for your Advice.

Wid

Wid. Well ſaid, Boy. Come, Mr. *Splitcauſe*, pray go ſee when my Cauſe in *Chancery* comes on; and go ſpeak with Mr. *Quillit* in the *Kings-Bench*, and Mr. *Quirk* in the *Common Pleas*, and ſee how matters go there.

Enter Major Oldfox.

Old. Lady, a good and propitious Morning to you; and may all your Cauſes go as well, as if I my ſelf were Judge of 'em.

Wid. Sir, excuſe me, I am buſie, and cannot anſwer Complements in *Weſtminſter-Hall*. Go, Mr. *Splitcauſe*, and come to me again to that Bookſeller's; there I'll ſtay for you, that you may be ſure to find me.

Old. No, Sir, come to the other Bookſeller's, I'll attend your Ladyſhip thither. [*Ex.* Splitcauſe.

Wid. Why to the other?

Old. Becauſe is my Bookſeller, Lady.

Wid. What, to ſell you lozenges for your catarrh? Or Medicines for your corns? What elſe can a Major deal with a Bookſeller for?

Old. Lady, he prints for me.

Wid. Why, are you an Author?

Old. Of ſome few Eſſays; deign you, Lady, to peruſe 'em. She is a Woman of parts, and I muſt win her by ſhewing mine. [*Aſide*

The Bookſeller's Boy.

Boy. Will you ſee *Culpepper*, Miſtreſs *Ariſtotle's Problems*? *The Compleat Midwife*!

Wid. No, let's ſee *Dalton*, *Hughs Shepherd*, *Wingate*.

Boy. We have no Law Books.

Wid. No! you are a pretty Bookſeller then.

Old. Come, have you e'er a one of my Eſſays left?

Boy. Yes, Sir, we have enough, and ſhall always have 'em.

Old. How ſo?

Boy.

Boy. Why, they are good, ſteady laſting ware.

Old. Nay, I hope they will live; let's ſee. Be pleas'd, Madam, to peruſe the poor endeavours of my pen; for I have a pen tho' I ſay it, that... [*Gives her a Book.*

Jerr. Pray let me ſee St. George *for Chriſtendom*, or *The Seven Champions of* England.

Wid. No, no, give him *The Young Clerk's Guide*. What, we ſhall have you read your ſelf into a humor of rambling, and fighting, and ſtudying Military Diſcipline, and wearing red breeches.

Old. Nay, if you talk of Military diſcipline, ſhew him my Treatiſe of *The Art Military*.

Wid. Hold, I wou'd as willingly he ſhould read a Play.

Jerr. O pray, forſooth Mother, let me have a Play.

Wid. No, Sirrah, there are young Students of the Law enough ſpoil'd already by Plays; they wou'd make you in love with your Landreſs; or what's worſe ſome Queen of the Stage, that was a Landreſs; and ſo turn Keeper before you are of Age.

[*Several croſſing the Stage.*

But ſtay, *Jerry*, is not that Mr. *what d'y call him*, that goes there: he that offer'd to ſell me a Suit in *Chancery* for five hundred pound, for a hundred down, and only paying the Clerks fees?

Jerr. Ay, forſooth, 'tis he.

Wid. Then ſtay here, and have a care of the bags, whilſt I follow him. Have a care, of the bags, I ſay.

Jerr. And do you have a care, forſooth, of the Statute againſt *Champertee*, I ſay. [*Ex.* Widow.

Enter Freeman *to them.*

Free. So, there's a Limb of my Widow, which was wont to be inſeparable from her: ſhe can't be far.

Aſide.

How now, my pretty Son-in-Law, that ſhall be, where's my Widow?

Jerr.

Jerr. My Mother, but not your Widow, will be forth-coming preſently.

Free. Your Servant, Major; what, are you buying furniture for a little ſleeping Cloſet, which you miſcal a Study? For you do only by your Books, as by your Wenches, bind 'em up neatly, and make 'em fine, for other People to uſe 'em: And your Bookſeller is properly your Upholſter, for he furniſhes your room, rather than your head.

Old. Well, well, good Sea-Lieutenant, ſtudy you your Compaſs, that's more than your head can deal with (*Aſide.* I will go find out the Widow, to keep her out of his ſight, or he'll board her, whilſt I am treating a peace. [*Ex.* Oldfox.

Manet Freeman, Jerry.

Jerr. Nay, prithee, Friend, now, let me have but the *Seven Champions*; you ſhall truſt me no longer than till my Mother's Mr. *Spliicauſe* comes; for I hope he'll lend me wherewithall to pay for't.

Free. Lend thee! Here, I'll pay him: Do you want Money, Squire? I'm ſorry a Man of your Eſtate ſhou'd want Money.

Jerr. Nay, my Mother will ne'et let me be at age: And till then, ſhe ſays---

Free. At age! Why, you are at age already to have ſpent an Eſtate, Man; there are younger than you have kept their Women this three years, have had half a dozen Claps, and loſt as many thouſand pounds at Play.

Jerr. Ay, they are happy Sparks! Nay I know ſome of my School-fellows, who when we were at School, were two years younger than me; but now I know not how, are grown Men before me, and go where they will, and look to themſelves: but my curmudgeonly Mother won't allow me wherewithal to be a Man of my ſelf with.

Free. Why, there 'tis; I knew your Mother was in fault: Ask but your School fellows what they did to be Men of themſelves.

Jerr. Why, I know they went to Law with their Mothers; for they ſay, there's no good to be done, upon a Widow Mother, till one goes to Law with her: but mine is as plaguy a Lawyer as any's of our Inn. Then wou'd ſhe marry too, and cut down my Trees: Now I ſhou'd hate, Man, to have my Father's Wife kiſs'd, and ſlapt, and t'other thing too, you know what I mean, by another Man; and our Trees are the pureſt, tall, even, ſhady twigs, by my fa---

Free. Come Squire, let your Mother and your Trees fall as ſhe pleaſes, rather than wear this Gown, and carry green bags all thy life, and be pointed at for a Tony: But you ſhall be able to deal with her yet the common way; thou ſhalt make falſe love to ſome Lawyer's Daughter, whoſe Father, upon the hopes of thy marrying her, ſhall lend thee money and Law, to preſerve thy Eſtate and Trees: and thy Mother is ſo ugly, no Body will have her, if ſhe cannot cut down thy Trees.

Jerr. Nay if I had but any body to ſtand by me, I am as ſtomachful as another.

Free. That will I; I'll not ſee any hopeful young Gentleman abus'd.

Boy. By any but your ſelf. [*Aſide.*

Jerr. The truth on't is, mine's as arrant a Widow Mother to her poor Child, as any's in *England*; ſhe won't ſo much as let one have ſix pence in one's pocket to ſee a Motion, or the dancing of the Ropes, or---

Free. Come, you ſhan't want Money, there's Gold for you.

Jerr. O Lord Sir two Guineys! D'ye lend me this? Is there no trick in't? well, Sir, I'll give you my Bond for ſecurity.

Free. No, no, thou haſt given me thy Face for ſecurity: And any Body wou'd ſwear thou doſt not look like a Cheat. You ſhall have what you will of me, and

if

if your Mother will not be kinder to you, come to me, who will.

Jerr. By my fa--- he's a curious fine Gentleman! [*Aside.*

But will you ſtand by one?

Free. If you can be reſolute.

Jerr. Can be reſolv'd! Gad, if ſhe gives me but a croſs word, I'll leave her to-night, and come to you. But, now I have got Money, I'll go to *Jack of all trades*, at t'other end of the *Hall*, and buy the neateſt, pureſt things---

Free. And I'll follow the great Boy, and my blow at his Mother: Steal away the Calf, and the Cow will follow you. *Ex.* Jerry *followed by* Freeman.

Enter, on the other ſide, Manly, *Widow* Blackacre, *and* Oldſon.

Man. Damn your Cauſe, can't you loſe it without me? which you are like enough to do, if it be as you ſay, an honeſt one: I will ſuffer no longer for't.

Wid. Nay, Captain, I tell you, you are my prime Witneſs, and the Cauſe is juſt now coming on, Mr. *Spliscauſe* tells me. Lord, methinks you ſhou'd take a pleaſure in walking here, as hall you ſee now do; for they have no buſineſs here, I aſſure you.

Man. Yes, but I'll aſſure you then, their buſineſs is to perſecute me; but d'ye think I'll ſtay any longer, to have a Rogue, becauſe he knows my name, pluck me aſide, and whiſper a news book ſecret to me, with a ſtinking breath? A ſecond come piping angry from the Court, and ſputter in my face his tedious complaints againſt it? A third Law Coxcomb, becauſe he ſaw me once at a Reader's Dinner, come and put me a long Law-caſe, to make a diſcovery of his indefatigable dulneſs and my weary'd patience: A fourth, a moſt barbarous civil Rogue, who will keep a Man half an hour in the Crowd, with a bow'd body and a hat off,

acting the reform'd Sign of the Salutation Tavern, to hear his bountiful profeſſions of Service and Friendſhip; whilſt he cares not if I were damn'd, and I am wiſhing him hang'd out of my way? I'd as ſoon run the Gantlet, as walk t'other turn.

Enter to them Jerry Blackacre, *without his Bags; but laden with Trinkets, which he endeavours to hide from his Mother; and follow'd at a diſtance by* Freeman.

Wid. O, are you come, Sir? But where have you been, you Aſs? And how came you thus laden?

Jerr. Look here, forſooth, Mother, now here's a Duck, here's a Boar cat, and there's an Owl. [*Making a noiſe with Cat calls, and other ſuch like inſtruments.*

Wid. Yes, there is an Owl, Sir.

Old. He's an ungracious Bird indeed.

Wid. But go, thou Trangame, and carry back theſe Trangames, which thou haſt ſtol'n or purloin'd; for no-body wou'd truſt a Minor in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, ſure.

Jerr. Hold your ſelf contented, forſooth, I have theſe commodities by a fair bargain and ſale; and there ſtands my Witneſs, and Creditor.

Wid. How's that! What, Sir, d'ye think to get the Mother, by giving the Child a rattle? But where are my Bags, my Writings, you Raſcal?

Jerr. O law! Where are they indeed? [*Aſide.*

Wid. How, Sirrah? Speak, come---

Man. You can tell her *Freeman*, I ſuppoſe. [*Apart to him.*

Free. 'Tis true, I made one of your Salt-water Sharks ſteal 'em, whilſt he was eagerly chuſing his commodities, as he calls 'em, in order to my deſign upon his Mother. [*Apart to him.*

Wid. Won't you ſpeak? Where were you, I ſay you Son of a--- an unfortunate Woman? O, Major, I'm

I'm undone; they are all that concern my Eſtate, my Jointure, my Husband's Deed of gift, my Evidence for all my Suits now depending; What will become of them?

Free. I'm glad to hear this. [*Aſide.*

They'll be all ſafe, I warrant you, Madam.

Wid. O where? Where? Come, you Villain, along with me, and ſhew me where.

[*Ex.* Widow, Jerry, Oldfox.

Manet Manly, Freeman.

Man. Thou haſt taken the right way to get a Widow, by making her great Boy rebel; for when nothing will make a Widow marry, ſhe'll do't to croſs her Children. But canſt thou in earneſt marry this Harpy, this volume of ſhrivel'd blurr'd Parchments and Law, this Attornies deſk?

Free. Ay, ay, I'll marry and live honeſtly: that is, give my Creditors, not her, due benevolence, pay my debts.

Man. Thy Creditors you ſee, are not not ſo barbarous, as to put thee in priſon; and wilt thou commit thy ſelf to a noiſom dungeon for thy life? which is the only ſatisfaction thou canſt give thy Creditors by this match?

Free. Why, is not ſhe rich?

Man. Ay, but he that marries a Widow for her Money, will find himſelf as much miſtaken, as the Widow that marries a young Fellow for due benevolence, as you call it.

Free. Why, d'y think I ſhan't deſerve wages? I'll drudge faithfully.

Man. I tell thee again, he that is the Slave in the Mine, has the leaſt propriety in the Ore: you may dig, and dig, but if thou wouldſt have her Money rather get to be her Truſtee, than her Husband; for a true Widow will make over her Eſtate to any body, and

cheat her self, rather than be cheated by her Children or a second Husband.

Enter to them Jerry *running in a fright.*

Jerr. O law! I'm undone, I'm undone, my Mother will kill me: you said you'd stand by one.

Free. So I will, my brave Squire, I warrant thee.

Jerr. Ay, but I dare not stay till she comes for she's as furious, now she has lost her Writings, as a Birch when she has lost her Puppies.

Man. The Comparison's handsom.

Jerr. O, she's here!

Enter Widow Blackacre *and* Oldfox.

Free. [*To the Sailer.*] Take him, *Jack*, and make haste with him to your Master's Lodging, and be sure you keep him up till I come. [*Ex.* Jerr. *Sail.*

Wid. O my dear Writings! where's this Heathen Rogue, my Minor?

Free. Gone to drown or hang himself.

Wid. No, I know him too well, he'll ne'er be *Felo de se* that way; but he may go and chuse a Guardian of his own head, and so be *Felo de ses biens*; for he has not yet chosen one.

Free. Say you so? And he shan't want one [*Aside.*

Wid. But, now I think on't, 'tis you, Sir, have put this cheat upon me; for there is a saying, *Take hold of a Maid by her Smock, and a Widow by her Writings, and they cannot get from you*: But I'll play fast and loose with you yet, if there be Law, and my Minor and Writings are not forth coming; I'll bring my Action of Detinue or Trover. But first I'll try to find out this Guardianless, graceless Villain. Will you jog, Major?

Man. If you have lost your evidence, I hope your Causes cannot go on, and I may be gone.

Wid. O no, stay but a making water while, as one ma

may ſay, and I'll be with you again.

[*Ex.* Widow *and* Oldfox

Manet Manly *and* Freman.

Free. Well, ſure I am the firſt Man that ever began a Love-Intrigue in *Weſtminſter-Hall*.

Man. No, ſure; for the Love to a Widow generally begins here: And as the Widow's Cauſe goes againſt the Heir or Executors, the Jointure Rivals commence their Suit to the Widow.

Free. Well, but how pray, have you paſt your time here, ſince I was forc'd to leave you alone? You have had a great deal of patience.

Man. Is this a place to be alone, or have patience in? But I have had patience indeed; for I have drawn upon me, ſince I came, but three Quarrels, and two Law Suits.

Free. Nay, faith, you are too curſt to be let looſe in the world; you ſhou'd be tied up again in your Sea kennel, call'd a Ship. But how cou'd you quarrel here?

Man. How cou'd I refrain? A Lawyer talk'd peremptorily and ſaucily to me, and as good as gave me the lye.

Free. They do it ſo often to one another at the Bar, that they make no bones on't elſewhere.

Man. However, I gave him, a cuff on the ear; where upon he jogs two Men, whoſe backs were turn'd to us, for they were reading at a Bookſeller's. to witneſs I ſtruck him ſitting the Courts; which office they ſo readily promis'd, that I call'd 'em Raſcals, and Knigts of the Poſt: one of 'em preſently calls two other abſent Witneſſes, who were coming nowards us at a diſtance: whilſt the other, with a whiſper, deſires to know my name, that he might have ſatisfaction by way of Challenge, as t'other by way of Writ; but I queſtion if it was not rather to direct his Brother's Writ, than his own Challenge: there you ſee one of my Quarrels, and two of my Law-Suits.

Free. So---- and the other two!

Man. For adviſing a Poet to leave off writing and turn Lawyer; becauſe he is dull, and impudent, and ſays or writes nothing now but by precedent.

Free. And the third quarrel?

Man. For giving more ſincere advice to a handſom, well dreſt young Fellow, who ask'd it too, not to marry a Wench, that he lov'd, and I had lain with.

Free. Nay, if you will be giving your ſincere advice to Lovers and Poets, you will not fail of quarrels.

Man. Or if I ſtay in this place; for I ſee more quarrels crowding upon me; let's be gone and avoid 'em.

Enter Novel, *at a diſtance coming toward them.*

A Plague on him, that ſneer is ominous to us; he is coming upon us, and we ſhall not be rid of him.

Nov. Dear Bully, don't look ſo grum upon me: you told me juſt now, you had forgiven me a little harmleſs raillery upon wooden legs laſt night.

Man. Yes, yes, pray be gone, I am talking of buſineſs.

Nov. Can't I hear it? I love thee, and will be faithful, and always---

Man. Impertinent! 'Tis buſineſs that concerns *Freeman* only.

Nov. Well, I love *Freeman* too, and wou'd not divulge his ſecret: prithee ſpeak, prithee I muſt --

Man. Prithee let me be rid of thee, I muſt be rid of thee.

Nov. Faith, thou canſt hardly, I love thee ſo. Come, I muſt know the buſineſs.

Man. So, I have it now. [*Aſide.*
Why, if you needs will know it, he has a quarrel, and his Adverſary bids him bring two Friends with him: now I am one, and we are thinking who we ſhall have for a third.

Several

Several croſſing the Stage

Nov. A pox, there goes a Fellow owes me an hundred pound, and goes out of Town to-morrow; I'll ſpeak with him, and come to you preſently. [*Ex.* Novel.

Man. No but you won't.

Free. You are dextrouſly rid of him.

Enter Oldfox.

Man. To what purpoſe, ſince here comes another, as impertinent: I know, by his grin, he is bound hither.

Old. Your Servant, worthy, noble Captain: Well, I have left the Widow, becauſe ſhe carry'd me from your company, for faith, Captain, I muſt needs tell thee, thou art the only Officer in *England*, who was not an *Edghil* Officer, that I care for.

Man. I'm ſorry for't.

Old. Why, wou'dſt thou have me love them!

Man. Any body, rather than me.

Old. What, you are modeſt I ſee, therefore too I love thee.

Man. No, I am not modeſt, but love to brag my ſelf, and can't patiently hear you fight over the laſt Civil war; therefore go look out the Fellow I ſaw juſt now here, that walks with his ſword & ſtockings out at heels, and let him tell you the Hiſtory of that ſcar on his cheek, to give you occaſion to ſhew yours, got in the Field at *Bloomsbury*, not that of *Edghil*: go to him, poor Fellow, he is faſting, and has not yet the happineſs this morning to ſtink of Brandy and Tobacco; go, give him ſome to hear you, I am buſie.

Old. Well, i'gad, I love thee now, Boy, for thy ſurlineſs; thou art no tame Captain, I ſee, that will ſuffer---

Man. An old Fox.

Old. All that shan't make me angry: I consider that thou art peevish, and fretting at some ill success at Law. Prithee tell me what ill luck you have met with here.

Man. You.

Old Do I look like the picture of ill Luck? Gadsbouns I love thee more and more; and shall I tell thee what made me love thee first.

Man. Do: that I may be rid of that damn'd quality, and thee.

Old. 'Twas thy wearing that broad Sword there.

Man. Here, *Freeman*, let's change: I'll never wear it more.

Old. How! You won't sure. Prithee don't look like one of our Holy-day Captains nowadays, with a Bodkin by your side, your Martinet Rogues.

Man. O then there's hopes. [*Aside.*

What, d'ye find fault with Martinet? Let me tell you, Sir, 'tis the best exercise in the world; the most ready, most easie, most graceful exercise that ever was us'd, and the most...

Old. Nay, nay, Sir, no more. Sir, your Servant; if you praise Martinet once, I have done with you, Sir, Martinet! Martinet!... [*Ex.* Oldfox.

Free Nay, you have made him leave you as willingly, as ever he did an Enemy; for he was truly for the King and Parliament: for the Parliament, in their List; and for the King, in cheating 'em of their pay, and never hurting the King's party in the field.

Enter a Lawyer towards them.

Man. A Pox! this way; here's a Lawyer I know, threatning us with another greeting.

Law. Sir, Sir your very Servant, I was afraid you had forgotten me.

Man. I was not afraid you had forgotten me.

Law. No, Sir, we Lawyers have pretty good memories.

Man.

Man. You ought to have by your wits.

Law. O, you are a merry Gentleman, Sir; I remember you were merry, when I was laſt in your company.

Man. I was never merry in thy company, M. Lawyer, ſure.

Law. Why, I'm ſure you jok'd upon me, and ſhamm'd me all night long.

Man. Shamm'd! prithee what barbarous Law term is that?

Law. Shamming! Why, don't you know that 'tis all our way of wit, Sir.

Man. I am glad I do not know it then: Shamming! what does he mean by't, *Freeman*?

Free. Shamming, is telling you an inſipid, dull Lye, with a dull face, which the ſly Wag the Author only laughs at himſelf; and making himſelf believe 'tis a good jeſt, puts the Sham only upon himſelf.

Man. So, your Lawyer's jeſt, I find, like his Practice, has more knavery than wit in't. I ſhou'd make the worſt Shammer in *England*; I muſt always deal ingeniouſly, as I will with you, Mr. Lawyer, and adviſe you to be ſeen rather with Attornies and Solicitors, than ſuch Fellows as I am; they will credit your practice more.

Law. No, Sir, your company's an honour to me.

Man. No faith, go thy ways, there goes an Attorney, leave me for him; let it never be ſaid, a Lawyer's civility did him hurt.

Law. No, worthy honour'd Sir, I'll not leave you for any Attorney, ſure.

Man. Unleſs he had a Fee in his hand.

Law. Have you any buſineſs here, Sir? try me: I'll ſerve you ſooner than any Attorney breathing.

Man. Buſineſs!... So, I have thought of a ſure way. [*Aſide*

Yes, faith, I have a little buſineſs.

Law. Have you ſo, Sir? in what Court, Sir? what is't, Sir? tell me but how I may ſerve you, and I'll

do't, Sir, and take it for as great an honour....

Man. Faith, 'tis for a poor Orphan of a Sea-Officer of mine, that has no money; but if it cou'd be follow'd in *Forma Pauperis*; and when the Legacy's recovered....

Law. *Forma Pauperis*, Sir?

Man. Ay, Sir.

Several croſſing the Stage.

Law. Mr. *Bumblecaſe* Mr. *Bumblecaſe*, a word with you; Sir, I beg your pardon at preſent, I have a little buſineſs...

Man. Which is not in *Forma Pauperis*.

[*Exit* Lawyer.

Freg. So, you have now found a way to be rid of people without quarrelling.

Enter Alderman.

Man. But here's a City-Rogue will ſtick as hard upon us, as if I owd him money.

Ald. Captain, noble Sir, I am yours heartily, d'ye ſee: Why ſhou'd you avoid your old Friends?

Man. And why ſhou'd you follow me? I owe you nothing.

Ald. Out of my hearty repects to you; for there is not a Man in *England*....

Man. Thou wou'dſt ſave from hanging, with the expence of a Shilling only.

Ald. Nay, nay, but Captain, you are like enough to tell me....

Man. Truth, which you won't care to hear; therefore you had better go talk with ſome body elſe.

Ald. No, I know no body can inform me better, of ſome young Wit, or Spendthrift, that has a good dirt Seat and Eſtate in *Middleſex*, *Hertfordſhire*, *Eſſex* or *Kent*, any of theſe wou'd ſerve my turn now, if you knew of ſuch an one, and wou'd but help...

Man.

Man. You to finiſh his ruin.

Ald. I faith, you ſhou'd have a ſnip...

Man. Of your noſe, you thirty in the hundred, Raſcal; wou'd you make me your Squire Setter, your Bawd for Mannors? [*Takes him by the Noſe.*

Ald. Oh!

Free. Hold, or here will be your third Law-ſuit.

Ald. Gads precious, you hectoring Perſon you, are you wild? I meant you no hurt, Sir; I begin to think as things go, Land-ſecurity beſt, and have, for a convenient Mortgage, ſome ten, fifteen, or twenty thouſand pound by me

Man. Then go lay it out upon an Hoſpital, and take a Mortgage of Heaven, according to your City cuſtom; for you think by laying out a little Money, to hook in that too hereafter; do I ſay, and keep the Poor you've made by taking forfeitures, that Heaven may not take yours.

Ald No, to keep the Cripples you make this war: this War ſpoils our Trade.

Man Damn your Trade, 'tis the better for't.

Ald. What, will you ſpeak againſt our Trade?

Man. And dare you ſpeak againſt the War, our Trade?

Ald. Well, he may be a Convoy of Ships I am concern'd in [*Aſide.*
Come, Captain, I will have a fair correſpondence with you, ſay what you will

Man. Then prithee be gone.

Ald. No, faith; prithee, Captain, let's go drink a diſh of Lac'd Coffee, and talk of the Times. Come, I'll treat you; nay, you ſhall go, for I have no buſineſs here.

Man. But I have.

Ald. To pick up a Man to give thee a Dinner: Come, I'll do thy buſineſs for thee.

Man. Faith, now I think on't, ſo you may, as well as any Man; for 't is to pick up a man, to be bound with

with me, to one who expects City-security, for---

Ald. Nay, then your Servant, Captain, buſineſs muſt be done.

Man. Ay, if it can; but hark you, Alderman, without you---

Ald. Buſineſs, Sir, I ſay, muſt be done; and there's an Officer of the Treaſury I have an affair with---

[*Several croſſing the Stage.*

[*Exit* Alderman.

Man. You ſee now what the mighty friendſhip of the world is; what all ceremony, embraces, and plentiful profeſſions come to: you are no more to believe a profeſſing Friend, than a threatning Enemy; and as no Man hurts you, that tells you he'll do you a miſchief, no Man, you ſee, is your Servant who ſays he is ſo. Why, the Devil, then ſhou'd a Man be troubled with the flattery of Knaves, if he be not a Fool or Cully? Or with the fondneſs of Fools, if he be not a Knave or Cheat?

Free. Only for his pleaſure; for there is ſome in laughing at Fools, and diſappointing Knaves.

Man. That's a pleaſure, I think, wou'd coſt you too dear; as well as marrying your Widow to diſappoint her: but, for my part, I have no pleaſure by 'em, but in deſpiſing 'em, whereſoe'er I meet 'em; and then the pleaſure of hoping ſo to be rid of 'em. But now my comfort is, I am not worth a ſhilling in the world, which all the world ſhall know, and then I'm ſure I ſhall have none of 'em come near me.

Free. A very pretty comfort, which I think you pay too dear for. But where is the twenty pound gone ſince the morning?

Man. To my Boats-crew: wou'd you have the poor, honeſt, brave Fellows want?

Free. Rather than you or I.

Man. Why, art thou without money? Thou who art Friend to every body?

Free. I ventur'd my laſt ſtake upon the Squire, to nick

nick him of his Mother, and cannot help you to a dinner, unleſs you will go dine with my Lord---

Man. No, no, the Ordinary is too dear for me where flattery muſt pay for my dinner; I am no Herald, or Poet.

Free. We'll go then to the Biſhop's---

Man. There you muſt flatter the old Philoſophy: cannot renounce my Reaſon for a dinner.

Free. Why then let's go to your Alderman's---

Man. Hang him, Rogue! That were not to dine, for he makes you drunk with lees of Sack before dinner, to take away your Stomach: and there you muſt call uſury and extortion, God's bleſſing, or the honeſt turning of the penny; hear him brag of the leather-breeches in which he trotted firſt to Town; and make a greater noiſe with his money in his Parlour, than his Caſheers do in his Counting-Houſe; without hopes of borrowing a Shilling.

Free. Ay, a Pox on't; 'tis like dining with the great Gameſters; and when they fall to their common deſſert, ſee the heaps of Gold drawn on all hands, without going to twelve. Let us go to my Lady *Goodly's.*

Man. There to flatter her looks; you muſt miſtake her Grand-Children for her own; praiſe her Cook that ſhe may rail at him; and feed her dogs, not your ſelf.

Free. What d'ye think of eating with your Lawyer then?

Man. Eat with him! Damn him; to hear him employ his barbarous eloquence in a reading upon the two and thirty good bits in a ſhoulder of veal; and be forc'd your ſelf to praiſe the cold bribe Pye, that ſtinks; and drink Law *French* Wine, as rough and harſh as his Law *French.* A Pox on him, I'd rather dine in the Temple rounds, or walks, with the Knights without noſes, or the Knights of the Poſt; who are honeſter Fellows, and better company. But let us home, and try our fortune; for I'll ſtay no longer here for your damn'd Widow.

Free. Well, let us go home then; for I must go for my damn'd Widow, and look after my new damn'd charge. Three or four hundred years ago, a Man might have din'd in this Hall.

Man. *But now, the Lawyer only here is fed.*
And, Bully-like, by quarrels gets his bread.

ACT IV

SCENE Manly's *Lodging.*

Enter Manly *and* Fidelia.

MANLY.

WEll, ther's ſucceſs in thy face; haſt thou prevail'd? Say.

Fid. As I cou'd wiſh, Sir.

Man. So, I told thee what thou wert fit for, and thou wou'dſt not believe me. Come, thank me for bringing thee acquainted with thy genius. Well, thou haſt mollified her heart for me?

Fid. No, Sir, not ſo, but what's better.

Man. How! What's better!

Fid. I ſhall harden your heart againſt her.

Man. Have a care, Sir, my heart is too much in earneſt to be fooled with, and my deſire at height, and needs no delays to incite it. What, you are too good a Pimp already, and know how to endear pleaſure, by withholding it: But leave off your Page's Bawdy houſe tricks, Sir, and tell me, will ſhe be kind?

Fid. Kinder than you cou'd wiſh, Sir.

Man. So then: well, prithee, what ſaid ſhe?

Fid.

Fid. She ſaid---

Man. What? Thou'rt ſo tedious, ſpeak comfort to me: what?

Fid. That of all things you are her averſion.

Man. How!

Fid. That ſhe wou'd ſooner take a bedfellow out of an Hoſpital, and Diſeaſes into her arms, than you.

Man. What?

Fid. That ſhe wou'd rather truſt her Honour with a diſſolute, debauch'd Hector, nay worſe, with a finical baffled Coward, all over loathſom with affectation of the fine Gentleman.

Man. What's all this you ſay?

Fid. Nay, that my offers of your Love to her, were more offenſive, than when Parents wooe their Virgin Daughters, to the enjoyment of riches only; and that you were, in all circumſtances, as nauſeous to her as a Husband on compulſion.

Man. Hold, I underſtand you not.

Fid. So, 'twill work I ſee. [*Aſide.*

Man. Did you not tell me---

Fid. She call'd you ten thouſand Ruffians.

Man Hold, I ſay.

Fid Brutes---

Man Hold

Fid. Sea Monſters---

Man. Damn your intelligence: hear me a little now.

Fid. Nay, ſurly Coward, ſhe call'd you too.

Man Won't you hold yet? Hold, or---

Fid. Nay, Sir, pardon me; I cou'd not but tell you ſhe had the baſeneſs, the injuſtice, to call you Coward, Sir, Coward, Coward, Sir.

Man. Not yet---

Fid I've done, Coward, Sir.

Man. Did not you ſay ſhe was kinder than I cou'd wiſh her?

Fid. Yes, Sir.

Man. How then?...O... I underſtand you now.

At

At firſt ſhe appear'd in rage, and diſdain, the trueſt ſign of a coming Woman; but at laſt, you prevail'd it ſeems, did you not?

Fid. Yes, Sir.

Man. So then, let's know that only; come prithee, without delays; I'll kiſs thee for that news beforehand.

Fid. So; the kiſs I'm ſure is welcome to me, whatſoe're the news will be to you. [*Aſide.*

Man. Come, ſpeak, my dear Volunteer.

Fid. How welcome were that kind word too, if it were not for another Woman's ſake! [*Aſide.*

Man. What, won't you ſpeak! You prevail'd for me, at laſt, you ſay?

Fid. No, Sir.

Man. No more of your fooling, Sir; it will not agree with my impatience or temper.

Fid. Then not to fool you, Sir, I ſpoke to her for you, but prevail'd for my ſelf. She wou'd not hear me when I ſpoke in your behalf, but bid me ſay what I wou'd in my own: Tho'ſhe gave me no occaſion, ſhe was ſo coming; and ſo was kinder, Sir, than you cou'd wiſh; which I was only afraid to let you know, without ſome warning.

Man. How's this? Young Man, you are of a lying Age; but I muſt hear you out, and if---

Fid. I wou'd not abuſe you, and cannot wrong her by any report of her, ſhe is ſo wicked.

Man. How wicked! Had ſhe the impudence, at the ſecond ſight of you only---

Fid. Impudence, Sir! Oh, ſhe has impudence enough to put a Court out of countenance, and debauch a Stews.

Man. Why, what ſaid ſhe?

Fid. Her tongue, I confeſs was ſilent; but her ſpeaking eyes gloted ſuch things, more immodeſt and laſcivious, than Raviſhers can act, or Women under a confinement think.

Man. I know there are whoſe eyes reflect more obſcenity

obſcenity than the glaſſes in Alcoves; but there are others too who uſe a little art with their looks, to make 'em ſeem more beautiful, not more loving: which vain young Fellows like you, are apt to interpret in their own favour, and to the Lady's wrong.

Fid. Seldom, Sir. Pray have you a care of gloting eyes; for he that loves to gaze upon 'em, will find at laſt a thouſand Fools and Cuckolds in 'em inſtead of *Cupids*.

Man. Very well, Sir. But what, you had only eye-kindneſs from *Olivia*?

Fid. I tell you again, Sir, no Woman ſticks there. Eye promiſes of Love they only keep; nay, they are Contracts which make you ſure of 'em. In ſhort, Sir, ſhe ſeeing me, with ſhame and amazement dumb, unactive, and reſiſtleſs, threw her twiſting arms about my neck, and ſmother'd me with a thouſand taſteleſs kiſſes; believe, me, Sir, they were ſo to me.

Man. Why did you not avoid 'em then?

Fid. I fenced with her eager arms, as you did with the grapples of the Enemy's Fire-ſhip; and nothing but cutting 'em off cou'd have freed me.

Man. Damn'd, damn'd Woman, that cou'd be ſo falſe and infamous! And damn'd, damn'd Heart of mine, that cannot yet be falſe, tho' ſo infamous! What eaſie, tame, ſuffering, trampled things does that little God of talking Cowards make of us! But...

Fid. So! it works, I find, as I expected. [*Aſide.*

Man. But ſhe was falſe to me before, ſhe told me ſo her ſelf, and yet I cou'd not quite believe it; but ſhe was: ſo that her ſecond falſeneſs is a favour to me not an injury, in revenging me upon the Man that wrong'd me firſt of her love. Her love!... a Whore's, a Witche's love!... But what, did ſhe not kiſs well, Sir? I'm ſure I thought her lips... but I muſt not think of 'em more... but yet they are ſuch I cou'd ſtill kiſs... grow to... then tear off with my teeth, grind 'em into mammocks, and ſpit 'em into her Cuckold's face.

Fid. Poor Man, how uneaſie he is! I have hardly the

heart to give him ſo much pain, tho' withal I give him a cure, and to my ſelf new life. [*Aſide.*

Man. But what, her kiſſes ſure cou'd not but warm you into deſire at laſt, or a compliance with her's at leaſt?

Fid. Nay more, I confeſs...

Man. What more? Speak.

Fid. All you cou'd fear had paſs'd between us, if I cou'd have been made to wrong you, Sir, in that nature.

Man. Cou'd have been made! You lye, you did.

Fid. Indeed, Sir, 'twas impoſſible for me; beſides, we were interrupted by a viſit. But, I confeſs, ſhe wou'd not let me ſtir, till I promis'd to return to her again within this hour, as ſoon as it ſhou'd be dark; by which time ſhe wou'd diſpoſe of her viſit, and her Servants, and her ſelf, for my reception: which I was fain to promiſe to get from her.

Man. Ha!

Fid. But if ever I go near her again, may you, Sir, think me as falſe to you, as ſhe is, hate and renounce me, as you ought to do her, and I hope will do now.

Man. Well, but now I think on't, you ſhall keep your word with your Lady. What, a young Fellow, and fail the firſt, nay, ſo tempting an Aſſignation!

Fid. How, Sir?

Man. I ſay you ſhall go to her when 'tis dark; and ſhall not diſappoint her.

Fid. I, Sir! I ſhou'd diſappoint her more by going; for...

Man. How ſo?

Fid. Her impudence, and injuſtice to you, will make me diſappoint her love; loath her.

Man. Come you have my leave; and if you diſguſt her, I'll go with you, and act love, whilſt you ſhall talk it only.

Fid. You, Sir! Nay, then I'll never go near her. You act love, Sir! You muſt but act it indeed, after all I have ſaid to you. Think of your Honour, Sir, Love...

Man.

Man. Well, call it Revenge, and that is honourable: I'll be reveng'd on her, and thou ſhalt be my ſecond.

Fid. Not in a baſe action, Sir, when you are your own Enemy. O, go not near her, Sir, for Heaven's ſake, for your own, think not of it.

Man. How concern'd you are! I thought I ſhou'd catch you. What; you are my Rival at laſt; and are in love with her your ſelf; and have ſpoken ill of her out of your love to her, not me; and therefore wou'd not have me go to her.

Fid. Heaven witneſs for me, 'tis becauſe I love you only, I wou'd not have you go to her.

Man. Come, come, the more I think on't, the more I'm ſatisfied you do love her: thoſe kiſſes, young Man, I knew were irreſiſtable; 'tis certain.

Fid. There is nothing certain in the World, Sir, but my Truth, and your Courage.

Man. Your Servant, Sir. Beſides falſe, and ungrateful, as ſhe has been to me; and tho' I may believe her hatred to me, great as you report it; yet I cannot think you are ſo ſoon, and at that rate, belov'd by her, tho' you may endeavour it.

Fid. Nay, if that be all, and you doubt it ſtill, Sir, I will conduct you to her; & unſeen, your ears ſhall judge of her falſeneſs, and my truth to you, if that will ſatisfie you.

Man. Yes, there is ſome ſatisfaction in being quite out of doubt: becauſe 'tis that alone withholds us from the pleaſure of revenge.

Fid. Revenge! What Revenge can you have, Sir? Diſdain is beſt reveng'd by ſcorn; and faithleſs Love, by loving another, and making her happy with the other's loſeings; which, if I might adviſe...

Enter Freeman.

Man. Not a word more.

Free. What, are you talking of love yet, Captain? I thought you had done with't.

Man. Why, what did you hear me ſay?

Free. Something imperfectly of love, I think.

Man. I was only wondring why Fools, Raſcals, and deſertleſs Wretches, ſhou'd ſtill have the better of Men of merit with all Women, as much as with their own common Miſtreſs, Fortune!

Free. Becauſe moſt Women, like Fortune, are blind, ſeem to do all things in jeſt, and take pleaſure in extravagant actions; their love deſerves neither thanks, nor blame, for they cannot help it; 'tis all ſimpathy; therefore the noiſie, the finical, the talkative, the cowardly, and effeminate, have the better of the brave, the reaſonnable, and Man of Honour; for they have no more reaſon in their love, or kindneſs, than Fortune it ſelf.

Man. Yes, they have their reaſon. Firſt, Honour in a Man they fear too much to love; and ſenſe in a Lover, upbraids their want of it: and they hate any thing that diſturbs their admiration of themſelves. But they are of that vain number, who had rather ſhew their falſe generoſity, in giving away profuſely to worthles Flatterers, than in paying juſt debts. And in ſhort, all Women, like Fortune, as you ſay, and rewards, are loſt by too much meriting.

Fid. All Women, Sir! Sure there are ſome, who have no other quarrel to a Lover's merit, but that it begets their deſpair of him.

Man. Thou art young enough to be credulous; but we.

Enter Sailer.

Sail. Here are now below, the ſcolding, daggled Gentlewoman, and that Major Old... old... Fop, I think you call him.

Free. *Oldfox*, prithee bid 'em come up; with your leave, Captain, for now I can talk with her upon the ſquare, if I ſhall not diſturb you.

Man. No; for I'll be gone. Come, Volunteer.

Free.

Free. Nay pray ſtay; the Scene betwixt us will not be ſo tedious to you as you think: beſides, you ſhall ſee how I have rigg'd my Squire out, with the remains of my ſhipwrack'd Wardrobe. He is under your *Sea valet de Chambre*'s hands, and by this time dreſt, and will be worth your ſeeing. Stay, and I'll fetch my Fool.

Man. No; you know I cannot eaſily laugh: beſides my Volunteer and I have buſineſs abroad.

Ex. Manly, Fidelia *on one ſide*, Freeman *on t'other*.

Enter Major Oldfox *and Widow* Blackacre.

Wid. What, no body here! Did not the Fellow ſay he was within?

Old. Yes, Lady; and he may be perhaps a little buſie at preſent; but if you think the time long till he comes (*Unfolding Papers*) I'll read you here ſome of the fruits of my leiſure, the overflowings of my fancy & pen. To value me right, ſhe muſt know my parts. [*Aſi.* Come...

Wid. No, no, I have reading work enough of my own, in my own bag, I thank you.

Old. Ay, Law, Madam; but here's a Poem in blank verſe, which I think a handſom declaration of one's Paſſion.

Wid. O! If you talk of declarations, I'll ſhew you one of the pretticſt pen'd things, which I mended too my ſelf, you muſt know.

Old. Nay, Lady, if you have uſed your ſelf ſo much to the reading of harſh Law that you hate ſmooth Poetry; here is a Character for you, of...

Wid. A Character! Nay, then I'll ſhew you my Bill in *Chancery* here, that gives you ſuch a character of my Adverſary, makes him as black...

Old. Pſhaw: away, away, Lady. But if you think the Character too long, here is an Epigram, not above twenty lines, upon a cruel Lady; who decreed her

Servant ſhou'd hang himſelf, to demonſtrate his Paſſion.

Wid. Decreed! If you talk of decreeing, I have ſuch a Decree here, drawn by the fineſt Clerk...

Old O Lady, Lady all interruption, and no ſenſe between us, as if we were Lawyers at the Bar! But I had forgot, *Appollo* and *Littleton* never lodge in a head together. If you hate Verſes, I'll give you a caſt of my politicks in proſe: 'tis a Letter to a Friend in the Country; which is now the way of all ſuch ſober, ſolid Perſons as my ſelf, when they have a mind to publiſh their diſguſt to the Times; tho perhaps, between you and I, they have no Friend in the Country. And ſure a politick ſerious perſon may as well have a feign'd Friend in the Country to write to, as an idle Poet a feign'd Miſtreſs to write to. And ſo here's my Letter to a Friend, or no Friend, in the Country, concerning the late conjuncture of affairs, in relation to *Coffee Houſes*: or *The Coffee-mans Caſe.*

Wid. Nay, if your Letter have a Caſe in't, 'tis ſomething; but firſt I'll read you a Letter of mine, to a Friend in the Country, call'd a Letter of *Attorney.*

Enter to them Freeman *and* Jerry Blackacre, *in an old gaudy Suit, and red Breeches of* Freeman's.

Old. What interruption ſtill! O the plague of interruption! worſe to an Author, than the plague of Criticks [*Aſide.*

Wid. What's this I ſee, *Jerry Blackacre*, my Minor, in red breeches! what, haſt thou left the modeſt ſeemly garb of Gown and Cap, for this? And have I loſt all my good *Inns of Chancery* breeding upon thee then? And thou wilt go a breeding thy ſelf, from our Inn of *Chancery* and *Weſtminſter Hall*, at Coffee-houſes, and Ordinaries, Play-houſes, Tennis-Courts, and Bawdy-houſes?

Jerr. Ay, ay, what then? Perhaps I will; what's that

that to you? Here's my Guardian and Tutor now, forſooth, that I am out of your Huckſter's hands.

Wid. How? Thou haſt not choſen him for thy Guardian yet?

Jerr No, but he has choſen me for his Charge, and that's all one; and I'll do any thing he'll have me, and go all the World over with him; to Ordinaries, and Bawdy-houſes! Or any where elſe.

Wid. To Ordinaries and Bawdy-houſes! Have a care: Minor; thou wilt infeeble there thy Eſtate and Body: do not go to Ordinaries and Bawdy-houſes, good *Jerry*.

Jerr. Why, how come you to know any ill by Bawdy-houſes? You never had any hurt by 'em, had you, forſooth? Pray hold your ſelf contented; if I do go where Money and Wenches are to be had, you may thank your ſelf; for you us'd me ſo unnaturally, you wou'd never let me have a penny to go abroad with, nor ſo much as come near the Garret were your Maidens lay: nay, you wou'd not ſo much as let me play at Hotcockles with 'em, nor have any Recreation with 'em, tho' one ſhould have kiſs'd you behind, you were ſo unnatural a Mother, ſo you were.

Free. Ay, a very unnatural Mother, faith, Squire.

Wid But, *Jerry*, conſider thou art yet but a Minor however, if thou wilt go home with me again, and be a good child, thou ſhalt ſee.....

Free. Madam, I muſt have a better care of my Heir under age, than ſo; I wou'd ſooner truſt him alone with a ſtale Waiting-Woman and a Parſon, than with his Widow-Mother and her Lover or Lawyer.

Wid. Why thou Villain, part Mother and Minor! Rob me of my Child and my Writings! But thou ſhalt find there's Law, and as in the Caſe of Raviſhment of Guard..... *Weſtminſter* the ſecond.

Old. Young Gentleman Squire, pray be rul'd by your Mother, and your Friends.

Jerr. Yes, I'll be rul'd by my Friends, therefore not

by my Mother, ſo I won't: I'll, chuſe him for my Guardian till I am of Age, nay, may be for as long as I live.

Wid. Wilt thou ſo, thou Wretch? And when thou'rt of Age, thou wilt ſign, ſeal and deliver too; wilt thou?

Jerr. Yes marry will I, if you go there too.

Wid. O do not ſqueeze wax, Son: rather go to Ordinaries, and Bawdy-houſes than ſqueeze wax: if thou doſt that, farewell the goodly Mannor of *Blackacre* with all its Woods, Underwoods and appurtenances whatever, Oh oh! [*Weeps.*

Free. Come, Madam, in ſhort, you ſee I am reſolv'd to have a ſhare in the Eſtate, your's or your Son's; if I cannot get you, I'll keep him who is leſs coy you find; but if you wou'd have your Son again, you muſt take me too. Peace, or War? Love, or Law? You ſee my Hoſtage is in my hand; I'm in poſſeſſion.

Wid. Nay, if one of us muſt be ruin'd, e'ne let it be him. By my body, a good one! Did you ever know yet a Widow marry or not marry for the ſake of her Child? I'd have you to know, Sir, I ſhall be hard enough for you both yet, without marrying you; if *Jerry* won't be rul'd by me. What ſay you, Booby will you be rul'd? Speak.

Jerr. Let one alone, can 't you?

Wid. Wilt thou chuſe him for Guardain, whom I refuſe for Husband?

Jerr. Ay, to chuſe, I thank you.

Wid. And are all my hopes fruſtrated? ſhall I never hear thee put Caſes again to *John* the Butler, or our Vicar? Never ſee thee amble the Circuit with the Judges; and hear thee, in our Town-Hall, louder than the Cryer?

Jerr. No; for I have taken my leave of Lawyering and Pettifogging.

Wid. Pettifogging; Thou prophane Villain haſt thou ſo; Pettifogging!... Then you ſhall take your leave of me, and your Eſtate too; thou ſhalt be an Alien to me and it for ever. Pettifogging!

Jerr. O, but if you go there too, Mother, we have the Deeds and Settlements, I thank you: wou'd you cheat me of my Eſtate, i'fac?

Wid. No, no, I will not cheat your little Brother *Bob*; for thou wert not born in Wedlock.

Free. How's that!

Jerr. How? What querk has ſhe got in her head now!

Wid. I ſay, thou canſt not, ſhalt not inherit the *Blackacre*'s Eſtate.

Jerr. Why? Why, forſooth? What d'ye mean, if you go there too?

Wid. Thou art but my baſe Child; and according to the Law, canſt not inherit it: nay, thou art not ſo much as Baſtardeigne.

Jerr. what, what? Am I then the Son of a Whore, Mother?

Wid. The Law ſays...

Free. Madam, we know what the Law ſays; but have a care what you ſay: do not let your paſſion to ruin your Son, ruin your Reputation.

Wid. Hang Reputation, Sir, am not I a Widow? Have no Husband, nor intend to have any? Nor wou'd you, I ſuppoſe, now have me for a Wife. So I think now I'm reveng'd on my Son and you, without marrying as I told you.

Free. But conſider, Madam.

Jerr. What, have you no ſhame left in you Mother?

Wid. Wonder not at it, Major, 'tis often the poor preſt widows caſe, to give up her Honour to ſave her Jointure, and ſeem to be a light Woman, rather than marry: as ſome young Men, they ſay, pretend to have the filthy diſeaſe, and loſe their credit with moſt

Women, to avoid the importunities of ſome.

(*Aſide to* Oldfox

Free. But one word with you! Madam.

Wid. No no, Sir, Come, Major, let us make haſte now to the Prerogative Court.

Old. But Lady, if what you ſay be true, will you ſtigmatize your Reputation on Record? And, if it be not true, how will you prove it?

Wid. Pſhaw! I can prove any thing; and for my Reputation, know Major, a wiſe Woman will no more value her Reputation, in diſ-inheriting a rebellious Son of a good Eſtate, than ſhe wou'd in getting him, to inherit an Eſtate [*Ex.* Wid *and* Oldfox.

Free. Madam... we muſt not let her go ſo, Squire.

Jerr. Nay, the Devil can't ſtop her tho' if ſhe has a mind to't. But come Bully Guardian, we'll go adviſe with three Attornies, two Proctors, two Solicitors, and a ſhrewd Man of *white-Friers*, neither Attorney, Proctor, or Solicitor, but as pure a Pimp to the Law as any of 'em; and ſure all they will be hard enough for her; for I fear, Bully-Guardian, you are too good a Joker to have any Law in your head.

Free Thou'rt in the right on't, Squire: I underſtand no Law! eſpecially that againſt Baſtards; ſince I'm ſure the cuſtom is againſt that Law; and more people get Eſtates by being ſo, than loſe 'em. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to Olivia's *Lodging.*

Enter Lord Plauſible *and Boy with a Candle.*

L. Plauſ. Little Gentleman, your moſt obedient, faithful, humble Servant: where, I beſeech you, is that divine Perſon, your Noble Lady?

Boy. Gone out, my Lord; but commanded me to give you this Letter (*Gives him a letter.*

Enter

Enter to him Novel.

L. Plauſ. Which he muſt not obſerve. (*Aſi. and puts it up.*

Nov. Hey, Boy where is thy Lady?

Boy. Gone out, Sir; but I muſt beg a word with you. (*Gives him a Letter, and Exit.*

Nov. For me? So. [*Puts up the Letter.* Servant, Servant, my Lord; you ſee the Lady knew of your coming, for ſhe is gone out.

L. Plauſ. Sir, I humbly beſeech you not to cenſure the Lady's good breeding: ſhe has reaſon to uſe more liberty with me, than with any other Man.

Nov. How, Vicount, how?

L. Plauſ. Nay, I humbly beſeech you, be not in choler; where there is moſt love, there may be moſt freedom.

Nov. Nay, then 'tis time to come to an eclerciſment with you, and to tell you, you muſt think no more of this Lady's love.

L. Plauſ. Why, under correction, dear Sir?

Nov. There are Reaſons, Reaſons, Vicount.

L. Plauſ. What, I beſeech you, noble Sir?

Nov. Prithee, prithee be not impertinent, my Lord: ſome of you Lords are ſuch conceited, well aſſured, impertinent Rogues.

L. Plauſ. And you noble Wits, are ſo full of ſhamming and drolling, one knows not where to have you ſeriouſly.

Nov. Well, you ſhall find me in bed with this Lady, one of theſe days.

L. Plauſ. Nay, I beſeech you, ſpare the Lady's Honour; for her's and mine will be all one ſhortly.

Nov. Prithee, my Lord, be not an Aſs: doſt thou think to get her from me? I have had ſuch encouragements...

L. Plauſ. I have not been thought unworthy of 'em

Nov

Nov. What, not like mine! Come to an eclerciſ-ment, as I ſaid.

L. Plauſ. Why, ſeriouſly then, ſhe has told me, Vi-counteſs ſounded prettily.

Nov. And me, that *Noval* was a name ſhe wou'd ſooner change her's for, than for any title in *England*

L Plauſ. She has commended the ſoftneſs and reſpect-fulneſs of my behaviour.

Nov. She has prais'd the briskneſs of my raillery, of all things, Man.

L. Plauſ The ſleepineſs of my eyes ſhe lik'd.

Nov. Sleepineſs! dulneſs, dulneſs: But the fierceneſs of mine ſhe ador'd.

L. Plauſ. The brightneſs of my hair ſhe lik'd.

Nov. The brightneſs! No, the greaſineſs, I warrant. But the blackneſs and luſtre of mine ſhe admires.

L. Plauſ. The gentleneſs of my Smile.

Nov. The ſubtilty of my Leer.

L. Plauſ. The clearneſs of my complexion.

Nov. The redneſs of my lips.

L. Plauſ. The whiteneſs of my teeth.

Nov. My janty way of picking them.

L. Plauſ. The ſweetneſs of my breath.

Nov. Ha, ha! .. Nay, then ſhe abus'd you, 'tis plain; for you know what *Manly* ſaid: the ſweetneſs of your Pulvillio ſhe might mean; but for your breath! Ha, ha, ha. Your breath is ſuch, Man, that nothing but Tabacco can perfume; and your complexion nothing cou'd mend but the Small-Pox.

L. Plauſ. Well, Sir, you pleaſe to be merry; but, to put you out of all doubt, Sir, ſhe has receiv'd ſome Jewels from me, of value.

Nov. And Preſents from me; beſides what I preſen-ted her jantily, by way of Ombre, of three or four hun-dred pounds value; which I'm ſure are the earneſt pence for our Love bargain

L. Plauſ. Nay then Sir, with your favour, and to make

make an end of all your hopes, look you there, Sir, ſhe has writ to me...

Nov. How! How! Well, well, and ſo ſhe has to me; look you there.... [*Deliver to each other their Letters*

L. Plauſ. What's here;

Nov. How's this?

Reads out.

My dear Lord,

YOu'll excuſe me for breaking my word with you; ſince twas to oblige, not offend you; for I am only gone abroad but to diſappoint Novel, *and meet you in the Drawing-room; where I expect you, with as much impatience, as when I us'd to ſuffer* Novel's *Viſits, the moſt impertinent Fop that ever affected the name of a Wit, therefore not capable, I hope, to give you jealouſie; for; for your ſake alone you ſaw I renounc'd an old Lover, and will do all the World. Burn the Letter, but lay up the kindneſs of it in your Heart, with your*

OLIVIA.

Very fine! But pray let's ſee mine.

L. Plauſ. I underſtand it not; but ſure ſhe cannot think ſo of me.

Reads the other Letter.

HUmh! Ha!... meet... for your ſake... humh... quitted an old Lover... World... Burn... in your Heart with your

OLIVIA.

Juſt the ſame, the Names only alter'd.

L. Plauſ. Surely there muſt be ſome miſtake; or ſome body has abus'd her, and us.

Nov. Yes, you are abus'd, no doubt on't, my Lord: but I'll to *White-Hall* and ſee.

L. Plauſ. And I, where I ſhall find you are abus'd.

Nov. Where if it be ſo for our comfort, we can-

cannot fail of meeting with Fellow-ſufferers enough: for as *Freeman* ſaid of another, ſhe ſtands in the Drawing-room, like the Glaſs, ready for all comers, to ſet their Gallantry by her: and like the Glaſs too, let's no Man go from her unſatisfied with himſelf.

[*Ex. amb.*

Enter Olivia *and Boy.*

Oliv. Both here, and juſt gone?

Boy. Yes, Madam.

Oliv. But are you ſure neither ſaw you deliver the other a Letter?

Boy. Yes, yes, Madam, I am very ſure.

Oliv. Go then to the *Old Exchange*, to *Weſtminſter*, *Holborn*, and all the other places I told you of; I ſhall not need you theſe two hours: Be gone, and take the candle with you, and be ſure you leave word again below, I am gone out, to all that ask.

Boy. Yes, Madam. [*Exit.*

Oliv. And my new Lover will not ask I'm ſure; he has his Leſſon, and cannot miſs me here, tho in the dark: which I have purpoſely deſign'd, as a remedy againſt my bluſhing Gallant's modeſty; for young Lovers, like Game Cocks, are made bolder by being kept without light.

Enter her Husband Verniſh *as from a Journey.*

Ver. Where is ſhe? Darkneſs every where! [*Softly.*

Oliv. What, come before your time? My Soul! My Life! Your haſte has augmented your kindneſs; and let me thank you for it thus, and thus. [*Embracing and kiſſing him*] And tho' my Soul, the little time ſince you left me, has ſeem'd an Age to my impatience, ſure it is yet but ſeven...

Ver. How! Who's that you expected after ſeven?

Oliv. Ha! My Husband return'd! And have I been throw-

throwing away ſo many kind kiſſes on my Husband, and wrong'd my Lover already? (*Aſide.*

Ver. Speak, I ſay, who was't you expected after ſeven?

Oliv. What ſhall I ſay? ... Oh... (*Aſide.* Why 'tis but ſeven days is it, deareſt, ſince you went out of Town? And I expected you not ſo ſoon.

Ver. No ſure, 'tis but five days ſince I left you.

Oliv. Pardon my impatience, deareſt, I thought em ſeven at leaſt.

Ver. Nay then..,

Oliv. But my life, you ſhall never ſtay half ſo long from me again; you ſhan't indeed, by this kiſs you ſhan't.

Ver. No, no; but why alone in the dark?

Oliv. Blame not my melancholy in your abſence... But, my Soul, ſince you went, I have ſtrange News to tell you: *Manly* is return'd.

Ver. Manly return'd! Fortune forbid.

Oliv. Met with the *Dutch* in the Chaunel, fought, ſunk his Ship, and all he carried with him: he was here with me yeſterday.

Ver. And did you own our Marriage to him?

Oliv. I told him I was married, to put an end to his love, and my trouble; but to whom, is yet a ſecret kept from him, and all the World: And I have us'd him ſo ſcurvily, his great Spirit will ne'er return to reaſon it farther with me; I have ſent him to Sea again, I warrant.

Ver. 'Twas bravely done. And ſure he will now hate the ſhore more than ever, after ſo great a diſappointement. Be you ſure only to keep a while our great ſecret, till he be gone: in the mean time, I'll lead the eaſie honeſt Fool by the noſe, as I us'd to do; and whilſt he ſtays, rail with him at thee; and when he's gone, laugh with thee at him. But have you his Cabinet of Jewels ſafe? Part not with a ſeed Pearl to him, to keep him from ſtarving.

Oliv.

Oliv. Not from hanging.

Ver. He cannot recover 'em; and, I think will ſcorn to beg 'em again.

Oliv. But my Life, have you taken the thouſand Guineys he left in my Name, out of the Goldſmith's hands?

Ver. Ay, ay, they are remov'd to another Goldſmiths.

Oliv. Ay, but, my Soul, you had beſt have a care he find not where the Money is; for his preſent wants (as I'm inform'd) are ſuch, as will make him inquiſitive enough.

Ver. You ſay true, and he knows the Man too: but I'll remove it to-morrow.

Oliv. To-morrow! O do not ſtay till to-morrow: go to-night, immediately.

Ver. Now I think on 't you adviſe well, and I will go preſently.

Oliv. Preſently? Inſtantly: I will not let you ſtay a jot.

Ver. I will then, tho' I return not home till twelve.

Oliv. Nay, tho' not till morning, with all my heart: go, deareſt, I am impatient till you are gone.

[*Thruſts him out.*

So, I have at once now brought about thoſe two grateful buſineſſes, which all prudent Women do together, ſecured Money and pleaſure; and now all interruptions of the laſt are remov'd, go, Husband, and come up, Friend: juſt the Buckets in the Well; the abſence of one brings the other; but I hope, like them too, they will not meet in the way, juſtle, and claſh together.

Enter Fidelia, *and* Manly *treading ſoftly, and ſtaying behind at ſome diſtance.*

So, are you come? but not the Husband-bucket, I hope again. Who's there? My deareſt? [*Softly.*

Fid. My Life...

Oliv. Right, right, where are thy lips; here, take the dumb and beſt welcomes, Kiſſes and Embraces; 'tis not a time for idle words. In a duel of love, as in others, parlying ſhews baſely. Come; we are alone; and now the Word is only ſatisfaction, and defend not thy ſelf.

Man. How's this? Why, ſhe makes Love like a Devil in a Play; and in this darkneſs, which conceals her Angel's face, if I were apt to be afraid, I ſhou'd think her a Devil. [*Aſide.*

Oliv. What, you traverſe ground, young Gentleman. [Fidelia *avoiding her.*

Fid. I take breath only.

Man. Good Heav'ns! How was I deceiv'd! [*Aſide.*

Oliv. Nay, you are a Coward; what, are you afraid of the fierceneſs of my Love?

Fid. Yes, Madam leſt its violence might preſage its change; and I muſt needs be afraid you wou'd leave me quickly, who cou'd deſert ſo brave a Gentleman as *Manly*...

Oliv. O! Name not his name; for in a time of ſtoln joys, as this is, the filthy name of Husband were not a more allaying ſound.

Man. There's ſome comfort yet. [*Aſide.*

Fid. But did you not love him?

Oliv. Never. How cou'd you think it?

Fid. Becauſe he thought it, who is a Man of that ſenſe, nice diſcerning, and diffidency, that I ſhou'd think it hard to deceive him.

Oliv. No, he that diſtruſts moſt the World truſts moſt to himſelf, and is but the more eaſily deceiv'd, becauſe he thinks he can't be deceiv'd: his cunning is like the Coward's ſword, by which he is oftner worſted, than defended.

Fid. Yet ſure, you us'd no common art, to deceive him.

Oliv. I knew he loved his own ſingular moroſenſs ſo well, as to dote upon any copy of it; wherefore I feign'd hatred to the World too that he might love me in earneſt, But if it had been hard to deceive him, I'm ſure 'twere much harder to love him. A dogged, il-manner'd ...

Fid. D'ye her her Sir? pray hear her. [*Aſide to* Manly

Oliv. Surly, untractable, ſnarling Brute! he! a Maſty dog were as fit a thing to make a Gallant of.

Man. Ay, a Goat, or Monkey, were fitter for thee. (*Aſide.*

Fid I muſt confeſs, for my part (tho' my Rival) I cannot but ſay he has a manly handſomneſs in's face and mien.

Oliv. So has a Saracen in the Sign.

Fid. Is proper and well made.

Oliv. As a Dray-man.

Fid. Has Wit.

Oliv. He rails at all Mankind.

Fid. And undoubted Courage.

Oliv. Like the Hangman's, can murder a Man when his hands are ty'd. He has Cruelty indeed; which is no more Courage, than his railing is Wit.

Man. Thus Women, and Men like Women, are too hard for us, when they think we do not hear 'em; and Reputation, like other Miſtreſſes, is never true to a Man in his abſence. *Aſide.*

Fid. He is ...

Oliv. Prithee no more of him: I thought I had ſatisfi'd you enough before, that he could never be a Rival for you to apprehend, and you need not be more aſſur'd of my averſion to him, but by the laſt teſtimony of my love to you, which I am ready to give you. Come, my Soul, this way.... *Pulls Fidelia.*

Fid. But Madam what cou'd make you diſſemble love to him, when 'twas ſo hard a thing for you, and flatter his love to you?

Oliv. That which makes all the world flatter and diſſemble, 'twas his money: I had a real paſſion for that. Yes I lov'd not that ſo well, as for it to take him; for

for, as ſoon as I had his money, I haſtned his departure: like a Wife, who, when ſhe has made the moſt of a dying Husband's breath, pulls away the pillow.

Man. Damn'd Money! it's Maſter's potent Rival ſtill; and, like a ſaucy Pimp, corrupts it ſelf the Miſtreſs it procures for us. [*Aſide.*

Olivi. But I did not think with you, my Life, to paſs my time in talking. Come hither, come; yet ſtay, till I have lock'd a door in the other room, that may chance to let us in ſome interruption; which reciting Poets, or loſing Gameſters fear not more than I at this time do. [*Ex.* Olivia.

Fid. Well, I hope you are now ſatisfi'd, Sir, and will be gone, to think of your revenge?

Man. No, I am not ſatisfi'd, & muſt ſtay to be reveng'd.

Fid. How, Sir! You'll uſe no violence to her, I hope, and forfeit your own life to take away her's? That were no Revenge.

Man. No, no, you need not fear: my revenge ſhall only be upon her Honour, not her life.

Fid. How Sir! her Honour? O Heavens! Conſider, Sir! ſhe has no Honour. D'ye call that revenge? Can you think of ſuch a thing? But reflect, Sir, how ſhe hates and loaths you.

Man. Yes, ſo much ſhe hates me that it wou'd be a revenge ſufficient to make her acceſſary to my pleaſure and then let her know it.

Man. No, Sir, no; to be reveng'd on her now, were to diſappoint her. Pray, Sir, let us be gone. (*Pulls*) Manly.

Fid. Hold off. What, you are my Rival then; and therefore you ſhall ſtay, and keep the door for me, whilſt I go in for you: but, when I'm gone, if you dare to ſtir off from this very board, or breath the leaſt murmuring accent, I'll cut her throat firſt; and if you love her, you will not venture her life; nay then I'll cut your throat too, and I know you love your own life at leaſt.

Fid. But, Sir, good Sir.

Man. Not a word more, leſt I begin my revenge on her by killing you.

Fid. But are you ſure 'tis revenge, that makes you do this? how can it be?

Man. Whiſt.

Fid. 'Tis a ſtrange revenge, indeed.

Man. If you make me ſtay, I ſhall keep my word, and begin with you. No more.

[*Exit* Manly, *at the ſame door* Olivia *went.*

Manet Fidelia.

Fid. O Heavens! is not there puniſhment enough
In loving well, if you will have't a crime,
But you muſt add freſh torments daily to't,
And puniſh us like peeviſh Rivals ſtill;
Becauſe we fain wou'd find a Heaven here?
But did there never any love like me,
That untry'd tortures you muſt find me out?
Others, at worſt, you force to kill themſelves;
But I muſt be ſelf-murd'reſs of my love;
Ye will not grant me pow'r to end my life,
My cruel life; for when a Lover's hopes
Are dead and gone, life is unmerciful.

[*Sits down and weeps.*

Enter Manly *to her.*

Man. I have thought better on't; I muſt not diſcover my ſelf now, I am without witneſſes: for if I barely ſhou'd publiſh it, ſhe wou'd deny it with as much impudence, as ſhe wou'd act it again with this young Fellow here. Where are you?

Fid. Here.... oh.... now I ſuppoſe we may be gone.

Man. I will, but not you; you muſt ſtay, and act the ſecond part of a Lover: that is, talk kindneſs to her.

Fid. Not I, Sir.

Man.

Man. No disputing, Sir, you must: 'tis necessary to my design of coming again to-morrow night.

Man. What, can you come again then hither?

Man. Yes, and you must make the appointment; and an Apology for your leaving her so soon; for I have said not a word to her but have kept your counsel, as I expect you shou'd do mine. Do this faithfully, and I promise you here you shall run my Fortune still, and we will never part as long as we live; but, if you do not do it, expect not to live.

Fid. 'Tis hard, Sir; but such a consideration will make it easier: you won't forget your promise, Sir?

Man. No, by Heavens. But I hear her coming. [*Ex.*

Enter Olivia *to* Fidelia.

Oliv. Where is my Life? run from me already? you do not love me, dearest; nay, you are angry with me; for you wou'd not so much as speak a kind word to me within; What was the reason?

Fid. I was transported too much.

Oliv. That's kind; but come, my Soul, what make you here? Let us go in again; we may be surpriz'd in this room, 'tis so near the stairs.

Fid. No, we shall hear the better here, if any body shou'd come up.

Oliv. Nay, I assure you, we shall be secure enough within; Come, come...

Fid. I am sick, and troubled with a sudden dizziness, I cannot stir yet.

Oliv. Come, I have Spirits within.

Fid Oh! ... don't you hear a noise, Madam?

Oliv. No no, there is none: Come, come. [*Pulls her.*

Fid. Indeed there is; and I love you so much, I must have a care of your Honour, if you won't, and go; but to come to you to-morrow night, if you please...

Oliv. With all my Soul; but you must not go yet: Come, prithee.

Fid. Oh!... I'm now ſicker, and am afraid of one of my Fits...

Oliv. What Fits?

Fid. Of the falling-ſickneſs: and I lie generally an hour in a trance; therefore pray conſider your honour, for the ſake of my love, and let me go, that I may return to you often.

Oliv. But will you be ſure then to come to-morrow night?

Fid. Yes.

Oliv. Swear.

Fid. By our paſt kindneſs.

Oliv. Well, go your ways then, if you will, you naughty Creature you. [*Ex.* Fidelia. Theſe young Lovers, with their fears and modeſty, make themſelves as bad as old ones to us; and I apprehend their baſhfulneſs, more than their tatling.

Fidelia *returns.*

Fid. O, Madam, we're undone! There was a Gentleman upon the ſtairs, coming up with a candle; which made me retire. Look you, here he comes.

[*Enter* Verniſh *and his Man with a light.*

Oliv. How! My Husband! Oh, undone indeed! This way. [*Exit.*

Ver. Ha! You ſhall not eſcape me ſo, Sir. [*Stops* Fid.

Fid. O Heavens! More fears, plagues, and torments yet in ſtore! [*Aſide.*

Ver. Come, Sir, I gueſs what your buſineſs was here; but this muſt be your buſineſs now. Draw. [*Draws.*

Fid. Sir...

Ver. No expoſtulations: I ſhall not care to hear of't. Draw.

Fid. Good Sir.

Ver. How, you Raſcal! Not courage to draw, yet durſt

durſt do me the greateſt injury in the world? Thy cowardice ſhall not ſave thy life. [*Offers to run at* Fidelia.

Fid. O hold, Sir, and ſend but your Servant down, and I'll ſatisfie you, Sir, I cou'd not injure you, as you imagine.

Ver. Leave the light and be gone. (*Ex. Serv.* Now, quickly, Sir, what you've to ſay, or...

Fid. I am a Woman, Sir, a very unfortunate Woman.

Ver. How! A very handſome Woman I'm ſure then; here are Witneſſes of't too, I confeſs...

[*Pulls off her Peruke and feels her Breaſts*

Well, I'm glad to find the tables turn'd, my Wife in more danger of cuckolding, than I was. (*Aſide.*

Fid. Now, Sir, I hope you are ſo much a Man of Honour, as to let me go, now I have ſatisfied you, Sir.

Ver. When you have ſatisfied me, Madam, I will.

Fid. I hope, Sir, you are too much a Gentleman, to urge thoſe ſecrets from a Woman, which concern her Honour. You may gueſs my misfortune to be Love, by my diſguiſe: but a pair of breeches cou'd not wrong you, Sir.

Ver. I may believe Love has chang'd your outſide, which cou'd not wrong me; but why did my Wife run away?

Fid. I know not, Sir, perhaps becauſe ſhe wou'd not be forc'd to diſcover me to you, or to guard me from your ſuſpicions, that you might not diſcover me your ſelf: which ungentleman-like curioſity I hope you will ceaſe to have, and let me go.

Ver. Well, Madam, if I muſt not know who you are, 'twill ſuffice for me only to know certainly what you are: which you muſt not deny me. Come, there is a bed within, the proper Rack for Lovers: and if you are a Woman, there you can keep no ſecrets, you'll tell me there all unask'd. Come. *Pulls her.*

Fid. Oh! What d'ye mean? Help, oh...

Ver. I'll ſhow you; but 'tis in vain to cry out: no one dares help you, for I am Lord here.

Fid. Tyrant here! but if you are Maſter of this houſe which I have taken for a Sanctuary, do not violate it your ſelf.

Ver. No, I'll preſerve you here, and nothing ſhall hurt you; and will be as true to you as your diſguiſe; but you muſt truſt me then. Come, come.

Fid. Oh! Oh! Rather than you ſhou'd drag me to a death ſo horrid and ſo ſhameful, I'll die here a thouſand deaths; but you do not look like a raviſher, Sir.

Ver. Nor you like one wou'd put me to't; but if you will...

Fid. Oh! Oh! Help, help..;

Enter Servant.

Ver. You ſaucy Raſcal, how durſt you come in, when you heard a Woman ſqueak? that ſhou'd have been your cue to ſhut the door.

Serv. I come, Sir, to let you know, the Alderman coming home immediately after you were at his houſe, has ſent his Caſheer with the money, according to your note.

Ver. Damn his money: Money never came to any ſure unſeaſonably till now. Bid him ſtay.

Serv. He ſays he cannot a moment.

Ver. Receive it you then.

Serv. He ſays, he muſt have your receipt for it. He is in haſte, for I hear him coming up, Sir.

Ver. Damn him. Help me in here then with this diſhonourer of my family.

Fid. Oh! Oh!...

Serv. You ſay ſhe is a Woman, Sir.

Ver. No matter, Sir: muſt you prate?

Fid. Oh Heavens! Is there...

[*They thruſt her in, and lock the door.*

Ver. Stay there, my priſoner, you have a ſhort reprieve.

I'll fetch the gold, and that ſhe can't reſiſt,
For with a full hand 'tis we raviſh beſt *Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE Eliza's *Lodging*.

Enter Olivia *and* Eliza.

Olivia.

AH, Couſin, nothing troubles me, but that I have given the malicious world its revenge, and reaſon now to talk as freely of me, as I us'd to do of it.

Eliz. Faith, then let not that trouble you; for to be plain, Couſin, the world cannot talk worſe of you, than it did before.

Oliv. How, Couſin! I'd have you to know, before this *faux pas*, this trip of mine, the world cou'd not talk of me.

Eliz. Only that you mind other people's actions ſo much, that you take no care of your own, but to hide 'em; that, like a Thief, becauſe you know your ſelf moſt guilty, you impeach your Fellow-Criminals firſt, to clear your ſelf.

Oliv. O wicked World!

Eliz. That you pretend an averſion to all Mankind in publick, only that their Wives and Miſtreſſes may not be jealous, and hinder you of their converſation in private.

Oliv. Baſe World!

Eliz. That abroad, you faſten quarrels upon innocent Men, for talking of you, only to bring 'em to ask you pardon at home, and to become dear Friends with them, who were hardly your acquaintance before.

Oliv. Abominable World!

Eliz. That you condemn the obſcenity of modern Plays,

only that you may be not cenſur'd for never miſſing the moſt obſcene of the old ones.

Oliv. Damn'd World!

Eliz. That you deface the nudities of pictures, and little ſtatues, only becauſe they are not real.

Oliv. O, fie, fie, fie; hideous, hideous, Couſin! The obſcenity of their cenſures makes me bluſh.

Eliz. The truth of 'em, the naughty World wou'd ſay now.

Enter Lettice *haſtily.*

Let. O, Madam! Here is that Gentleman coming up, who now you ſay is my Maſter.

Oliv. O, Couſin! Whither ſhall I run? Protect me, or... [Olivia *runs away, and ſtands at a diſtance.*

Enter Verniſh.

Ver. Nay, nay, come...

Oliv. O, Sir, forgive me.

Ver. Yes, yes, I can forgive you being alone in the dark with a Woman in Man's cloaths; but have a care of a Man in Women's cloaths.

Oliv. What does he mean? He diſſembles, only to get me into his power: or has my dear friend made him believe he was a Woman? My Husband may be deceiv'd by him, but I'm ſure I was not. *Aſide.*

Ver. Come, come, you need not have lain out of your houſe for this; but perhaps you were afraid, when I was warm with ſuſpicions, you muſt have diſcover'd who ſhe was: And, prithee, may not I know it?

Oliv. She was... (I hope he has been deceiv'd: and, ſince my Lover has plaid the card, I muſt not renounce.) *Aſide.*

Ver. Come, what's the matter with thee? If I muſt not know who ſhe is, I'm ſatisfied without. Come hither.

Oliv.

Oliv. Sure you do know her; ſhe has told you her ſelf, I ſuppoſe.

Ver. No, I might have known her better, but that I was interrupted by the Goldſmith you know, and was forc'd to lock her into your Chamber, to keep her from his ſight; but when I return'd, I found ſhe was got away, by tying the Window-curtains to the Balcony, by which ſhe ſlid down into the ſtreet: for, you muſt know, I jeſted with her, and made her believe I'd raviſh her; which ſhe apprehended, it ſeems, in earneſt.

Oliv. Then ſhe got from you?

Ver. Yes.

Oliv. And is quite gone?

Ver. Yes.

Oliv. I'm glad on't... otherwiſe you had raviſh'd her, Sir? But how durſt thou go ſo far, as to make her believe you wou'd raviſh her? Let me underſtand that, Sir? What, there's guilt in your face, you bluſh too: nay, then you did raviſh her, you did, you baſe Fellow. What, raviſh a Woman in the firſt month of our marriage! 'Tis a double injury to me, thou baſe ungrateful man; wrong my bed already, Villain! I cou'd tear out thoſe falſe eyes, barbarous, unworthy wretch.

Eliz. So, ſo!...

Ver. Prithee hear, my dear.

Oliv. I will never hear you, my plague, my torment.

Ver. I ſwear... prithee hear me.

Oliv. I have heard already too many of your falſe Oaths and vows, eſpecially your laſt in the Church. O wicked Man! And wretched Woman that I was! I wiſh I had then ſunk down into a Grave, rather than to have given you my hand, to be led to your loathſome bed. Oh... oh... [*Seems to weep.*

Ver. So, very fine! Juſt a Marriage quarrel! Which tho' it generally begins by the Wife's fault, yet in the concluſion, it becomes the Husband's; and whoſoever offends at firſt, he only is ſure to ask pardon at laſt. My Dear...

Oliv.

Oliv. My Devil...

Ver. Come, prithee be appeas'd, and go home; I have beſpoken our ſupper betimes: for I cou'd not eat till I found you. Go, I'll give you all kind of ſatisfactions; and one, which uſes to be a reconciling one, two hundred of thoſe guineys I receiv'd laſt night, to do what you will with.

Oliv. What, wou'd you pay me for being your bawd?

Ver. Nay, prithee no more: go, and I'll throughly ſatisfie you when I come home; and then too, we will have a fit of laughter at *Manly*, whom I am going to find at the Cock in *Bow-ſtreet*, where I hear he din'd. Go, deareſt, go home.

Eliz. A very pretty turn indeed, this! [*Aſide.*

Ver. Now, Couſin, ſince by my Wife I have that honour and priviledge of calling you ſo, I have ſomething to beg of you too; which is, not to take notice of our marriage to any whatever, yet a while, for ſome reaſons very important to me: and next, that you will do my Wife the honour to go home with her, and me the favour, to uſe that power you have with her, in our reconcilement.

Eliz. That I dare promiſe, Sir, will be no hard matter Your Servant. [*Ex.* Verniſh.
Well, Couſin, this I confeſs was reaſonable hypocriſie; you were the better for't.

Oliv. What hypocriſie?

Eliz. Why, this laſt deceit of your Husband was lawful, ſince in your own defence.

Oliv. What deceit? I'd have you to know, I never deceiv'd my Husband.

Eliz. You do not underſtand me, ſure; I ſay, this was an honeſt come-off, and a good one: but 'twas a ſign the Gallant had had enough of your converſation, ſince he cou'd ſo dextrouſly cheat your Husband in paſſing for a Woman?

Oliv. What d'ye mean, once more, with my Gallant, and paſſing for a Woman?

Eliz.

Eliz. What do you mean? You ſee your Husband took him for a Woman?

Oliv. Whom?

Eliz. Hey day! Why, the Man he found you with, for whom laſt night you were ſo much afraid; and who you told me...

Oliv. Lord, you rave ſure!

Eliz. Why, did not you tell me laſt night...

Oliv. I know not what I might tell you laſt night in a fright.

Eliz. Ay, what was that fright for? For a Woman? Beſides, were you not afraid to ſee your Husband juſt now? I warrant, only for having been found with a Woman! Nay, did you not juſt now too own your falſe ſtep, or trip, as you call'd it? Which was with a Woman too! Fie, this fooling is ſo inſipid, 'tis offenſive.

Oliv. And fooling with my honour will be more offenſive. Did you not hear my Husband ſay, he found me with a Woman in Man's cloaths? And d'ye think he does not know a Man from a Woman?

Eliz. Not ſo well, I'm ſure, as you do; therefore I'd rather take your word.

Oliv. What, you grow ſcurrilous, and are I find more cenſorious than the World! I muſt have a care of you, I ſee.

Eliz. No, you need not fear yet, I'll keep your ſecret.

Oliv. My ſecret! I'd have you to know, I have no need of confidents, tho' you value your ſelf upon being a good one.

Eliz. O admirable confidence! You ſhow more in denying your wickedneſs, than other people do in glorying in't.

Oliv. Confidence, to me! To me ſuch language! Nay, then I'll never ſee your face again. I'll quarrel with her, that people may never believe I was in her power; but take for malice all the truth ſhe may ſpeak againſt me. *Aſide.*] *Lettice*, where are you? Let us be gone from this cenſorious ill Woman.

Eliz

Eliz. Nay, thou ſhalt ſtay a little, to damn thy ſelf quite. [*Aſide.*

One word firſt, pray Madam; can you ſwear that whom your Husband found with you...

Oliv. Swear! Ay, that whoeſoever 'twas that ſtole up, unknown, into my Room, when 'twas dark, I know not whether Man or Woman, by Heav'ns, by all that's good; or, may I never have joys here, or in the other world: nay, may I eternally.

Eliz. Be damn'd. So, ſo, you are damn'd enough already by your Oaths; and I enough confirm'd; and now you may pleaſe to be gone. Yet take this advice with you, in this plain-dealing Age, to leave off forſwearing your ſelf; for when people hardly think the better of a Woman for her real modeſty, why ſhou'd you put that great conſtraint upon your ſelf to feign it?

Oliv. O hideous! Hideous advice! Let us go out of the hearing of it. She will ſpoil us, *Lettice.*

[*Ex.* Oliv. *and* Let. *at one door*, Eliz. *at t'other.*

The Scene changes to the Cock *in* Bow-ſtreet.

A Table and Bottles.

Manly *and* Fidelia.

Man. How! Sav'd her honour, by making her Husband believe you were a Woman! 'Twas well, but hard enough to do, ſure.

Fid. We were interrupted before he cou'd contradict me.

Man. But can't you tell me, d'ye ſay, what kind of Man he was?

Fid. I was ſo frightned, I confeſs, I can give no other account of him, but that he was pretty tall, round fac'd, and one, I'm ſure, I ne'er had ſeen before.

Man. But ſhe, you ſay, made you ſwear to return to-night?

Fid.

Fid. But I have ſince ſworn, never to go near her again; for the Husband wou'd murder me, or worſe, if he caught me again.

Man. No, I will go with you, and defend you to-night, and then I'll ſwear too, never to go near her again.

Fid. Nay, indeed Sir, I will not go, to be acceſſary to your death too: beſides, what ſhou'd you go again, Sir, for?

Man. No diſputing, nor advice, Sir; you have reaſon to know I am unalterable. Go therefore preſently, and write her a note, to enquire if her aſſignation with you holds; and if not to be at her own houſe, where elſe? And be importunate to gain admittance to her to-night: let your Meſſenger, e're he deliver your Letter, enquire firſt if her husband be gone out. Go, 'tis now almoſt ſix of the clock; I expect you back here before ſeven, with leave to ſee her then. Go, do this dextrouſly, and expect the performance of my laſt night's promiſe, never to part with you.

Fid Ay, Sir, but will you be ſure to remember that?

Man. Did I ever break my word? Go, no more replies, or doubts. [*Ex.* Fidelia.

Enter Freeman *to* Manly.

Where haſt thou been?

Free. In the next room, with my Lord *Plauſible* and *Novel.*

Man. Ay, we came hither, becauſe 'twas a private houſe; but with thee indeed no houſe can be private; for thou haſt that pretty quality of the familiar Fops of the Town, who, in an eating-houſe, always keep company with all people in't, but thoſe they came with.

Free. I went into their room, but to keep them, and my own fool the Squire, out of your room; but you ſhall be peeviſh now, becauſe you have no money: but why the Devil won't you write to thoſe we were ſpeaking of? Since your modeſty, or your ſpirit, will not ſuffer you to

ſpeak

ſpeak to 'em, to lend you money, why won't you try 'em at leaſt, that way?

Man. Becauſe I know 'em already, and can bear want better than denials, nay, than obligations.

Free. Deny you! They cannot: all of 'em have been your intimate friends.

Man. No, they have been people only I have oblig'd particularly.

Free. Very well; therefore you ought to go to 'em the rather, ſure.

Man. No, no; thoſe you have oblig'd moſt, moſt certainly avoid you, when you can oblige 'em no longer; and they take your viſits like ſo many Duns. Friends, like Miſtreſſes, are avoided for obligations paſt.

Free. Pſhaw! But moſt of 'em are your Relations; Men of great fortune and honour.

Man. Yes; but Relations have ſo much honour, as to think poverty taints the blood; and diſown their wanting kindred; believing, I ſuppoſe, that, as riches at firſt make a Gentleman, the want of 'em degrades him. But damn 'em, now I am poor, I'll anticipate their contempt, and diſown them.

Free. But you have many a female acquaintance, whom you have been liberal to, who may have a heart to refund to you a little, if you wou'd ask it: they are not all *Olivias.*

Man. Damn thee! How cou'dſt thou think of ſuch a thing? I wou'd as ſoon rob my Footman of his wages: beſides, 'twere in vain too: for a wench is like a box in an Ordinary, receives all people's money eaſily, but there's no getting, nay ſhaking any out again; and he that fills it, is ſure never to keep the key.

Free. Well, but noble Captain, wou'd you make me believe that you, who know half the Town, have ſo many Friends, and have oblig'd ſo many, can't borrow fifty or an hundred pound.

Man. Why, noble Lieutenant, you who know all the Town, and call all you know Friends, methinks ſhou'd

not

not wonder at it; ſince you find ingratitude too: for how many Lord's families (tho' deſcended from Blackſmiths, or Tinkers) haſt thou call'd great and Illuſtrious? How many ill Tables, call'd good eating? How many noiſie coxcombs, wits? How many pert cocking cowards, Stout? How many taudry affected Rogues, well dreſt? How many Perukes admir'd? And how many ill Verſes applauded? And yet canſt not borrow a ſhilling; doſt thou expect I, who always ſpoke truth, ſhou'd?

Free. Nay, now you think you have paid me; but hark you, Captain, I have heard of a thing call'd grinning Honour, but never of ſtarving Honour.

Man. Well, but it has been the fate of ſome brave Men: and if they won't give me a Ship again, I can go ſtarve any where with a muſket on my ſhoulder.

Free. Give you a Ship! Why, you will not ſolicite it.

Man. If I have not ſolicited it by my ſervices, I know no other way.

Free. Your Servant, Sir; nay, then I'm ſatisfied, I muſt ſolicite my Widow the cloſer, and run the deſperate fortune of Matrimony on ſhore. [*Exit.*

Enter to Manly; Verniſh.

Man. How!... Nay, here is a Friend indeed; and he that has him in his arms, can know no wants.

[*Embraces* Verniſh.

Ver. Dear Sir! and he that is in your arms is ſecure from all fears whatever; nay our Nation is ſecure by your defeat at Sea, and the *Dutch* that fought againſt you, have prov'd Enemies to themſelves only, in bringing you back to us.

Man. Fie, fie; this from a Friend? And yet from any other 'twere unſufferable: I thought I ſhou'd never have taken any thing ill from you.

Ver. A Friend's priviledge is to ſpeak his mind, tho' it be taken ill.

Man. But your tongue need not tell me you think too

well of me; I have found it from your heart, which ſpoke in actions, your unalterable heart. But *Olivia* is falſe, my Friend, which I ſuppoſe is no news to you.

Ver. He's in the right on't. [*Aſide.*

Man. But cou'dſt thou not keep her true to me?

Ver. Not for my heart, Sir.

Man. But cou'd you not perceive it at all before I went? Cou'd ſhe ſo deceive us both?

Ver. I muſt confeſs, the firſt time I knew it, was three days after your departure, when ſhe receiv'd the money you had left in *Lombard-ſtreet*, in her name; and her tears did not hinder her it ſeems from counting that. You wou'd truſt her with all, like a true generous Lover.

Man. And ſhe like a mean jilting...

Ver. Traiterous...

Man. Baſe...

Ver. Damn'd...

Man. Covetous...

Ver. Mercenary Whore...

(I can hardly hold from laughing.) *Aſide.*

Man. Ay, a mercenary Whore indeed, for ſhe made me pay her before I lay with her.

Ver. How! ... Why, have you lain with her?

Man. Ay, ay.

Ver. Nay, ſhe deſerves you ſhou'd report it at leaſt, tho' you have not.

Man. Report it! By Heav'n, 'tis true.

Ver. How! Sure not.

Man. I do not uſe to lie, nor you to doubt me.

Ver. When?

Man. Laſt night, about ſeven or eight of the Clock.

Ver. Ha!... Now I remember, I thought ſhe ſpoke as if ſhe expected ſome other, rather than me: a confounded whore indeed! *Aſide.*

Man. But what, thou wonder'ſt at it! Nay, you ſeem to be angry too.

Ver. I cannot but be enrag'd againſt her, for her uſage of you: damn'd infamous, common Jade.

Man.

Man. Nay, her Cuckold, who firſt cuckolded me in my Money, ſhall not laugh all himſelf; we will do him reaſon, ſhan't we?

Ver. Ay, ay.

Man. But thou doſt not, for ſo great a Friend, take pleaſure enough in your Friend's revenge, methinks.

Ver. Yes, yes; I'm glad to know it, ſince you have lain with her.

Man. Thou canſt not tell me who that Raſcal, her Cuckold is?

Ver. No.

Man. She wou'd keep it from you, I ſuppoſe.

Ver. Yes, yes...

Man. Thou wou'dſt laugh, if thou kneweſt but all the circumſtances of my having her. Come, I'll tell thee.

Ver. Damn her; I care not to hear any more of her.

Man. Faith thou ſhalt. You muſt know...

Enter Freeman *backwards, endeavouring to keep out* Novel, *Lord* Plauſible, Jerry *and* Oldfox, *who all preſs upon him.*

Free. I tell you, he has a Wench with him, and wou'd be private.

Man. Damn'em! A Man can't open a bottle in theſe Eating houſes, but preſently you have theſe impudent, intruding, buzzing Flies and Inſects in your glaſs... Well, I'll tell thee all anon. In the mean time, prithee go to her, but not from me, and try if you can get her to lend me but an hundred pound of my Money, to ſupply my preſent wants; for I ſuppoſe there is no recovering any of it by Law.

Ver. Not any; think not of it: nor by this way neither.

Man. Go try, at leaſt.

Ver. I'll go; but I can ſatisfie you before-hand, it will be to no purpoſe: You'll no more find a refunding Wench...

Man. Than a refunding Lawyer; indeed their Fees alike ſcarce ever return: however try her, put it to her.

Ver. Ay, ay, I'll try her, put it to her home, with a vengeance. [*Ex.* Verniſh

Manent cæteri.

Nov. Nay, you ſhall be our Judge, *Manly*. Come Major, I'll ſpeak it to your teeth. If people provoke me to ſay bitter things, to their faces, they muſt take what follows; tho', like my Lord *Plauſible*, I'd rather do't civilly behind their backs.

Man. Nay, thou art a dangerous Rogue, I've heard, behind a Man's back.

L. Plauſ. You wrong him ſure, noble Captain; he wou'd do a Man no more harm behind his back, than to his face.

Free. I am of my Lord's mind.

Man. Yes, a Fool, like a Coward, is the more to be fear'd behind a Man's back; more than a witty Man; for as a Coward is more bloody than a brave Man, a Fool is more malicious than a Man of Wit.

Nov. A Fool, Tar... a Fool! Nay, thou art a brave Sea-Judge of Wit! A Fool! Prithee when did you ever find me want ſomething to ſay, as you do often?

Man. Nay, I confeſs, thou art always talking, roaring, or making a noiſe, that I'll ſay for thee.

Nov. Well, and is talking a ſign of a Fool?

Man. Yes, always talking; eſpecially too if it be loud and faſt, is the ſign of a Fool.

Nov. Pſhaw! Talking is like Fencing, the quicker the better; run'em down, run'em down, no matter for parying; puſh on ſtill, ſa, ſa, ſa: no matter whether you argue in form, puſh in guard, or no.

Man. Or hit, or no. I think thou always talk'ſt without thinking, *Novel.*

Nov. Ay, ay; ſtudy'd play's the worſe, to follow the Allegory, as the old Pedant ſays.

Old. A young Fop!

Man. I ever thought the Man of moſt Wit had been like

like him of moſt Money, who has no vanity in ſhewing it every where; whilſt the beggarly puſher of his fortune, has all he has about him ſtill, only to ſhew.

Nov. Well, Sir, and makes a very pretty ſhow in the World, let me tell you; nay, a better than your cloſe Hunks. A Pox, give me ready Money in Play. What care I for a Man's Reputation? What are we the better for your ſubſtantial thrifty Curmudgeon in Wit, Sir?

Old. Thou art a profuſe young Rogue indeed.

Nov. So much for talking; which I think I have prov'd a mark of Wit; and ſo is railing, roaring, and making a noiſe: for, Railing is Satyr, you know; and roaring & making a noiſe, humour.

Enter to them Fidelia, *taking* Manly *aſide, and ſhewing him a Paper.*

Fid. The hour is betwixt ſeven and eight exactly: 'tis now half an hour after ſix.

Man. Well, go then to the Piazza, and wait for me; as ſoon as it is quite dark, I'll be with you: I muſt ſtay here yet a while for my Friend. But is railing, Satyr, *Novel*? [*Ex.* Fid.

Free. And roaring, and making a noiſe, humour?

Nov. What, won't you confeſs there's humour in roaring, and making a noiſe?

Free. No.

Nov. Nor in cutting napkins and hangings?

Man. No ſure.

Nov. Dull Fops!

Old. O Rogue, Rogue, inſipid Rogue! Nay, Gentlemen, allow him thoſe things for Wit; for his parts lie only that way.

Nov. Peace, old Fool; I wonder not at thee; but that young Fellows ſhou'd be ſo dull, as to ſay, there's no humour in making a noiſe, and breaking windows! I tell you, there's Wit and humour too, in both: And a

Wit is as well known by his frolick, as by his ſmile.

Old. Pure Rogue! There's your modern Wit for you! Wit and Humour in breaking of Windows! There's miſchief if you will; but no wit or humour.

Nov. Prithee, prithee peace, old Fool, I tell you, where there's miſchief, there's wit. Don't we eſteem the Monkey a Wit amongſt Beaſts, only becauſe he's miſchievous? And let me tell you, as good nature is a ſign of a Fool, being miſchievous is a ſign of a Wit.

Old. O Rogue! Rogue! Pretend to be a Wit, by miſchief and railing!

Nov. Why, thou old Fool, haſt no other pretence to the name of a Wit, but by railing at new Plays.

Old. Thou, by railing at that facetious, noble way of Wit, quibling.

Nov. Thou call'ſt thy dullneſs, gravity; and thy dozing, thinking.

Old. You, Sir, your dullneſs, ſpleen: and you talk much, and ſay nothing.

Nov. Thou read'ſt much, and underſtand'ſt nothing, Sir.

Old. You laugh loud, and break no jeſt.

Nov. You rail, and no body hangs himſelf: And thou haſt nothing of the Satyr, but in thy face.

Old. And you have no jeſt, but your face, Sir.

Nov. Thou art an illiterate Pedant.

Old. Thou art a Fool, with a bad memory.

Man. Come, a Pox on you both, you have done like Wits now; for you Wits, when you quarrel, never give over till ye prove one another Fools.

Nov. And you Fools have never any occaſion of laughing at us Wits, but when we quarrel: therefore let us be Friends, *Oldfox.*

Man. They are ſuch Wits as thou art, who make the Name of a Wit as ſcandalous as that of a Bully; and ſignifie a loud-laughing, talking, incorrigible Coxcomb; as Bully, a roaring, hardned Coward.

Free. And wou'd have his noiſe and laughter paſs for

for Wit; as t'other his huffing and bluſtring, for Courage.

Enter Verniſh

Man. Gentlemen, with your leave, here is one I wou'd ſpeak with, and I have nothing to ſay to you: [*Puts 'em out of the Room*

Manet Manly, Verniſh.

Ver. I told you 'twas in vain, to think of getting Money out of her: ſhe ſays, if a Shilling wou'd do't, ſhe wou'd not ſave you from ſtarving or hanging, or what you wou'd think worſe, begging or flattering; and rails ſo at you, one wou'd not think you had lay'n with her.

Man. O, Friend, never truſt for that matter, a Woman's railing: for ſhe is no leſs a diſſembler in her hatred, than her love: And as her fondneſs of her Husband is a ſign he's a Cuckold, her railing at another Man is a ſign ſhe lies with him.

Ver. He's in the right on't: I know not what to truſt to. [*Aſide.*

Man. But you did not take any notice of it to her, I hope?

Ver. So!... Sure he is afraid I ſhou'd have diſprov'd him, by an enquiry of her: all may be well yet. *Aſide.*

Man. What haſt thou in thy head, that makes thee ſeem ſo unquiet?

Ver. Only this baſe, impudent Woman's falſeneſs: I cannot put her out of my head.

Man. O my dear Friend, be not you too ſenſible of my wrongs; for then I ſhall feel 'em too with more pain, and think 'em unſufferable. Damn her, her Money, and that ill natur'd Whore too, Fortune her ſelf; but if thou wou'dſt eaſe a little my preſent trouble, prithee go to borrow me ſomewhere elſe ſome Money: I can trouble thee.

Ver. You trouble me indeed, moſt ſenſibly, when you command me any thing I cannot do: I have lately loſt a great deal of Money at Play, more than I can yet pay; ſo that not only my money, but my credit too is gone, and know not where to borrow; but I cou'd rob a Church for you. (Yet would rather end your wants, by cutting your throat.) [*Aſide.*

Man. Nay, then I doubly feel my poverty, ſince I'm incapable of ſupplying thee. [*Embraces* Verniſh.

Ver. But methinks, ſhe that granted you the laſt favour, as they call it, ſhou'd not deny you any thing...

Nov. Hey, Tarpaulin, have you done?

[Novel *looks in, and retires again.*

Ver. I underſtand not that point of kindneſs, I confeſs.

Man. No, thou doſt not underſtand it, and I have not time to let you know all now, for theſe Fools, you ſee, will interrupt us; but anon, at Supper, we'll laugh at leiſure together, at *Olivia*'s Cuckold; who took a young Fellow, that goes between his Wife and me, for a Woman.

Ver. Ha!

Man. Senſeleſs eaſie Raſcal! 'Twas no wonder ſhe choſe him for a husband; but ſhe thought him, I thank her, fitter than me, for that blind, bearing office.

Ver. I cou'd not be deceiv'd in that long Woman's hair ty'd up behind, nor thoſe infallible proofs, her pouting, ſwelling breaſts: I have handled too many ſure not to know 'em. [*Aſide.*

Man. What, you wonder the Fellow cou'd be ſuch a blind Coxcomb?

Ver. Yes, yes. [Novel *looks in again, and retires.*

Nov. Nay, prithee come to us, *Manly*. Gad, all the fine things one ſays in their company, are loſt without thee.

Man. Away, Fop, I'm buſie yet. You ſee we can not talk here at our eaſe; beſides, I muſt be gone immediately, in order to meeting with *Olivia* again to-night.

Ver. To-night! It cannot be, ſure...

Man.

Man. I had an appointement juſt now from her.

Ver. For what time?

Man. At half an hour after ſeven preciſely.

Ver. Don't you apprehend the Husband?

Man. He! Snivelling Gull! He a thing to be fear'd! A Husband! The tameſt of Creatures!

Ver. Very fine! [*Aſide.*

Man. But prithee, in the mean time, go try to get me ſome Money. Tho'thou art too modeſt to borrow for thy ſelf, thou canſt do any thing for me, I know. Go; for I muſt be gone to *Olivia*: go, and meet me here anon..: *Freeman* where are you? [*Exit* Manly.

Manet Verniſh.

Ver. Ay, I'll meet with you, I warrant; but it ſhall be at *Olivia's*. Sure it cannot be; ſhe denies it ſo calmly, and with that honeſt, modeſt aſſurance, it can't be true... and he does not uſe to lye:.. but belying a Woman, when ſhe won't be kind, is the only lye a brave Man will leaſt ſcruple But then the Woman in Man's cloaths, whom he calls a Man.. well, but by her breaſts, I know her to be a Woman:... But then again, his appointment from her, to meet with him to-night! I am diſtracted more with doubt than jealouſie. Well, I have no way to diſabuſe or revenge my ſelf, but by going home immediately, putting on a riding Suit, and pretending to my Wife, the ſame buſineſs which carry'd me out of Town laſt, requires me again to go Poſt to *Oxford* to-night: then, if the appointment he boaſts of be true, it's ſure to hold; and I ſhall have an opportunity, either of clearing her, or revenging my ſelf on both. Perhaps ſhe is his Wench, of an old date, and I am his Cully, whilſt I think him mine; and he has ſeem'd to make his Wench rich only that I might take her off his hands: or if he has but lately lain with her, he muſt needs diſcover by her, my treachery to him; which I'm ſure he will revenge

with my death, and which I muſt prevent with his; if it were only but for fear of his too juſt reproaches; for I muſt confeſs, I never had till now any excuſe, but that of int'reſt, for doing ill to him. [*Ex.* Verniſh.

Re enter Manly *and* Freeman.

Man. Come hither, only, I ſay, be ſure you miſtake not the time; you know the houſe exactly where *Olivia* lodges, 'tis juſt hard by.

Free. Yes, yes.

Man. Well then, bring'em all I ſay thither, and all you know that may be then in the houſe; for the more Witneſſes I have of her infamy, the greater will be my revenge: & be ſure you come ſtraight up to her Chamber, without more ado. Here, take the watch, you ſees 'tis above a quarter paſt ſeven; be there in half an hour exactly.

Free. You need not doubt my diligence, or dexterity; I am an old Scowrer, and can naturally beat up a Wenches quarters that won't be civil. Shan't we break her Windows too?

Man. No, no; be punctual only. [*Exeunt.*

Enter widow Blackacre, *and two Knights of the Poſt; a Waiter with Wine.*

Wid. Sweet heart, are you ſure the door was ſhut cloſe, that none of thoſe Royſters ſaw us come in?

Wait. Yes, Miſtreſs; and you ſhall have a privater Room above, inſtantly. [*Ex. Wait.*

Wid. You are ſafe enough, Gentlemen, for I have been private in this Houſe e're now, upon other occaſions, when I was ſomething younger. Come, Gentlemen, in ſhort, I leave my buſineſs to your care and fidelity: and ſo, here's to you.

1 *Knight.* We were ungrateful Rogues, if we ſhou'd not be honeſt to you, for we have had a great deal of your Money.

Wid.

Wid. And you have done me many a good job for't: and ſo, here's to you again.

2 *Knight.* Why, we have been perjur'd but ſix times for you.

1 *Knight.* Forg'd but four Deeds, with your Husband's laſt Deed of Gift.

2 *Knight.* And but three Wills.

1 *Knight.* And counterfeited Hands and Seals to ſome ſix Bonds: I think that's all, Brother.

Wid. Ay, that's all, Gentlemen; and ſo, here's to you again.

2 *Knight.* Nay, 'twou'd do one's heart good to be forſworn for you; you have a Conſcience in your ways, and pay us well.

1 *Knight.* You are in the right on't, Brother; one wou'd be damn'd for her, with all one's heart.

2 *Knight.* But there are Rogues, who make us forſworn for 'em; and when we come to be paid, they'll be forſworn too, and not pay us our Wages, which they promis'd with Oaths ſufficient.

1 *Knight.* Ay, a great Lawyer that ſhall be nameleſs, bilkt me too.

Wid. That was hard, methinks, that a Lawyer ſhou'd uſe Gentlemen Witneſſes no better.

1 *Knight.* A Lawyer! D'ye wonder a Lawyer ſhou'd do't? I was bilk'd by a Reverend Divine, that preaches twice on Sundays, and prays half an hour ſtill before dinner.

Wid. How? A conſcientious Divine, and not pay People for damning themſelves! Sure then, for all his talking, he does not believe Damnation. But come, to our buſineſs: pray be ſure to imitate exactly the flouriſh at the end of this Name [*Pulls out a Deed or two.*

1 *Knight.* O, he's the beſt in *England*, at untangling a flouriſh, Madam.

Wid. And let not the Seal be a jot bigger: obſerve well the daſh too, at the end of this Name.

2 *Knight.* I warrant you, Madam.

Wid.

Wid. Well, theſe and many other ſhifts, poor Widows are put to ſometimes; for every body wou'd be riding a Widow, as they ſay, and breaking into her Jointure. They think marrying a Widow an eaſie buſineſs, like leaping the Hedge, where another has gone before; a Widow is a meer gap, a gap with them.

Enter to them Major Oldfox, *with two Waiters.*

[*The Knights of the Poſt huddle up the Writings.*
What, he here! Go then, go my Hearts, you have your full inſtructions. [*Ex. Knights of the Poſt.*

Old. Come, Madam, to be plain with you, I'll be fob'd off no longer. I'll bind her and gag her, but ſhe ſhall hear me. [*Aſide.*
Look you, Friends, there's the Money I promis'd you; and now do you what you promis'd me: here are my garters, and here's a gag: you ſhall be acquainted with my parts, Lady, you ſhall.

Wid. Acquainted with your parts! A Rape, a Rape... what, will you raviſh me?

[*The Waiters tye her to the Chair, and gag her, and Ex.*

Old. Yes, Lady, I will raviſh you; but it ſhall be through the ear Lady, the ear only, with my well pen'd Acroſticks.

Enter to them Freeman, Jerry Blackacre, *three Bayliffs a Conſtable and his Aſſiſtants, with the two Knights of the Poſt.*

What, ſhall I never read my things undiſturb'd again?

Jerr. O Law! My Mother bound hand and foot, and gaping, as if ſhe roſe before her time to-day.

Free. What means this, *Oldfox?* But I'll releaſe you from him: you ſhall be no Man's Priſoner, but mine. Bayliffs, execute your Writ. [Freeman *unties her.*

Old Nay, then I'll be gone, for fear of being Bail, and paying her debts without being her Husband.

[*Ex.* Oldfox.

1 *Bay.*

1 *Bay.* We arreſt you in the King's Name, at the Suit of Mr. *Freeman*, Guardian to *Jeremiah Blackacre*, Eſquire, in an Action of ten thouſand pounds.

Wid. How; how! In a Choak Bayl Action! What, and the Pen and Ink-Gentlemen taken too! Have you confeſt, you Rogues?

1 *Knight.* We needed not to confeſs; for the Bayliff dog'd us hither to the very door, and over heard all that you and we ſaid.

Wid. Undone, undone then! No Man was ever too hard for me till now. *Jerry*, Child, wilt thou vex again the Womb that bore thee?

Jer. Ay, for bearing me before Wedlock, as you ſay: But I'll teach you to call a *Blackacre* a Baſtard, tho' you were never ſo much my Mother.

Wid. Well, I'm undone: not one trick left? No Law-Meuſh imaginable? [*Aſide.*
Cruel Sir, a word with you, I pray.

Free. In vain, Madam; for you have no other way to releaſe your ſelf, but by the bonds of Matrimony.

Wid. How, Sir, how! That were but to ſue out an *Habeas-Corpus*, for a removal from one Priſon to another. Matrimony!

Free. Well, Bayliffs, away with her.

Wid. O ſtay Sir, can you be ſo cruel, as to bring me under Covert-Baron again? And put it out of my power to ſue in my own Name. Matrimony to a Woman is worſe than Excommunication, in depriving her of the benefit of the Law: and I wou'd rather be depriv'd of life. But hark you, Sir, I am contented you ſhou'd hold and enjoy my Perſon by Leaſe or Patent, but not by the Spiritual Patent, call'd a Licence; that is, to have the privilegdes of a husband, without the dominion; that is, *Durante beneplacito:* in conſideration of which, I will out of my Jointure, ſecure you an Annuity of three hundred pounds a year, and pay your debts; and that's all you younger Brothers deſire to marry a Widow for, I'm ſure.

Free. Well, Widow, if...

Jer.

Jerr. What, I hope, Bully-Guardian, you are not making agreements without me?

Free. No, no. Firſt, Widow, you muſt ſay no more that he is a Son of a Whore; have a care of that: And then, he muſt have a ſetled exhibition of forty pounds a Year, and a Nag of Aſſizes, kept by you, but not upon the Common; and have free ingreſs and regreſs to and from your maid's garret.

Wid. Well, I can grant all that too.

Jerr. Ay, ay, fair words butter no cabbage; but, Guardian, make her ſign, ſign and ſeal: for otherwiſe, if you knew her as well as I, you wou'd not truſt her word for a farthing.

Free. I warrant thee, Squire. Well widow, ſince thou art ſo generous I will be generous too; & if you'll ſecure me four hundred pound a year, but during your life, and pay my Debts, not above a thouſand pound; I'll bate you your Perſon, to diſpoſe of as you pleaſe.

Wid. Have a care, Sir, a Settlement without a conſideration, is void in Law: you muſt do ſomething for't.

Free. Prithee, then let the Settlement on me be call'd Alimony: and the Conſideration, our Separation: Come, my Lawyer, with Writings ready drawn, is within, and in haſte. Come.

Wid. But what, no other kind of conſideration, Mr *Freeman*? Well, a Widow, I ſee, is a kind of *ſine-cure*, by cuſtom of which the unconſcionable Incumbent enjoys the profits, without any duty; but does that ſtill el ſewhere.

[*Ex. omnes.*

The Scene changes to Olivia's *Lodging.*

Enter Olivia *with a Candle in her hand.*

Oliv. So, I am now prepar'd once more for my timorous young Lover's reception: my husband is gone; and go thou out too, thou next interrupter of Love... [*Puts out the Candle*] kind Darkneſs, that frees us Lovers from ſcan-

ſcandal and baſhfulneſs, from the cenſure of our Gallants, and the World... So, are you there?

Enter to Olivia, Fidelia, *follow'd ſoftly by* Manly.

Come, my dear punctual Lover; there is not ſuch another in the World: thou haſt Beauty and Youth to pleaſe a Wife, addreſs and wit, to amuſe and fool a husband; nay thou haſt all things to be wiſh'd in a Lover, but your fits: I hope, my Dear, you won't have one to-night; and that you may not, I'll lock the door, tho'there be no need of it, but to lock out your fits; for my husband is juſt gone out of Town again. Come, where are you?

[*Goes to the door, and locks it.*

Man. Well, thou haſt impudence enough to give me fits too, & make Revenge it ſelf impotent, & ſo hinder me from making thee yet more infamous, if it can be. [*Aſide.*

Oliv. Come, come, my Soul, come.

Fid. Preſently, my Dear, we have time enough, ſure.

Oliv. How! Time enough! True Lovers can no more think they ever have time enough, than love enough: You ſhall ſtay with me all night; but that is but a Lover's moment. Come.

Fid. But won't you let me give you and my ſelf the ſatisfaction of telling you how I abus'd your husband laſt night?

Oliv. Not when you can give me, and your ſelf too, the ſatisfaction of abuſing him again to-night. Come.

Fid. Let me but tell you how your husband...

Oliv. O name not his, or *Manly*'s more loathſome Name, if you love me. I forbid'em laſt night: and you know I mention'd my husband but once, and he came. No talking pray, 'twas ominous to us. You make me fancy a noiſe at the door already, but I'm reſolv'd not to be interrupted. [*A noiſe at the door.*] Where are you? Come, for rather than loſe my dear expectation now, tho'my Husband were at the door, and the bloody Ruffian *Manly* here in the room, with all his awful inſolence, I wou'd

give

give my ſelf to this dear hand, to be led away, to Heavens of joys, which none but thou canſt give. But what's this noiſe at the door? So, I told you what talking wou'd come to. [*The noiſe at the door increaſes.*] Ha! ... O Heavens, my Husband's voice!... [Olivia *liſtens at the door.*

Man. *Freeman* is come too ſoon. [*Aſide.*

Oliv. O, 'tis he!... Then here's the happieſt minute loſt, that ever baſhful Boy, or trifling Woman fool'd away! I'm undone! My husband's reconcilement too was falſe, as my joy, all deluſion: but come this way, here's a back door. [*Ex and returns.*

The officious Jade has lock'd us in, inſtead of locking others out; but let us then eſcape our way, by the Balcony; and whilſt you pull down the Curtains, I'll fetch from my Cloſet, what next will beſt ſecure our eſcape: I have left my key in the door, and 'twill not ſuddenly be broke open. [*Exit*

[*A noiſe as it were People forcing the door*

Man Stir not yet, fear nothing.

Fid Nothing but your life, Sir.

Man. We ſhall know this happy Man ſhe calls husband

Olivia *re-enters.*

Oliv. Oh, where are you? What, idle with fear? Come, I'll tie the Curtains, if you will hold. Here, take this Cabinet and Purſe, for it is thine, if we eſcape; [Manly *takes from her the Cabinet and Purſe*] therefore let us make haſte. [*Ex* Olivia.

Man. 'Tis mine indeed now again, and it ſhall never eſcape more from me, to you at leaſt.

The door broke open, enter Verniſh *alone, with a dark Lanthorn and a Sword, running at* Manly, *who draws, puts by the thruſt, and defends himſelf, whilſt* Fidelia *runs at* Verniſh *behind.*

Ver. So, there I'm right ſure... [*With a low voice.*

Man.

Man. Softly. Sword and dark Lanthorn, Villain, are ſome odds; but...

Ver. Odds! I'm ſure I find more odds than I expected: what, has my inſatiable two Seconds at once? But...

[*With a low voice.*

[*Whilſt they fight;* Olivia *re-enters, tying two Curtains together.*

Oliv. Where are you now?... what, is he entred then, and are they fighting? O do not kill one that can make no defence. [Manly *throws* Verniſh *down, and diſarms him.*] How! But I think he has the better on't: here's his Scarf, 'tis he. So, keep him down ſtill: I hope thou haſt no hurt, my deareſt? [*Embracing* Manly.

Enter to them Freeman, *Lord* Plauſible, Novel, Jerry Blackacre, *and the Widow* Blackacre, *lighted by the two Sailers with Torches.*

Ha!... What? *Manly!* And have I been thus concern'd for him, embracing him! And has he his Jewels again too? What means this? O, 'tis too ſure, as well as my ſhame! Which I'll go hide for ever.

[*Offers to go out, and* Manly *ſtops her.*

Man. No, my deareſt, after ſo much kindneſs as has paſt between us, I cannot part with you yet. *Freeman*, let no body ſtir out of the room; for not withſtanding your lights, we are yet in the dark, till this Gentleman pleaſe to turn his face... [*Pulls* Verniſh *by the Sleeve.*

How! *Vernish!* Art thou the happy Man then? Thou! Thou! Speak, I ſay; but thy guilty ſilence tells me all... well, I ſhall not ubraid thee; for my wonder is ſtriking me as dumb, as thy ſhame has made thee. But what? My little Volunteer hurt, and fainting!

Fid. My wound, Sir, is but a ſlight one in my arm; 'tis only my fear of your danger, Sir, not yet well over.

Man. But what's here? More ſtrange things!

[*Obſerving* Fidelia's *Hair unty'd behind, and without a Peruke, which she loſt in the ſcuffle.*

What means this long Woman's hair, and Face! Now all

of

of it appears too beautiful for a Man; which I ſtill thought womaniſh indeed! What, you have not deciv'd me too, my little Volunteer?

Oliv. Me ſhe has, I'm ſure [*Aſide.*

Man. Speak.

Enter Eliza *and* Lettice.

Eliz. What, Couſin, I am brought hither by your Woman, I ſuppoſe, to be a witneſs of the ſecond vindication of your Honour?

Oliv. Inſulting is not generous: you might ſpare me. I have you.

Eliz. Have a care, Couſin, you'll confeſs anon too much; and I wou'd not have your ſecrets.

Man. Come, your bluſhes anſwer me ſufficiently, and you have been my Volunteer in Love. [*To* Fidelia.

Fid. I muſt confeſs, I needed no compulſion to follow you all the World over; which I attempted in this habit, partly out of ſhame to own my love to you, and fear of a greater ſhame, your refuſal of it: for I knew of your engagement to this Lady, and the conſtancy of your nature; which nothing cou'd have alter'd, but her ſelf.

Man. Dear Madam, I deſir'd you to bring me out of confuſion, and you have given me more: I know not what to ſpeak to you, or how to look upon you; the ſenſe of my rough, hard, and ill uſage of you, (tho' chiefly your own fault) gives me more pain now 'tis over, than you had when you ſuffer'd it: and if my Heart, the refuſal of ſuch a Woman, [*Pointing to* Olivia] were not a Sacrifice to profane your love, and a greater wrong to you than ever yet I did you, I wou'd beg of you to receive it, tho' you us'd it, as ſhe has done; for tho' it deſerv'd not from her the treatment ſhe gave it, it does from you.

Fid. Then it has had puniſhement ſufficient from her already, and needs no more from me; and, I muſt confeſs I wou'd not be the only cauſe of making you break your laſt night's Oath to me, of never parting with me: if you do not forget, or repent it.

Man

Man Then take for ever my Heart, and this with it; *Gives her the Cabinet.*] For 'twas given to you before, and my Heart was before your due: I only beg leave to diſpoſe of theſe few... Here, Madam, I never yet left my Wench unpaid.

[*Takes ſome of the Jewels, and offers 'em to* Olivia; *ſhe ſtrikes 'em down:* Plauſible *and* Novel *take 'em up.*

Oliv. So it ſeems, by giving her the Cabinet.

L. Plauſ. The Pendents appertain to your moſt faithful humble Servant.

Nov. And this Locket is mine; my earneſt for Love, which ſhe never paid: therefore my own again.

Wid. By what Law, Sir, pray? Couſin *Olivia*, a word: What do they make a ſeiſure on your goods and Chattels, *vi & armis*? Make your demand, I ſay, and bring your Trover, bring your Trover. I'll follow the Law for you.

Oliv. And I my Revenge. [*Ex.* Oliv.

Man to *Ver.* But 'tis my Friend, in your conſideration moſt, that I would have return'd part of your Wife's portion; for 'twere hard to take all from thee, ſince thou haſt paid ſo dear for't, in being ſuch a Raſcal: yet thy Wife is a Fortune without a Portion; and thou art a Man of that extraordinary merit in Villany, the World and Fortune can never deſert thee, tho' I do; therefore be not melancholy. Fare you well, Sir. [*Ex.* Veriſh *doggedly.* Now, Madam, I beg your pardon, [*Turning to* Fidelia.] for leſſening the Preſent I made you; but my heart can never be leſſen'd: this, I confeſs, was too ſmall for you before; for you deſerve the *Indian* World; and I would now go thither, out of covetouſneſs for your ſake only.

Fid. Your Heart, Sir, is a preſent of that value, I can never make any return to't; *Pulling* Manly *from the Company.*] but I can give you back ſuch a Preſent as this, which I got by the loſs of my Father, a Gentleman of the North, of no mean extraction, whoſe only child I was, therefore left me in the preſent poſſeſſion of two thouſand

Pounds a year; which I left with multitudes of Pretenders, to follow you, Sir, having in ſeveral publick places ſeen you, and obſerv'd your actions throughly, with admiration, when you were too much in Love to take notice of mine, which yet was but too viſible. The Name of my Family is *Grey* my other *Fidelia*: the reſt of my Story you ſhall know when I have fewer Auditors.

Man Nay, now, Madam, you have taken from me all power of making you any complement on my part; for I was going to tell you, that for your ſake only, I wou'd quit the unknown pleaſure of a retirement; and rather ſtay in this ill world of ours ſtill, tho' odious to me, than give you more frights again at Sea, and make again too great a venture there, in you alone. But if I ſhou'd tell you now all this, and that your virtue (ſince greater than I thought any was in the world) had now reconcil'd me to't, my Friend here wou'd ſay, 'tis your Eſtate that has made me Friends with the World.

Free. I muſt confeſs, I ſhould; for I think moſt of our quarrels to the world, are juſt ſuch as we have to a handſome Woman: only becauſe we cannot enjoy her as we wou'd do.

Man. Nay, if thou art a *Plain-Dealer* too, give me thy hand; for now I'll ſay, I am thy Friend indeed: And for your two ſakes, tho' I have been ſo lately deceiv'd in Friends of both Sexes;

I will believe there are now in the World
Good natur'd Friends, who are not Proſtitutes,
And handſom Women worthy to be Friends:
Yet, for my ſake, let no one e'er confide
In Tears, or Oaths, in Love, or Friends untry'd.

[*Ex. omnes.*



FINIS.